

THE KUZNEH, FROM THE GORGE OF THE SIK.—PETRA.

IN SCRIPTURE LANDS

NEW VIEWS OF SACRED PLACES

BY

EDWARD L. WILSON

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PREFACE.

THE feeling of personal want for such a book as "In Scripture Lands" was the first incentive toward its production. I wanted to see pictures of the places made sacred by Scriptural History which were not "idealized" by the pencils of those whose sympathy with Art too often rode over Truth. I wanted to see such pictures accompanied by descriptions free from either the shallow sentiment of the superficial tourist, the narrowness of the enthusiast, or the arbitrariness of denominationalism. I likewise wanted them connected with data and textual references which should give me helpful hints for the further study and enjoyment of the events that have made the Scripture Lands the most interesting of any in the world.

With these wants; with the Holy Bible as my guide-book; with careful art training; with ardent enthusiasm for the picturesque as well as for the historical; with a love for nature and for human nature; with a camera fitted with a student's eye, and with perfect health and strength, I went at the task I had set for myself. I was not always sure where all these would lead me to, but here is the story and here are some of the results. I am convinced that there are other people whose wants have been similar to those I have described as my own; so, in face of the fact that there is no end to books of travel in the lands of the Scriptures, I appear with mine.

It will be observed that I visited some places rarely seen by the

white man, and that I have been able to add to the knowledge concerning them. Moreover, by mixing with the people and wandering tribes, and by becoming mixed with them against my will, sometimes, I have gained some light upon oriental life, and secured some more apt illustrations for the sacred writings, as well as new and valuable pictures of the countries through which I wandered.

I have thus partly supplied the want with which I started out. I sincerely wish that my labors may prove of service to many others.

EDWARD L. WILSON.

NEW YORK, November, 1890.

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IN SCRIPTURE LANDS

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CHAPTER I.

THE LAND OF GOSHEN.

Abraham's Visits.—The Days of Israel's Bondage.—The Death of Pharaoh.—The Funeral of Rameses II.—The Great Mummy "Find" of 1881.—The Story Told.—A Visit to the Royal Tomb.—The Plain of Thebes.—Remains of the Ramesian Capitol.—The Tombs of the Kings in the Coffin Mountain.—Modern Life in Goshen.—"Likenesses" of the "Oppressor" of Israel.

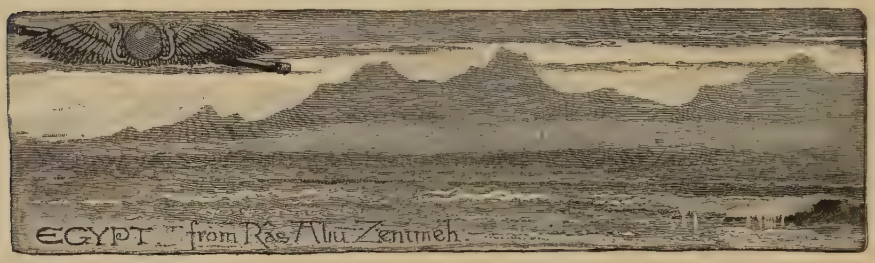
BY beginning with the bondage of Abraham's children in the land of Goshen, and keeping on the traditional lines to Damascus, we may follow the route by which Moses was led to the Promised Land, and gather interesting impressions of the districts apportioned to the different tribes of the chosen people Israel. At the same time we may not only view the places where Abraham dwelt in Canaan, but see those made more sacred by the footsteps of the blessed Son of Abraham, Jesus Christ our Lord.

Abraham was a wandering Bedouin and a tent-dweller. He was a noble character; and many of the present tent-dwellers in his adopted country are so noble that it becomes easy to believe that there has not been much change in some of the wilderness families since Sarah was a blessed mother there. Abraham followed the divine leading when he wandered over to Canaan, and so he did when he journeyed to Egypt; but in the last case hunger was the impelling cause. There was a famine in the neighborhood of Bethel, so the prosperous corn-lands and clover-meadows of Goshen were sought. Two centuries later we find his descendants repeating history. The story of Joseph supplies the prefatory pages, and we are all familiar with the rest up to, say, three

thousand three hundred years ago. Then the land of Egypt, from Goshen to Thebes and beyond, was in an uproar.

The king was dead! Rameses II.—the precocious youth who at the age of ten had joined his warrior father Sethi I. upon the throne; the ruler whom his people regarded as a god; the oppressor under whom the Israelites are said to have "sighed by reason of their bondage;" the great Sesostris of the Greeks—had breathed his last.

The gay and busy life of the Delta was hushed, and the hundred



The Land of Goshen.

gates of Thebes were only open to those who ministered to the necessities of the living or who performed the sacred offices of the priesthood. All street processions, minstrel-bands, and mountebanks fled appalled. The cities which the great architect and artist-king had refounded—Ra'amses and Pithom—built by the forced labor of the Hebrews, were in their meridian splendor. The Ramesseum at Thebes was yet unsurpassed, and the colossal monolith which represented the enthroned king was then unbroken. The glorious quartette of Abou-Simbel, but recently finished, sat, as now, smiling at the Nubian sun.

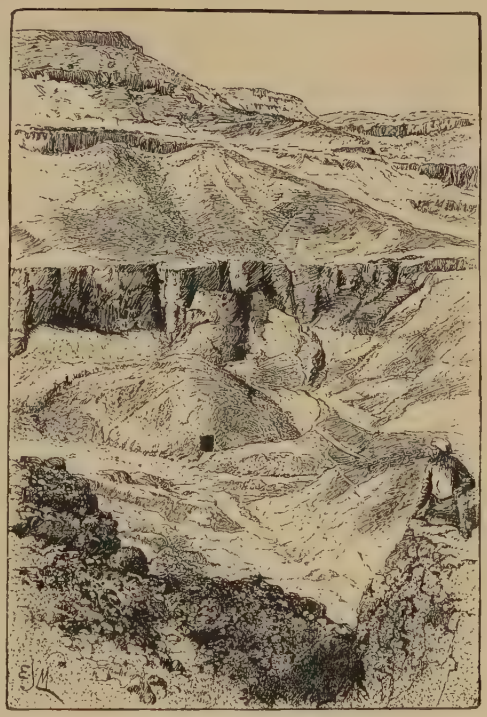
But Rameses II., in whose honor, for whose glory, and by whose command all these grand creations were finished, could look upon them no more with mortal eyes. His body was embalmed, and in due season the funeral procession followed. The mummied king was placed aboard the royal barge, and, attended by the priests and the images of the gods Horus and Isis and Hathor, was floated up the Nile to the Theban city of the Dead — to Bîbân-el-Mulouk, the St. Denis, the Westminster Abbey of the kings, and a great lamentation went up to the skies from stricken Egypt.

As the funeral cortége journeyed slowly on, the frantic people of the cities and villages flocked to the quays to render homage to their dead

ruler. Even the despised and persecuted Hebrew suspended labor because his cruel overseer had forgotten him. The men rent their garments, the women tore their hair, and all gathered up the dust and threw it upon their heads. Tens of thousands of funeral offerings were cast into the sacred river, and the gods were called upon to attend the dead throughout the sacred journey. Those were dire days indeed.

When the sad company had arrived at the necropolis, all the complicated funeral rites were conducted with priestly ostentation.

Then the body of Rameses was sealed in the great sarcophagus which had been cut from the limestone of Bîbân-el-Mulouk. The location of the tomb was well known then, because it had been the habit of the monarch to visit it frequently during its excavation. More than once had the architect announced that the tomb was ready, but he was as often met with the command to excavate still other vaulted halls and longer passages and side chambers, all to be finished with stuccoed walls adorned by representations in relief of the processions of the gods, of the life and work of the king, and of the scarabæus, the emblem of immortality. Moreover, all were to be richly colored. "There is plenty of time for all that and much more before I am ready," said Rameses, and he returned to his capital. But he died before the work was completed. According to custom, after the burial the doorway to the tomb was walled up, and so disguised by rocks and sand as to make it impossible for any but the priests to discover its whereabouts.



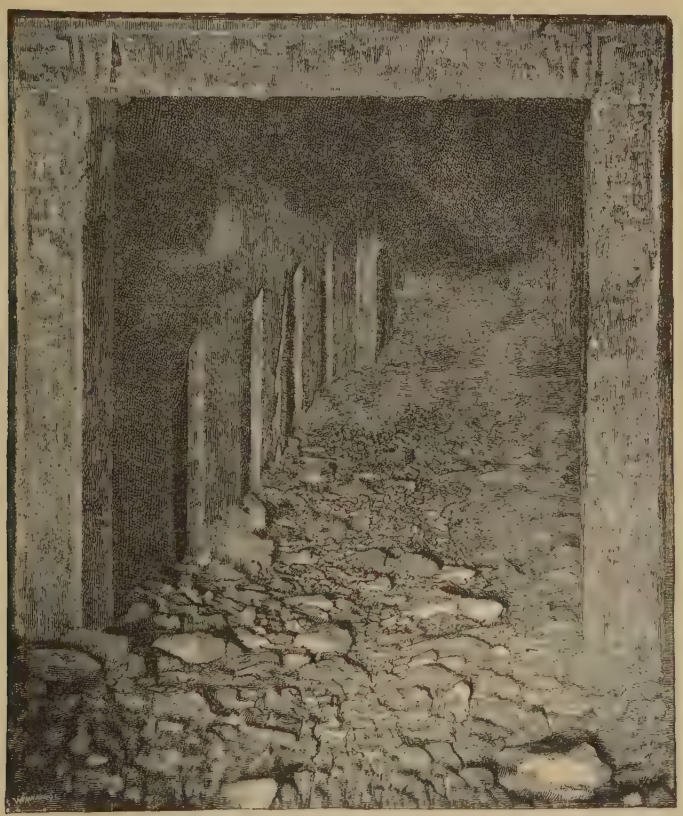
Entrance to the Tomb of Sethi I. in Bîbân-el-Mulouk, or the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings.

Although his original tomb, that of his father Sethi I., and that of his son Menephtah, had long before been discovered, they were empty, and until July, 1881, the real hiding-place of the "Pharaoh of the Oppression" was a mighty secret. Then its door was opened, and soon after history in a measure repeated itself—his mummy was carried across the plain of Thebes. The story of its finding is more romantic than any told in Egypt since Isis gathered the scattered remains of Osiris and buried his head within the alabaster temple at Abydus.

For a number of years the acute officials of the Museum of Antiquities at Bûlâq had seen funeral offerings and other antiquities brought from Thebes by returning tourists, which they knew belonged to the dynasty of Rameses II., of his father Sethi I., and of his grandfather Rameses I. Even scarabees bearing the cartouch of the great king were displayed by the innocent purchasers. This being so, argued the clear-headed officials, the mummies of those royal personages must have been discovered by some one. By whom? Professor Maspero, the Director-general of the Bûlâq Museum, at once organized a detective force to help him solve this conundrum. Arrest after arrest was made, and the bastinado was applied to many a callous sole which had never felt even shoe or sandal. The women stood by and browbeat the sufferers into silence while they endured the torture, and the men refused all information.

In a line of tombs beyond the Ramesseum lived four sturdy Arabs named Abd-er-Rasoul. They supplied guides and donkeys to tourists who desired to visit the ruins of Thebes, and sold them genuine and spurious antiquities. When they found a mummy, it being forbidden by law to sell it, the head and hands and feet were wrenched off and sold on the sly, while the torso was kicked about the ruined temples until the jackals came and carried it away. I purchased a head and hand of one of the brothers amid the dark shadows of the temple at Qûrneh. Early in 1881 circumstantial evidence pointed to Ahmed Abd-er-Rasoul as the one who knew more than he would tell. Professor Maspero caused his arrest, and he lay in prison at Keneh for some months. He also suffered the bastinado and the browbeating of the women repeatedly; he resisted bribes, and showed no melting mood when threatened with execution. His lips told no more than the unfound tomb—and not as much. Finally his brother Mohammed regarded the offer of "bakhshîsh," which Professor Maspero deemed it

wise to make, as worth more to him than any sum he might hope to realize from future pillaging, and made a clean breast of the whole affair. How the four brothers ever discovered the hidden tomb has remained a "family secret." On July 5, 1881, the wily Arab conducted Herr Emil Brugsch Bey, curator of the Bûlâq Museum, to Deir-el-



Bîbân-el-Mulouk: Entrance-passage to the Tomb of Sethi I. On the left are the Chambers of the Scarabæus.

Bahari and pointed out the hiding-place so long looked for. A long climb it was, up the slope of the western mountain, till, after scaling a great limestone cliff, a huge, isolated rock was found. Behind this a spot was reached where the stones appeared to an expert observer and tomb-searcher to have been arranged "by hand," rather than scattered by some upheaval of nature. "There," said the sullen guide; and "there" the enterprising Emil Brugsch Bey, with more than Egyptian

alacrity, soon had a staff of Arabs at work hoisting the loose stones from a well into which they had been thrown.

The shaft had been sunk into the solid limestone to the depth of about forty feet, and was about six feet square. Before going very far, a huge palm-log was thrown across the well and a block and tackle fastened to it to help bring up the débris. When the bottom of the shaft was reached a subterranean passage was found which ran westward some twenty-four feet and then turned directly northward, continuing into the heart of the mountain straight except where broken for about two hundred feet by an abrupt stairway. The passage terminated in a mortuary chamber about thirteen by twenty-three feet in extent and barely six feet in height. There was found the mummy of King Pharaoh of the Oppression, with nearly forty others of kings, queens, princes, and priests.

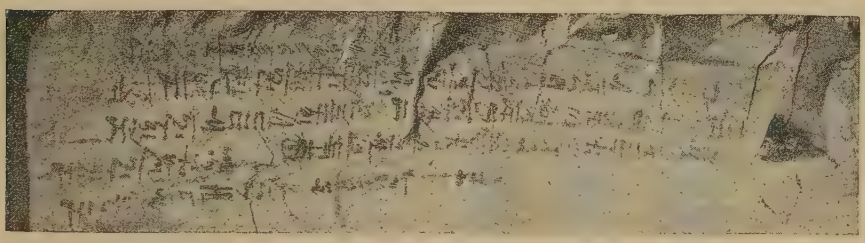


The Scarabæus—Emblem of Immortality—attended by a God. From a wall in the entrance-passage to the Tomb of Sethi I.

Not until June, 1886, was this most royal mummy released from its bandages. A few months after the romantic finding took place, accompanied by my camera I visited the Bûlâq Museum and photographed the entire "find." Emil Brugsch Bey is also an amateur photographer, and we had already fraternized during the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, where the Egyptian section was in his care. Therefore at Bûlâq I not only enjoyed a rare privilege at his hands, but also his friendly advice and assistance.

The photography done, we embarked upon the Khedive's steamer *Beni Souef* for Luxor. There we were met by Professor Maspero and Mohammed Abd-er-Rasoul, and together we visited the scene of the latest drama of the Nile. When we reached the chamber of the dead, the rope which had hoisted the royal mummies from the tomb was made fast to our bodies, was swung over the palm-log, and we were lowered into the depths. As I dangled in mid-air and swayed from side to side, the rocky pieces which I startled from their long slumber warned those who preceded me to "look out below." At the bottom of the shaft, on the right and left wall of the entrance to the subterranean

chamber, were written in black ink some curious inscriptions. By whom, no one can more than conjecture. It was the duty of the ancient "Inspector of Tombs" to make frequent visits to the royal dead, to repair the mummy-cases and wrappings, and, if necessary, to remove all to a safer tomb. This handwriting on the wall may have been that of the Pharaonic tomb inspector whose duty it was to make record of every change. Professor Maspero being desirous of having photographs made of these inscriptions, the little American camera was set for the work, and succeeded in securing them even there in the bowels



The Handwriting on the Wall of the Tomb

of the earth. The camera must have a long time for its delicate, difficult work, and so we did not need to hurry.

Lighting our torches and stooping low, we proceeded to explore the long passage and the tomb at its terminus. The rough way was scattered with fragments of mummy-cases, shreds of mummy cloth, bunches of papyrus plant, lotus flowers, and palm-leaf stalks, while here and there a funeral offering was found. After much stumbling we arrived at the inner chamber where, but a few weeks before, stood or reclined the coffins of so many royal dead.

Seated upon a stone which for centuries had served as the pillow of priest or king while waiting for immortality, Herr Brugsch told me the whole story of his historical "find." It was a unique interview. It made such an impression upon my mind that I can repeat the story here from memory, though I do not, of course, claim that the report is verbatim.

"Finding Pharaoh was an exciting experience for me," said my companion. "It is true I was armed to the teeth, and my faithful rifle, full of shells, hung over my shoulder; but my assistant from Cairo, Ahmed Effendi Kemal, was the only person with me whom I

could trust. Any one of the natives would have killed me willingly, had we been alone, for every one of them knew better than I did that I was about to deprive them of a great source of revenue. But I ex-



Outer Mummy-case of Queen Ahmes Nofretari.

posed no sign of fear and proceeded with the work. The well cleared out, I descended and began the exploration of the underground passage. Soon we came upon cases of porcelain funeral offerings, metal

and alabaster vessels, draperies and trinkets, until, reaching the turn in the passage, a cluster of mummy-cases came into view in such number as to stagger me. Collecting my senses, I made the best examination of them I could by the light of my torch, and at once saw that they contained the mummies of royal personages of both sexes; and yet that was not all. Plunging on ahead of my guide, I came to the chamber where we are now seated, and there standing against the walls or here lying on the floor, I found even a greater number of mummy-cases of stupendous size and weight. Their gold coverings and their polished surfaces so plainly reflected my own excited visage that it seemed as though I was looking into the faces of my own ancestors. The gilt face on the coffin of the amiable Queen Nofretari seemed to smile upon me like an old acquaintance. I took in the situation quickly, with a gasp, and hurried to the open air lest I should be overcome and the glorious prize still unrevealed be lost to science. It was almost sunset then. Already the odor which arose from the tomb had cajoled a troupe of slinking jackals to the neighborhood, and the howl of hyenas was heard not far distant. A long line of vultures sat upon the highest pinnacles of the cliffs near by, ready for their hateful work. The valley was as still as death. Nearly the whole of the night was occupied in hiring men to help remove the precious relics from their hiding-place. There was but little sleep in Luxor that night.



Gold-faced Inner Mummy-case of Queen Ahmes Nofretari. Photographed at the Bûlâq Museum.

"Early the next morning three hundred Arabs were employed under my direction—each one a thief. One by one the coffins were hoisted to the surface, were securely sewed up in sail-cloth and matting, and then were carried across the plain of Thebes to the steamers awaiting them at Luxor. Two squads of Arabs accompanied each sarcophagus—one to carry it and a second to watch the wily carriers. When the Nile overflow, lying midway of the plain, was reached, as many more, boatmen, entered the service and bore the burden to the other side. Then a third set took up the ancient freight and carried it to the steamers. Slow workers are these Egyptians, but after six days of hard labor under the July sun the work was finished. I shall never forget the scenes I witnessed when, standing at the mouth of the shaft, I watched

the strange line of helpers while they carried across that historical plain the bodies of the very kings who had constructed the temples still standing, and of the very priests who had officiated in them; then, beyond all, some more of the plain, the line of the Nile, and the Arabian hills far to the east and above all; and with all, slowly moving down the cliffs and across the plain, or in the boats crossing the stream, were the sullen laborers carrying their antique burdens. As the Red Sea opened and allowed Israel to pass across dry-shod, so opened the silence of the Theban plain, allowed the strange funeral procession to pass — and then all was hushed again. When you go up, you will see it all spread out before you — with the help of a little imagination.



Head of Pinotem II. Photographed from the mummy.

"When we made our departure from Luxor, our late helpers squatted in groups upon the Theban side and silently watched us. The news had been sent down the Nile in advance of us. So, when we passed the towns, the people gathered at the quays and made most frantic demonstrations. The fantasia dancers were holding their wildest orgies here and there; a strange wail went up from the men; the women were screaming and tearing their hair, and the children were so frightened I pitied them. A few fanatical dervishes plunged into the river and tried to reach us, but a sight of the rifle drove them back, cursing us as they swam away. At night fires were kindled and guns were fired. At last we arrived at Bûlâq, where I soon confirmed my impressions that we had indeed recovered the mummies of the majority of the rulers of Egypt during the eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first dynasties, including Rameses II., Rameses III., King Pinotem, the high-priest Nebseni, and Queen Nofretari, all of which you have seen and photo-



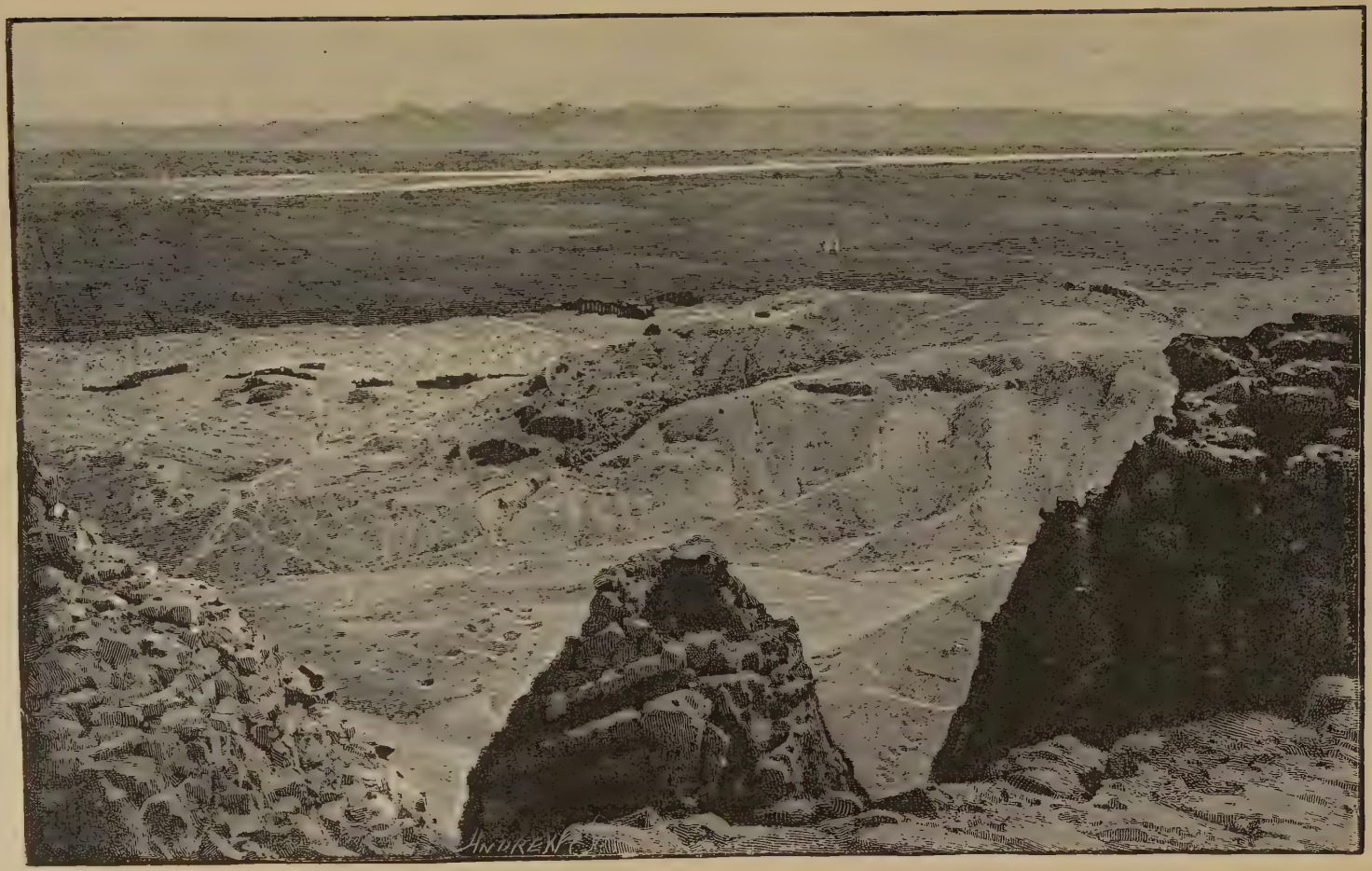
Professor Maspero, Emil Brugsch Bey, and Mohammed Abd-er-Rasoul. Photographed at the mouth of the shaft, Deir-el-Bahari.

graphed at Bûlâq, arranged pretty much as I found them in their long-hidden tomb. And thus our Museum became the third and probably the final resting-place of the mummy of the great Pharaoh of the Oppression."

Thus was the story of finding Pharaoh modestly told me by my friend, who had displayed such enthusiasm and tact in securing for science what had puzzled science for so long a time to discover.

When we ascended from the tomb I grouped my companions at its mouth and once more caused the camera to secure a link of history. Professor Maspero reclined upon the rocks at the right; Emil Brugsch Bey stood at the palm-log; and Mohammed was posed in front, holding the very rope in his hand which had served in hoisting royalty from its long-hidden resting-place. Then the camera was turned eastward and the most imposing of all the Nile views was made from the mouth of that noted sepulchre. Splendid ruins are included in that long line stretching from north to south! The cluster on the left is the temple of Qûrneh, erected as a vast cenotaph in remembrance of Rameses I. There his relatives gathered on certain days to evoke the memory of their dead as enjoined by the sacred rites. There, in the Memorial Chapel, is the family portrait-gallery. Statues of the kings, the queens, and the princes are there, and their genealogies are sculptured upon the walls. It is the site of the great Pharaonic "family-tree," and even now tells of the efforts made by this powerful dynasty to secure immortality. Not far away, and next, is the Ramesseum, where the colossal caryatides and the stupendous columns have defied earthquake and the vandal for so long, though the great monolith which was erected there—the "likeness" of Rameses II.—lies half-embedded in the sand, broken into fragments. The Ramesseum was erected during the lifetime of the king and under his personal supervision.

What wondrous faith in the doctrine of immortality this great king evinced, not only by securing, as he thought, the careful hiding of his mummy, but by a lavish supply of sculpture on a colossal scale! No king made such ostentatious show of his ambition. Of no king so much remains of craftsman's skill, of artist's labor, and of poet's lore to perpetuate his name and fame. And now the tomb has given up the dead Pharaoh, and his mummy stands surrounded by some of the very works whose lustrous polish and exact engraving he caused to be done with so much care.



Across the Plain of Thebes from the Tomb of the Pharaohs.

The temple of Deir-el-Bahari occupies the centre of the group. It is nearer to the great "Coffin Mountain," and its majestic débris is intermixed with the ruins of a Christian monastery. The perpendicular limestone cliffs near it run in a northwesterly direction down into the valley of Bîbân-el-Mulouk. To the glory of Hatasou, who was in turn queen, regent, and king, this temple was raised. The original plan of Deir-el-Bahari was a singular one. A long avenue of sphinxes led to it, and two obelisks stood at the façade. Magnificent terraces were stretched out in front, one court leading up to another by easy ascent. After Hatasou had long since passed away, and her devoted people no longer evoked her spirit there, her temple was used as a receptacle for the mummies of the Grecian people. The bass-reliefs of this temple describe how the willing subjects were wont to march to conquest, and how they conquered in the name of their fair ruler. Troops, sailors, ships, row-boats, merchandise, products of foreign lands upon which levy was made, animals from tropical countries—are all cut upon the walls of the various apartments of this magnificent pile. Some of the figures retain all the glow of rich color left upon them by the ancient painter.

The Deir-el-Medineh stands toward the south, almost hidden in a hollow, and is but a small structure. It was begun by Ptolemy Philopater and completed by his successors. It was likewise for funereal purposes. Osiris is among the deities mentioned by the inscriptions on the walls and columns. Its façade is one of the best preserved in Egypt, and of magnificent design. Quite as much of it lies scattered upon the sandy floors of its roofless apartments as stands erect.

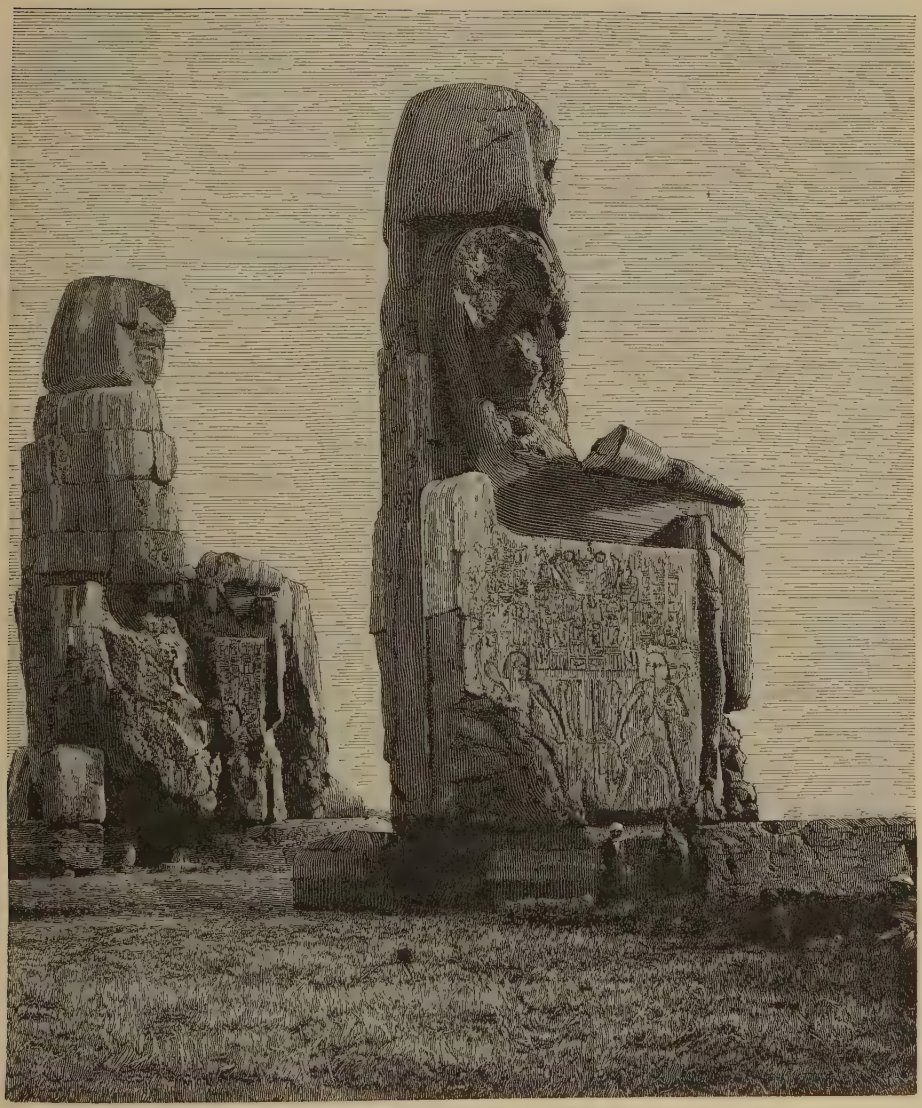
Quite a distance farther to the south is a large, sombre-looking pile, from which emerge some constructions of still another and cruder variety. This unattractive collection is a Coptic village, which grew up here after the ancient rites of Egypt had been abandoned—all around and above an almost buried temple, whose ruins still remain. The temple is that of Medinet-Abou, so named after the miserable village which, barnacle-like, had attached itself to the ancient walls.

Sometimes Medinet-Abou is called "the Versailles of Thebes." It was erected to commemorate the glory of Rameses III., whose mummy also was carried across the plain in July, 1881. But, instead of being a single temple, Medinet-Abou is composed of two separate ones—the temple of Thothmes III. and the temple of Rameses III. That Roman

royalty also once flourished here is proved by the fact that on the walls of the first temple are inscribed the names of Titus, Hadrian, and Antoninus.

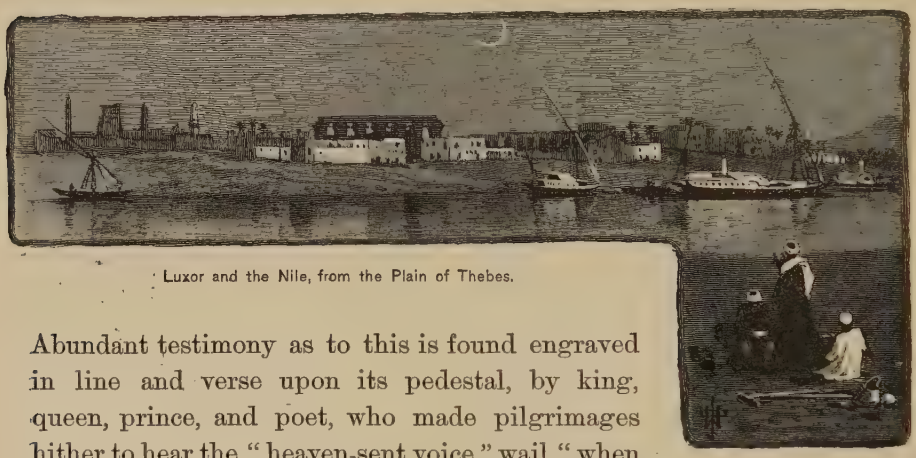
Enough cartouches of the more ancient rulers are found upon the walls of this smaller structure to call forth remembrances running from the time of Thothmes III. to Nectanebo II., 350 B.C. The larger temple of Rameses III. gives most pleasure to the average traveller, because it carries the mind away from the grim suggestions of the tomb to the more cheerful elements of a palatial home. For this was a palace and not a tomb. It had all the characteristics of a regal habitation. On the wall of one of the apartments the lovely daughter of Rameses III. is represented bringing flowers to her father. He is seen playing draughts with another, and is offered fruits by a third, whom he caresses in acknowledgment. There is a colonnade nearly one hundred and fifty feet in length, whose lofty figured columns are twenty-four feet in circumference. The great court is one hundred and thirty feet square. Splendid cornices, florid capitals, richly decorated courts, and vivid hieroglyphs—examples of the highest skill of the sculptor—here abound, in strange contrast with the remains of the modern buildings seen piled upon the roof. One of the apartments is called the "Christian Court." It was occupied by the early Christians as a church. Plenty of evidence proving this fact is seen. Not only did the fanatical iconoclasts plaster over the walls of the chambers "to cover pagan rites," but they tore down many of the fine columns and re-erected them, turning the hieroglyphed surfaces inside. When this could not be done, they hacked and defaced them with their axes until their ardor was cooled. Thus many of the most splendid monuments of Thebes and other sections of Upper Egypt were defaced or destroyed. Therefore the messages of the past gathered from these structures must be as fragmentary as are those obtained from the time-mouldered papyri.

In front of this succession of structures was the city of Thebes. Nothing else remains to represent it or to tell its tale, except the vast necropolis, on the west and north, and the twin colossi yet much farther to the south and east. When Thebes was destroyed, these two monsters guarded the approach to the great Memnonium of King Amenophis. His name is written upon their pedestals. They have remained at their station, facing the implacable sun, ever since.



The Colossi of Thebes.

Earthquake shattered them somewhat, 27 B.C., but they look good for another thousand years. Their faces are by no means handsome; they impress one most when viewed from the back. Their very attitude is expressive of patience and quiet, and yet one is almost frightened at their size. The northern one is the famed "Vocal Memnon," which, tradition avers, once gave out sweet sounds of music at sunrise.



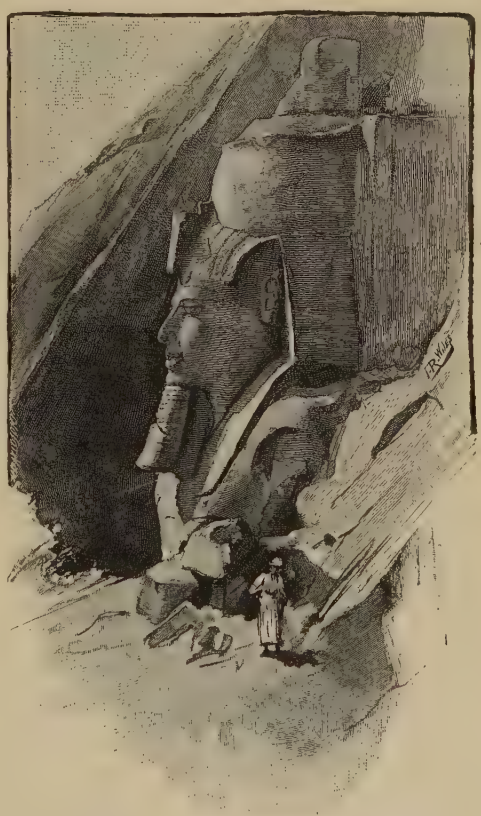
Luxor and the Nile, from the Plain of Thebes.

Abundant testimony as to this is found engraved in line and verse upon its pedestal, by king, queen, prince, and poet, who made pilgrimages hither to hear the "heaven-sent voice" wail "when the sun left the majestic waves of the ocean, and, shooting forth his rays, announced the return of day to the mortals there assembled." Originally the height of the colossi was sixty-four feet—as high as a five-storied house.

We have now considered the ruins which remain in the great valley of Thebes. A city of equal importance existed in the bosom of the rugged limestone cliffs on the west—the great encircling wall of the necropolis of Thebes — Bîbân-el-Mulouk. Still the entrances to its subterraneous tombs are seen in the faces of the cliffs, looking like the port-holes in the sides of a ship-of-war—the gate-ways to the city of the dead. Not a thing of life is seen. All is dismal and gloomy—the very antipodes of our own beautiful cemeteries. The scorching sun seems to have levied upon the hills for the last drop of moisture heaven gave them. Underneath are miles and miles of tombs now rifled, but once the resting-places of kings and people who shaped the destinies of the world for ages.

About all the life there is remaining near Thebes now is across the river at Luxor. There the royal barge, which bore the kingly mummy

three thousand three hundred years ago, must have landed—perhaps sacred rites were performed in memory of the dead one in the temple, whose ruins we see reaching high in air. We know that the modern steamboat which carried the "great find" back to Cairo — back to the land of Goshen, received its historical freight at the port of Luxor. Many a generation will pass before the natives will forget that imposing event, for the strange story will be kept alive. When evening comes the natives cross over to the plain of Thebes, and, gathered in little groups, "face Mecca" and pray. But they do not always clearly comprehend whether or not God and the great Rameses are one and the same.



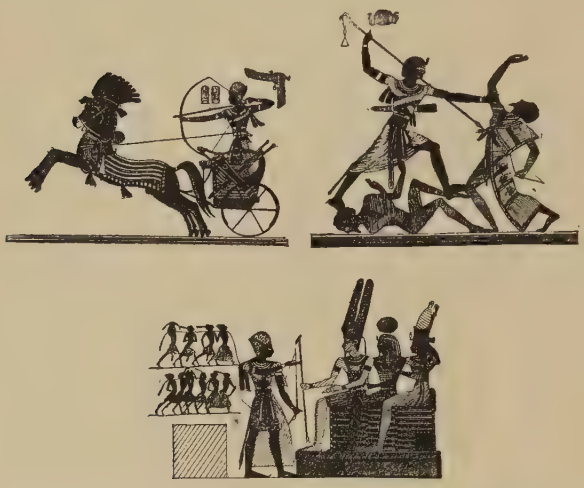
Profile of Rameses II. Photograph of the Southern Colossus at the Great Temple of Abou-Simbel.

The day after our visit the shaft was filled up again, thus closing the door of the empty theatre, for the drama was ended, and the actors were gone.

I made a long Nile journey after that, and photographed many a stone-cut "permanent likeness" of "the Michael Angelo of Egypt."

The profile of the southern colossus of the Great Temple at Abou-Simbel has all these centuries retained the beautiful expression left it by the Nubian chisel, and presents a striking resemblance to the photograph of the recently unfolded mummy of the great king. Of this unfolding the world has been told by almost every newspaper in it. When I was at Bûlâq, all I could catch of the Sesostris face and form was as it appeared after the last neat work of the Inspector of Tombs

had been finished. Since the unfolding, the camera of Brugsch Bey has enabled us all to "see how Pharaoh looked." Likewise the report of Professor Maspero, giving the particulars of his removal of the wrappings, has been a topic of conversation all over the wide world.

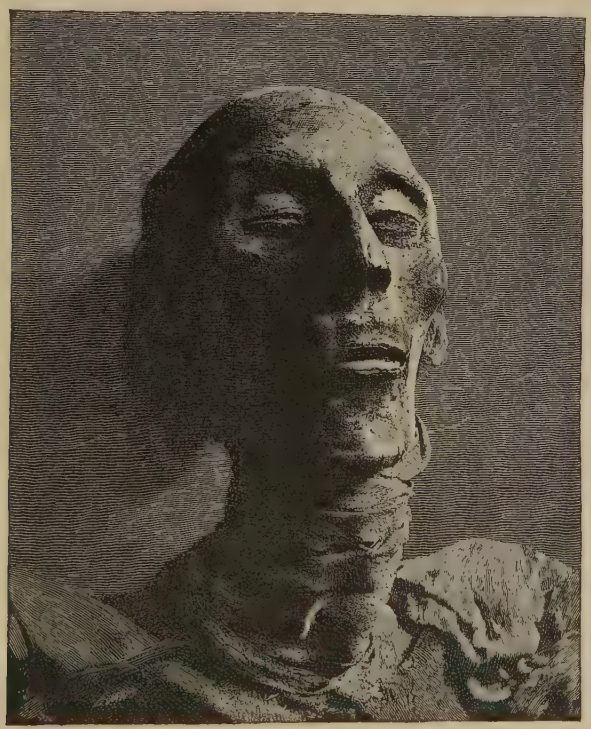


Pictures on the Walls of the Great Temple at Abu Simbel. Showing Rameses II. fighting from his chariot, in personal combat, and passing sentence on captives.

Only fifteen minutes were occupied in undoing the labor of many days by the careful embalmers. The kingly body had "reposed in peace" at least twice as long as was enjoined by the faith of Isis in order to secure immortality. As recently as 1880 it was offered to an American traveller "for a reasonable bakhshîsh," but declined because its genuineness was doubted.

But no doubt now exists, for "in black ink, written upon the mummy-case by the high-priest and King Pinotem, is the record testifying to the identity of the royal contents." Then "upon the outer winding-sheet of the mummy, over the region of the breast," the indisputable testimony is repeated. The coverings being all removed by the careful hands of Professor Maspero, in the presence of the Khedive and other distinguished persons, Rameses II. appeared. Professor Maspero further reports that "the head is long, and small in proportion to the body. The top of the skull is quite bare. On the temples there are a few sparse hairs, but at the poll the hair is quite thick, forming smooth, straight locks about five centimetres in length. White at the time of death, they have been dyed a light yellow by the spices used in embalmment. The forehead is low and narrow; the brow-ridge prominent; the eyebrows are thick and white; the eyes are small and close together; the nose is long, thin, arched like noses of the Bourbons, and slightly crushed at the tip by the pressure of the bandages.

The temples are sunken; the cheek-bones very prominent; the ears round, standing far out from the head, and pierced like those of a woman for the wearing of ear-rings. The jaw-bone is massive and strong; the chin very prominent; the mouth small, but thick-lipped, and full of some kind of black paste. This paste being partly cut away with the scissors, disclosed some much worn and very brittle teeth, which, moreover, are white and well preserved. The mustache and



Rameses II. immediately after Unfolding. From a photograph by Emil Brugsch Bey.

beard are thin. They seem to have been kept shaven during life, but were probably allowed to grow during the king's last illness, or they may have grown after death. The hairs are white, like those of the head and eyebrows, but are harsh and bristly, and from two to three millimetres in length. The skin is of earthy brown, spotted with black. Finally, it may be said, the face of the mummy gives a fair idea of the face of the living king. The expression is unintellectual, perhaps slightly animal; but even under the somewhat grotesque disguise of

mummification, there is plainly to be seen an air of sovereign majesty, of resolve, and of pride. The rest of the body is as well preserved as the head; but, in consequence of the reduction of the tissues, its external aspect is less life-like. The neck is no thicker than the vertebral column. The chest is broad; the shoulders are square; the arms are crossed upon the breast; the hands are small and dyed with henna; and the wound in the left side, through which the embalmers extracted the viscera, is large and open. The legs and thighs are fleshless; the feet are long, slender, somewhat flat-soled, and dyed, like the hands, with henna. The corpse is that of an old man, but of a vigorous and robust old man. We know, indeed, that Rameses II. reigned for sixty-seven years, and that he must have been nearly one hundred years old when he died."

On the same day that the face of the great Sesostris was unwrapped, the mummy of Rameses III. was also revealed and his identity established beyond question. And now these old-time kings stand in the glass cases of the Museum at Cairo, in as close companionship with Pinotem and Sethi I. as they were when found in their sequestered retreat. The father of "Pharaoh's daughter" is one of the collection. Fear of him caused the mother of Moses to hide her babe in the bulrushes.

Once kings, princes, and priests, monarchs, tyrants, and oppressors, "equal with the gods"—they now appear labelled and numbered as "antiquities," where all who desire may go and face them without fear. When they were first borne to the tomb, their frightened subjects cried to the gods for their entrance into immortality; and one of those gods was Rameses II., represented at Pithom in red syenite, seated in an arm-chair between the two solar gods Ra and Tum. But when they were carried back to the Delta, the folds of sand which had for centuries covered their ancient city Zoan were being unwrapped by the spade and pick of the "Egyptian Exploration Fund," and their frightened descendants cried unto Allah—the God of Israel!

Using the Bible record to guide us, as near as we can make it out, we will follow the track of the Israelites, leaving, as they did, the Land of Goshen behind us.

CHAPTER II.

SINAI AND THE WILDERNESS.

Journeying to the "Mount of God."—Preparation at the "Wells of Moses."—The First Night in the Desert.—A Day on Camel-back.—At Marah.—Sheikh Mousa.—Mapping the Route.—Elim.—"Encamped by the Red Sea."—A Last View of Goshen.—At the Mines of Mâghâra.—In the "Written Valley."—By "The Rock Struck by Moses."—Wady Feiran.—"Pitched in Rephidim."—Where Joshua and Amalek Fought.—The Ascent of Mount Serbal.—The "Gate of Sinai."—The "Plain of the Assemblage."—Mount Sinai in Sight.—Jebel Mousa.—"The Mountain of Moses."—At the Convent of St. Catherine.—Climbing up the Sinaitic Peaks.—Jethro's Well.—The Chapel of the Virgin.—The Gateways.—The Chapels of Elijah and Elisha.—Views from the Summits.—The Plain of Er Raha.—Ras-Sufsafeh—"The True Sinai."

SINCE more or less peril attends the long journey over the traditional route of the Israelites from the "Land of Goshen" to the "Mount of God," the first care should be to secure an honest and brave dragoman. My trust was placed in Mohammed Achmed Effendi Hedaiyah, of Alexandria. We left Cairo one morning in February and rode through the land of Goshen by rail. We arrived at Suez before dark, and took up our quarters in a street as curious as the Mouskee in Cairo. Our coming had been heralded by our body-servant Abdullah, who preceded us to take care of our camp equipage and to secure a boat for our passage across the Red Sea.

The sail was a lovely one of about two hours, including a halt at quarantine. Our camels awaited us at the Asiatic quay, and in an hour they had carried us to the "Wells of Moses." Only a small spring of brackish water was found at the foot of a palm, but, said our devout dragoman, "it is the very place where the Israelites first encamped." Moses here sang the song of deliverance, and here Miriam's sweet tones led the hearts of the Israelites away from their tribulations. What an event in my life it was, that first night in the desert! Everything looked larger and farther off than usual, except the stars, which seemed to come down into the clear atmosphere like incandes-

cent lights inside their globes. The pages of a new, great volume were turned over before me, presenting all the strange, vague images of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment with lifelike realism.

The Bedouin attendants had arranged their camels on the ground in semicircular groups. Against the inward-turned haunches of the beasts our camp luggage was placed for protection from marauders. In the centre of each semicircle a fire of brush and twigs had been kindled. Around these fires the more idle of the swarthy fellows squatted, and toasted their bare shins while they spun their wondrous tales and waited for their evening meal of barley cakes to bake in the hot ashes. A few of the more industrious pounded beans in stone mortars for camel fodder. This weird night-scene was made to look all the more picturesque by the red glare caught upon the faces of the Arabs, and by the twinkling high-lights which played from one awkward, protruding camel-joint to another.

We dined at 6 P.M. Our first meal in the desert was like that which followed at the end of each day—soup, boiled chicken, mutton, beans, potatoes, lettuce, bread and butter, rice pudding, oranges, nuts, figs, mandarins, and Mocha coffee. Of course as the days went on the supply of delicacies became exhausted, but we always had food enough to satisfy our enormous appetites. Breakfast consisted of meat, potatoes, oatmeal, fruit and coffee. At noon a halt was always made, a small tent pitched, and a cold lunch partaken of—chicken, eggs, fruit, and tea sufficient to sustain life until a new camp was reached at the close of the day. Our tents were supplied with Persian rugs, an iron bedstead, a small table, and a metal pitcher and basin. Our first sleep under cover of the tent was undisturbed until daybreak, when the growling of the camels caused us to abandon all hope of further rest. An early start was made. When our caravan rose from the desert I could see the net result of Hedaiyah's care and tact and enterprise. There were seventeen camels and twenty-one attendants.

When I first saw the camels, one foreleg of each was bent up and a strong cord tied around the joint, so that the beasts, thus hobbled, could not stray out of sight. When all was made ready for the march, these bands were loosened. Upon the camels' humps were tied our tents and tent-poles; casks of water, padlocked to prevent the camel drivers from stealing the scanty fluid; great boxes of provisions; sacks

of charcoal and a sheet-iron stove; crates of oranges and hampers with eggs, and cooking utensils; coops of live chickens, pigeons, and turkeys; beds and bedding; and twenty solid leather trunks of photographic plates. In the caravan went two live sheep to provide fresh mutton when wanted. Six riding-camels brought up the rear. These last were saddled for the four "howadji," Hedaiyah, and Abdullah,



The Wells of Moses.

whenever, tired of walking, we chose to mount them. Each camel was attended by its driver, who was usually its owner also, and took good care that it was not overtaxed.

Every night all this "outfit" had to be taken apart, assorted, and shaped into the conveniences of camp. Every morning it had to be loaded for the day's travel amidst the growls of the camels, the screeches of the Bedouins, and the earnest commands of our dragoman. I never could decide which was the best camel or who the least profane

of the Arabs. If I fixed upon one as my good camel, the next morning I would find him protesting against every pound placed upon his ugly hump. If I ventured to call Ali or Yusef my good boy, the next time we broke up camp I would find them trying to sneak off with a light load. Moreover, it cost me fifteen days of anxious watching to find the rooster whose crowing awakened me before light every morning. Each morning on hearing him outside my tent I quickly peered through the door and detected him. Abdullah was thereupon ordered to "off with his head" for the coming lunch. The next morning a cheerful voice greeted me as usual. Not until fifteen premature and unjust executions had been perpetrated was the correct chanticleer caught. He was the last of his company, and died because he could not take a hint.

The first day of travel was one of rare pleasures and surprises. Instead of having to plough knee-deep through desert sand, as I had anticipated, there was a gravelly bottom to travel upon. The air was clear and fresh, but the sun was merciless and the heat reflected from below was intense. Nearly all day the blue sea was in sight. The mirage lifted long groves of tall palm-trees, which seemed to beckon us to a welcome shade; but when we diverged a little from the track to see if they were real, the delusion disappeared and only the mountains of Tih, far over on the Egyptian side, were seen.

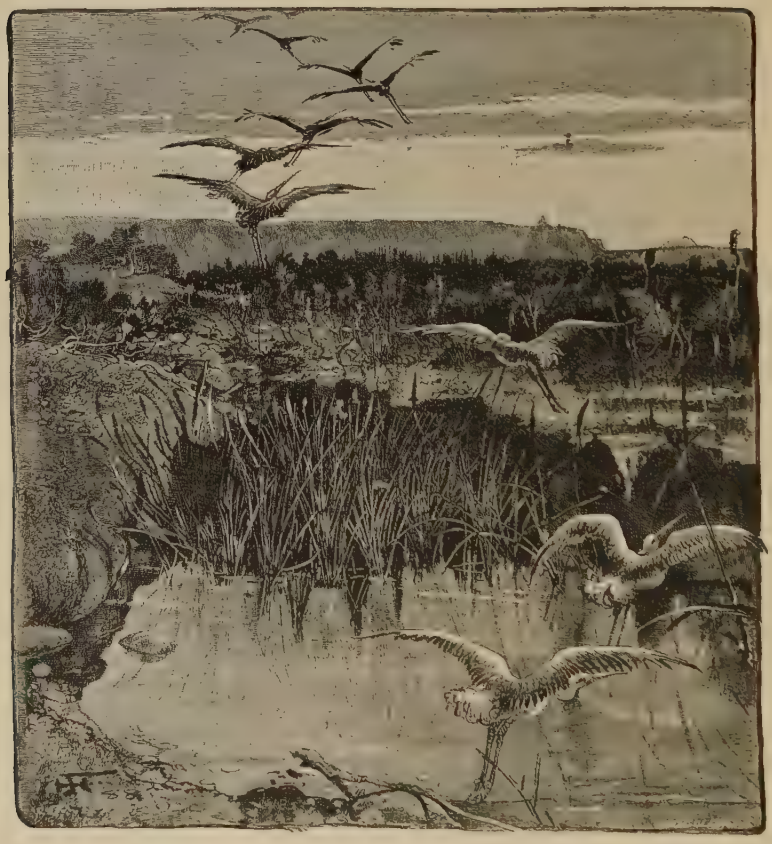
The second night we encamped at Wady Sürdür, where the bitter wells of Marah were visited. Only by digging in the sand could we find even salt water. But at Elim, "where were twelve wells of water and three-score and ten palm-trees," we found abundance of fresh water and a lovely spot upon which to pitch our tents for the third night. During the day we met a caravan of fifty Russian pilgrims returning to Suez from Mount Sinai. All but three were women, and all were mounted upon camels. They came from St. Petersburg. Halting, they saluted us and commended us for our "holy zeal in undertaking the dangerous and difficult pilgrimage to the Mount of God." They were in charge of a number of Bedouins, headed by Sheik Mousa, the king of all the Bedouins in the Sinai peninsula. He had been engaged as our escort and now joined us. How noble and patriarchal he looked seated upon his fleet dromedary! He was my ideal of a Bedouin chief. For forty-five days we were together, and I found him as kind and true as he had been represented to me. He came to our

lunch-tent at noon to plan for the journey, and after the usual time-absorbing salute had been made a presentation ceremony followed. A rich scarlet robe of silk, lined with green, had been brought from Cairo as a gift to the Arab king, and it fell to my lot to make the presentation speech. At the close I was requested by the king first to try on the royal robe that he might for himself see how it looked. I was a little taller than he, and if the robe fitted me nicely, it would do for him. I assented, whereupon he promised me a brother's protection through the tribes of his kingdom, and agreed to intercede with the sheik at Akabah for our safe conduct to Petra.

This ceremony ended, a still more picturesque scene followed—the discussion of the journey to be taken. With his fingers Mousa drew upon the sand a map of the pear-shaped Sinai peninsula. A depression at the right was the Red Sea. A similar one on the left served for the Gulf of Akabah. An English walnut served to mark the locality of Mount Sinai, and the oases were indicated by chicken-bones. An egg-shell served for Akabah and an orange-peel stood for Petra, while bits of stones served to show where tribes of Bedouins were probably encamped. Winding lines were drawn in the sand to represent the wadies which led from one place to the other, the sand which rose at each side of the royal finger serving to mark the chains of mountains over which we must travel. Then the whole map, thus laid out, was discussed, and the chances of escape from unfriendly tribes were considered. The map I could readily understand, and the eloquent gestures of my two companions—for such they became—were not hard to interpret. It was finally decided to follow the coast where practicable, and at other times to keep to the wadies nearest to the sea.

After the consultation closed we moved on through Wady Gharandel to Elim. Each hour the country about us grew more and more picturesque. The red light of the setting sun shone upon some rocky cliffs in the distance near the sea, until, the sun gone, the Arabian moon changed them into silvery profiles. At about 8 P.M. we found our tents at Elim, with those of another American party pitched near them. The hills about Elim are several hundred feet high. The oasis seems charming to one after having travelled over the dead desert for several days. Groves of palm, acacia, juniper, tamarisk, and colocynth abound; and among the wells is one living, bubbling spring, from which we drank and took a fresh supply of "sweet water."

Here and there tiny wild-flowers were found. At every turn in the wady the hills grew more shapely, and lovelier in color. Elim is a lovely spot, the clear waters and shade-giving palms of which delight the desert traveller. On the way to the sea, south and east, two rivals to "the true Elim" were found. The first is but a flat, damp spot, scarcely worth mentioning; the second is a somewhat ex-



The Wells of Elim.

tensive oasis, and has a tiny stream running through it out into the wady and thence to the sea. But our unanimous vote accorded with tradition in believing that all the honors of Elim belong to the first oasis.

Now came a series of surprises. As we broke through the grove of palms, suddenly, like an immense wall, a great mountain range arose,

and cast a grateful shadow over our pathway. It led us directly to the gorgeous colored side of Jebel Taiyibeh, whose cones and cliffs were built up of strata running diagonally from the sea, of brown, amber, orange, red, purple, white, gray, marl green, and black. How glorious was the sight of so much water once more! We could not drink it, but it was cool and clean, and we could enjoy a bath in it. It united its hoarse bass notes with the plaintive treble of the tiny stream which near by gave up its individuality to the waves. Here the mountains seemed to halt and draw back. Passing them, we turned to the left and followed down the coast. Beyond a long line of naked peaks we caught the first glimpse of Mount Serbal. Over the sea, we could once more make out the Egyptian hills, just as the murmuring Israelites saw them when moving along this very shore.

That night we also "encamped by the Red Sea," in "the very place," we were assured, "where the children of Israel encamped after leaving Elim." An extensive plateau is here, bounded on three sides by picturesque hills and on the west by the Red Sea. It is an enchanting spot. The colored hills resemble long rows of towers with pointed roofs, one tier reaching above another, while the peaks on the Egyptian side seemed then like faint gray clouds. It is truly a desert place compared with Elim. It proved much less friendly in its treatment of the stranger, for twice during the night it sent airy emissaries ashore to pull out my tent-pins from the conniving sand and to tumble my tent down upon my head.

Next morning the camera caught the choicest of the curious rock-pictures. Nature had been in a freakish mood—it was one of those efforts of hers which defy pen, palette, and photography. Sometimes the elevations seemed like the heaped-up refuse of a foundry; at other times as if the entire circuit had been undermined and thrown back by the searcher for gems as he delved into the mysteries of the mountain. The spaces between gave the shadows a chance to help bring out the admirable forms into bold relief. Sometimes the mountains fairly stepped into the sea, or had tumbled down great masses from their steep inclines to make it rougher for the pilgrim. The sea, too, presented some fine studies in iridescence. One moment the glistening water lies as calm and placid as a lake of ice; suddenly it is all in a quiver, and its broad expanse becomes broken up into belts of the most striking colors.

Toward midday we began to move in an easterly direction and our path ascended. Frequently we climbed to what resembled the crater of a volcano. Grouped together below was usually found a varied collection of forms like spires, pinnacles, domes, and stalagmites of color reminding one of the scene within the awful throat of Mount Vesuvius. Toward night the old-time Egyptian copper mines of Mäghära, in Wady Keneh, were reached. The ruins of an old temple near by bear the cartouches of Rameses II. We encamped that night in a deep valley the surroundings of which reminded me of those of Crawford Notch, only the mountains were bare of all foliage, and there was no lake nor any tumbling cascade. During the next day we passed through the "Written Valley," where Sinaitic inscriptions are found plentifully upon the rocks. In other respects the surrounding mountains are less interesting than those already passed on the way.

A small land-slide came tumbling down on the left. It was started by a line of sheep and goats which stood, with an amused sort of look, watching our caravan. Their shepherdess attempted to hide from our sight, but persuasive backsheesh induced her to submit to the ordeal of the camera. She refused to remove her face-veil, but permitted a full view of her trinkets. While posing her I made the following inventory of her neck and head gear. On the top of her head four trousers-buttons were united by cords in the form of a Greek cross. Near each temple was an iron harness ring, one and one-quarter inch in diameter and one-eighth inch thick, tied to the lower combination. From these rings down to the edges of the face-veil ran two pieces of iron and brass jack-chain. From the rear button, over the part in the hair, a cord ran backward. Bunches of beads hung from the cords at her temples, and a lot of beads with a silver disk as large as a Bland dollar hung from each ear. Three bracelets of turquoise and amber graced each arm, and from one of them dangled a brass navy button. There were rings on her fingers and thumbs. Nineteen dazzling necklaces hung around her neck—some of turquoise, some of amber, while some were of silver, and one was made up of the iron ferrules from the sticks of tourists' umbrellas.

Mount Serbal was often seen during this afternoon. Before night we came to "the rock struck by Moses," as recorded in Exodus xvii. 6, and referred to so graphically in Numbers xx. 7–11. The rock is isolated. It is 20 feet wide by 12 feet high. A deep cut runs down

its side—"the mark of Moses' rod"—whence flowed the waters of Meribah and Massah. The mountains on all sides appeared more and more impressive as we climbed the steep pass which led us to the oasis of Pharan, or Wady Feiran. Above all others we saw the jagged peaks of the giant Jebel Serbal—different in form and in color from its neighbors.

Here we came to a steep, narrow defile, and our carefully stepping camels were made more careful by the quick, sharp cries of their drivers—"Ooah! edock! hutta!" ("Look out! step carefully!") which admonition seemed to be repeated to us by the echoing peaks as though warning us not to approach. But the odor of apricot, orange, peach, and cherry persuaded us upward and onward. Soon we arrived at the oasis and heard the song of a tiny brook, and soon saw small gardens and rude stone houses. A lad met us and gave us some cherries which tasted like apples. The lovely bulbuls were flitting among the trees, and regaled us with their sweet, wild notes, and for the first time we heard the plaintive bleat of a baby camel. Our baggage camels had arrived before us and our tents had been pitched near the stream. My own tent-door opened upon the wide, steep Wady Áleyát, which is lined by lofty peaks of gneiss, the varied colors and eccentric shapes of which reminded me of the fantastic trickery of the kaleidoscope. We were among the relics of the ancient city of Pharan, or Paran, and could see monastic ruins on nearly every mountain incline. Carefully irrigated palm-groves, rice-fields, and fruit-orchards abounded, and all were in their spring-time glory. We saw a Bedouin gathering manna. We could see the very crags upon which the sentinels stood, whence, in olden times, when danger approached, they gave the alarm to their fellow-townsmen below. It was here that Mr. George Ebers placed the scene of his charming romance "Homo Sum."

In front of my tent, at the right, I could see the battle-field where Israel contested with Amalek for possession of the very stream which was singing to me at that moment. In the distance the five points of majestic Serbal rose far above the intervening mountains. I was "pitched in Rephidim," and remained four days. The points of interest there are almost as numerous as they are at Mount Sinai.

The ruined houses of ancient Pharan are all built closely together, and are of unquarried stone, except the doorways. Here dwelt the

persecuted Christians and those who came here to shun the temptations of the world by hiding from them.

Near by, in the face of a neighboring jebel, or mountain, are the caves of the anchorites. In each of these numerous narrow excava-



Wady Feiran, Site of the Battle between Israel and Amalek.

tions, sheltered only by the low stone roof, once dwelt, year after year, a man whose only bed was of dried herbs, and whose only garment was a sheepskin. Men who had grown tired of the world came here to carry out their own independence and particular mode of penance

without subjection to any other authority than their own conscience. Almost every rock has been an altar or has echoed the amens of an anchorite. From the fertile plateau an isolated hillock rises which, seen from a height, looks like an island in the oasis. On its top are the ruins of a church and of the "Oratorium." Lining the pathway leading to the church are several ruined chapels. This island, so to speak, is Jebel el Meharret—the "Mountain of Moses."

Here Moses was stationed during the battle of Rephidim, and prayed for the success of Joshua against Amalek, while Aaron and Hur held up his hands. On all sides are remains of the walls constructed by the citizens of Pharan to fortify themselves against the attacks of the marauding Saracens. The summit of the mountain affords a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The wadies which encircle it are as level as a race-course. Joshua and Amalek could have pursued one another endlessly there but for the uplifted hands of Moses. The whole battle could be witnessed by the great commander, no matter at which side of the mountain the skirmishes took place. The largest space, and therefore the most probable place, is on the side toward Mount Serbal. Close by, still full of life and health and good cheer, is "the innocent cause of the war," the lovely brook which waters the palm-groves and gardens of Wady Feiran.

The climb to the highest peak of Mount Serbal is avoided by many tourists because they do not believe it is the true Sinai, or because it is too laborious. We started up the wady on camels, at 5.40 A.M. The nearly full moon was still shining, and bathed with a tender radiance the rugged cliffs. Two hours of slow winding and climbing over the porphyry-strewn path brought us to a deep ravine between two of the five peaks of the noble mountain. There we dismounted and continued the ascent on foot.

The ascent grew more and more difficult—sometimes almost perpendicular. After much hard work a crag was mastered that looked from below as though it reached the clouds; but beyond it was disclosed another height more difficult to gain and more dangerous than the first. Finally a narrowing of the gorge was reached, and we turned about to obtain a backward view. We could then overlook many of the points referred to, and see the whole line of the Wady Áleyát, up which we came on our camels. Beyond are hundreds of peaks, over whose granite shapes narrow lines of red porphyry creep like enor-

mous serpents. At the left was a bare perpendicular cliff, fully three thousand feet high, with not an inch friendly enough to offer a foothold. The sight was appalling. We now turned to our work again and clambered on, sometimes on all fours, resting wherever a hospitable rock offered us shade. Frequently we found small quantities of ice and snow, and made some iced tea.

At last the summit of the highest peak was gained. So clear was the atmosphere that we could overlook almost the whole of the Sinai peninsula. On the one side was the sea where Pharaoh's host wrestled with the returning waves. On the other, Solomon had sailed his fleets. On the south side the "Mountain of the Law" stood forth, and I know not how far one could see through the clear atmosphere beyond. There seemed to be hundreds of mountains in view sleeping at our feet. Among them crept the light serpentine wadies innumerable, including those we had travelled during our journey from Suez and the ones we must follow to reach Mount Sinai and Akabah. It was down toward the south where Moses lost his way.

To me the most expansive view seemed to be toward the west, where the line of the Red Sea glistened like a silver cord bordered by the mountains beyond, and fringed more roughly by a line on this side. We saw the two caravan routes which led through deep and stony gorges to the sea, and through which pilgrims for thousands of years had come to worship God; they were sometimes followed by natives of the peninsula who came to sacrifice to *their* gods—the sun, moon, and stars—upon the very peak where my camera was placed. Upon the same height great beacon-fires were often kindled to guide and warn the mariners of both seas. It is still called "El Madhawwa" (light-house) by the Arabs. Sinaitic inscriptions are plentiful upon the rocks.

Grand as the views are, they did not impress me as much as those obtained at the base of the perpendicular cliff during the ascent. Several hours were occupied with resting, work, and observation, and then, reluctantly, the perilous descent was undertaken. Sometimes a rock was started that would crash and split into a thousand pieces as it rolled. Hedaiyah called it "a good Roman road," but our attendants were nearer right when they named it "the road of the sweater." Just as we reached our waiting camels at the base, the sun was again playing upon the five points of Serbal. Then the light went out; the wady



The Ascent of Mount Serbal.

grew cool. With delight we hailed the coming of the moon, for then our sure-footed camels stepped with more confidence and we felt safer.

Next day, at 7.30 A.M., we broke camp at Wady Feiran. The gardens and groves of the oasis continued for over a mile. A fellah was seen irrigating the land with an Egyptian shadoof. Flocks of sheep and goats were numerous. Frequently the Sinai group could be seen for a moment, though far to the south. The day was so hot that we did not venture to pitch our lunch tent at noon. We ate and rested beneath the shadow of a great rock, much to the amazement of a Bedouin shepherdess who watched us on the sly.

Early in the afternoon we reached two perpendicular cliffs about sixty feet high and only a few feet apart. They form the "Gate of Sinai." About 6 P.M. we arrived at a point in Wady Hawá where we expected to find our tents ready for the night, but no tents were to be seen. Abdullah had misunderstood his master, and had camped in a more distant wady with a similar name. We were not lost, but our tents were, and it took three hours of tired riding to discover our camp.

We reached Nagb Hawá the next afternoon. (A nagb is a rough mountain pass, filled with rocky débris driven down by the torrents from the steep inclines on either side.) No one who has climbed it will ever complain that "Jordan is a hard road to travel." Moreover, he will acknowledge that one of the greatest blessings accorded the murmuring children of Israel was that "their shoes waxed not old upon their feet." Frequently, while ascending this nagb, it was more comfortable for us to dismount and walk. It was more merciful to the camels too. The ascent of Mount Serbal was scarcely more difficult. At times the way seemed almost past finding out, and a "dead-lock" occurred. Trees had grown up among the rocks so as to form an impregnable wall in places. To flank these was the only way to advance.

At one point we found a tiny spring among the juniper bushes. There we quenched our thirst, lunched, and photographed the welcome little "fountain." Then the camels came, and drank the spring dry. Some of the camel drivers were indignant that we did not allow the camels to have all the water. Long before emerging from the nagb, while climbing its last ascent, the isolated group of mountains called the "true Sinai" loomed up in the distance.

It does not seem high, because it was yet half hidden from our view by the intervening hill. As soon as this hill was mastered the plain



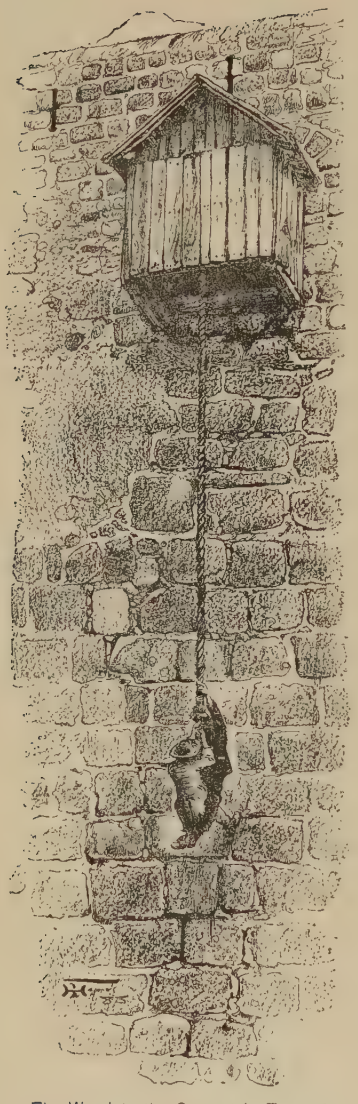
Ras-Sufsafeh, from the Plain of Assemblage.

of Er Raha, or "Plain of Assemblage," came into full view, with the Sinai range at its southern extreme. The combination was satisfying —convincing. Here was the one great feature the want of which prevented Mount Serbal from contesting for the honors of Sinai. There is no plain in the vicinity of Serbal extensive enough to accommodate an assemblage as large as Moses led. But here is a vast plateau of sufficient extent, and, as we shall presently see when we view it from Mount Sinai summit, so located that Moses could overlook it all when he read the Law. This must be the "true Sinai"—the very mountain upon which the glory of the Lord rested in the sight of the people. When facing its awful, stately grandeur, I felt as if I had come to the end of the world. How many pilgrims had come from all parts of the earth to this very spot to reverence, to sacrifice, and to worship!

I dismounted to contemplate the sublime panorama, and Elihuel, my camel driver, sat down beside me. He hardly seemed to understand my actions, and at last interrupted my reverie by exclaiming, as he pointed to the lofty group, "Jebel Mousa—Tayeeb!" ("Mountain of Moses—good!") He also reverenced it, for he was a Mohammedan.

What impresses the American traveller most sensibly here is the fact that although mountains abound, and stream-beds are more plenty than in our own White Hills, a cascade or a waterfall is never heard. When the rains fall, the water rolls down these bare, rough diagonals uninterrupted, and empties into the wadies, which in turn impetuously roll the torrents into the sea with great speed, before the parched earth has time to absorb more than a mere surface supply.

What a surprise, then, when, arrived at the highest ridge of the vast plateau of Er Raha, to see a bright oasis full of trees laden with the rich blossoms of spring, backed by the strange, contrasting, gloomy walls of the Convent of Saint Catherine. No location could be more charming—in the narrowing valley, nestled at the feet of the closely protecting mountains. Upon the highest ramparts are set both the cannon and the cross. It was both castle and convent we were approaching. More than once the inmates have been obliged to defend themselves against the marauder. At one time every monk was massacred. Since then more care has been exercised. We were obliged to prove our friendship before we could gain admittance. We could not even encamp in the neighborhood until our credentials were examined and approved.



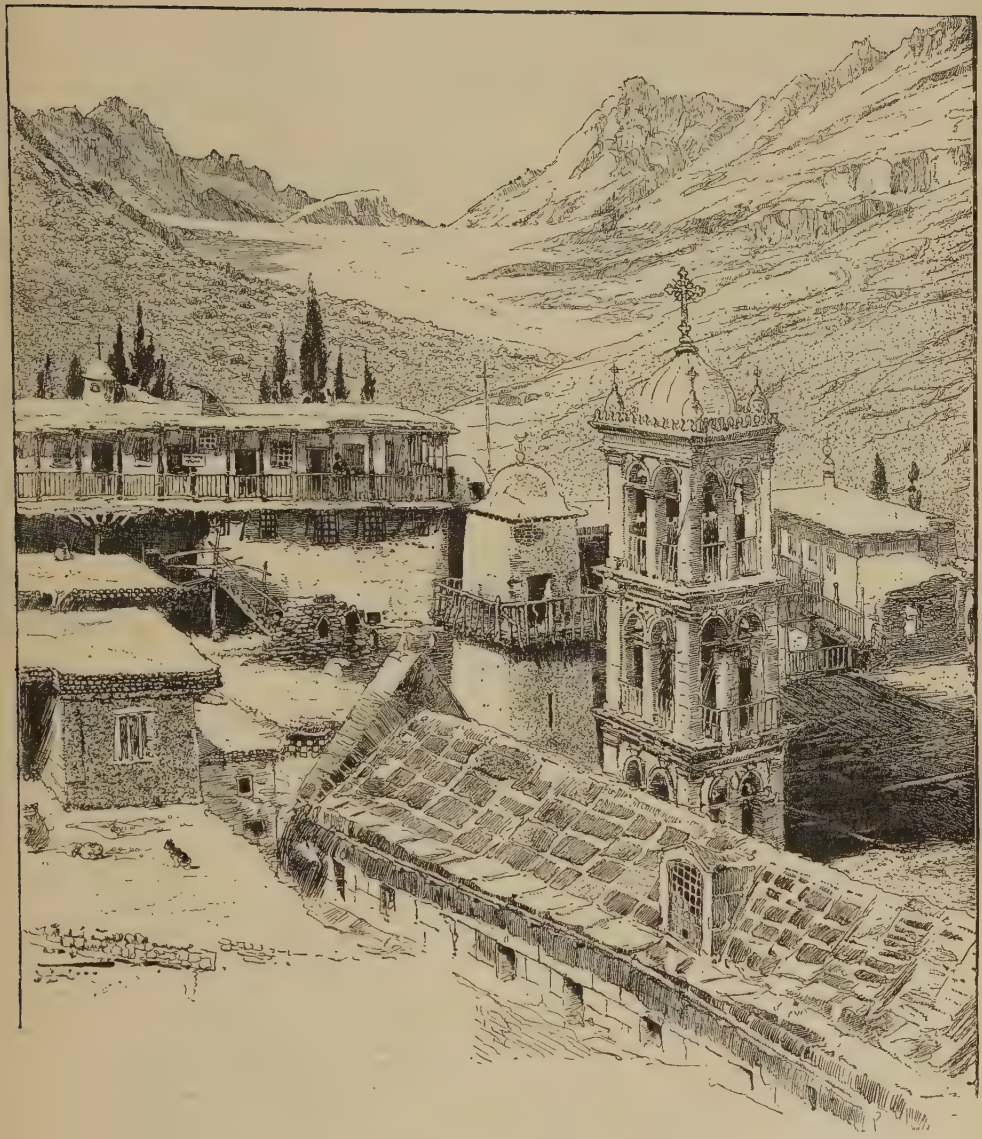
The Way into the Convent in Time of Trouble.

Arriving at the convent wall we sent up a shout to the top. In the course of time the voice of a monk sent down a squeaky response. To a point near the top of the wall a tiny structure shaped like a dog-kennel is attached. From this a small rope was let down, to which we attached our firman, or letter of introduction, obtained at the branch institution at Suez. This was hauled up slowly and soon answered by a great noise in the aërial kennel. Then a thick cable was lowered to us and we were asked to "Get in and come up." But the low gate in the wall was swung open at that moment, and we chose to enter the convent by it rather than to go up by cable.

When we arrived at the quarters of the superior we saw that the cable was not let down hand over hand, but that a clumsy windlass, worked and turned by Bedouin serfs, was the power behind the throne. The combination is believed to be the first passenger elevator in the world.

From the veranda near the "lift" a fine view of the convent buildings inside the walls was had. On the right is the chapel, with its lead roof, built more than 1300 years ago. Near it is a modern campanile, reminding one of Venice. Several bells hang in it, but their ringing irritates the Bedouins, so beams of hard, sonorous wood are swung from ropes and pounded upon by mallets to call the devout monks to prayer.

At the left of the campanile is a Mohammedan mosque, suffered here to pacify the Bedouins, but not used. Under the curious roofs



The Convent Buildings and the Plain of Assemblage, from the Veranda.

of other buildings are the living-rooms of the monks. From the several verandas open the dormitories. A waggish sort of uncertainty prevails in the architecture.

The plain of Er Raha lies on the north in full view from the superior's piazza. On the left, or west, is the "Mount of God and of



Working the Elevator.

Moses." It seems as though no semblance of humanity should remain in a place made sacred by so many holy associations, but the convent is inhabited by about sixty monks, varying in grades of sanctity. Nine of them yielded to the camera. A beardless youth afforded us considerable amusement. Repeatedly he came to me, with tears in his eyes, and begged for some recipe to make his beard grow. He said that he would not be allowed to read chapel service until he had a beard; that nearly all the monks but him had beards, but God withheld the boon from him. It looked to me like a case of soap and water; but I desired to be charitable, and suggested a remedy, for which he gave me his benediction.

Few places are more interesting than the interior of the chapel of the convent. Ever since the time of Justinian royal pilgrimages have been made to it, and many a costly offering has been left behind. Hanging here is one of the most valuable collections of lamps in the world, of gold and silver, richly jewelled. Screens of "crazy-quilt," wrought by queenly hands, adorn the altar, while candelabra of richest bronze stand on either side; the stalls are curiously carved; the mosaic floor is of Roman richness; an old pendulum clock is here which has



The Interior of the Convent Chapel.

clicked since the time of Galileo; paintings and architectural decorations all attest to the wealth of those who have worshipped here. In the rear of the chapel is "the scene of the burning bush," backed by a rock, through a rift in which the sun enters a single cheerful gleam but once a year. In the next room, in an alabaster sarcophagus, lie the remains of St. Catherine.

The chapel services are fre-

quent and exacting, often requiring the monks to be present in the small hours of the night. Nasal intonations, uneasy undulations, and incense-swinging make up the cheerless performance.

Many valuable books and manuscript copies of the Scriptures are in the convent library. The superior has been very chary of these since Tischendorf got away the manuscript of the Codex Sinaiticus. I found a copy of the famous "Book of the Gospels," dating from the



"The Book of the Gospels," kept in the Convent.

time of Theodosius II., A.D. 766. The whole work was written in Greek letters with gold on parchment. The cover was of metal. Colored portraits of the apostles embellished it, with backgrounds of burnished gold. I asked the privilege of photographing some of the pages, but the superior said, "I cannot allow it to go out of my hands."

"Very well, then," I said, "bring it out into the light of the court and hold it in your hands while I photograph it."

He generously assented to this, and I thus secured two pages of the precious Codex Aureus.

The next thing to do was to ascend Mount Sinai. There are three

or four routes, all of which are full of interest. We were led by one of the monks. The fraternity had constructed a rude stone stairway part of the distance, which out of respect for them we followed. The morning was glorious. We started early, that we might have the help of the clear, cool, sweet air in climbing the heights before the merciless Asiatic sun had so shortened the shadows as to deprive us of any protection by them.

After twenty minutes the old "Shrive Gate" was reached. Here in former days the pilgrims partook of the sacrament, received absolution, and a certificate of church standing which enabled them to pass the second gate unchallenged. This shrive service was rendered for many years by an old monk whose devotion won for him the name of "Saint Stephen." His skeleton is preserved prominent among the bones of his brethren in the crypt near the garden gate.



The Shrive Gate.

The crags and peaks which now came into view ahead and on every side were all the more impressive because the sun had not yet penetrated the shadows. In one shady place we found a small spring called "Jethro's Well," but not believed to be the "true" well. The monks have arranged so many "holy" places convenient to their convent that one may have the privilege of making a selection.

At this point I turned and looked down the gorge we had been climbing, when a most startling view rewarded me. On each side were the dark walls of the ravine. In full view below was the monastery, and the mountains east covered with the glory of the morning sun. The coloring was superb. I could not reproduce it by my art, but I caught the light and shade.

In a quarter of an hour the "Chapel of the Virgin" was reached. It is a small, homely structure of granite, and was erected by the grateful monks in honor of the occasion when the Virgin relieved the convent perpetually from a plague of fleas. Another American party, during my stay in the neighborhood, preferred, "for the sake of novelty," to live in the convent rather than in tents. When they made their departure they assured me that they had had plenty of novelty, including a startling abundance that seemed to prove that the good work of the Virgin was intended for a former time.

The second gateway was reached just as the god of day flamed his ruddy glow up the ravine at our left. It scarcely changed the gray old stones of the massive gateway, but through its arch we saw a wondrous display of shape and color. At this gate the ancient pilgrim presented the credentials received from Saint Stephen. Then, with sins absolved and heart full of new resolves for the future, he was allowed to pass and to finish his journey to the summit of the "holy Mount of Moses."

Two little chapels erected in memory of the prophets Elisha and Elijah are next reached. In one the grotto where Elijah hid after he had slain the priests of Baal is shown. A number of rare old books are there with some valuable lamps and curious paintings of the Madonna. The paintings of the prophets on panels of wood stood out by the door-way, on end, like placards at a bazar. A gilt nimbus adorns the head of the prophet Elijah, but his portrait cannot be considered a worthy work of art even though painted by an old master. A little cypress-tree stands at the door, said to have been planted there by Elijah. It is almost a miracle that it keeps alive there at all. Near at hand is a depression in a rock, in shape resembling a camel's track. "It is the foot-mark of the camel of Mohammed, made when ascending to heaven with his master on his back." As to the other three "foot-marks" of that wide-stepping quadruped, "one is in Cairo, one in Damascus, and one in Mecca." So the Bedouin say.

Climbing on amidst the natural glories which surrounded us, we came to the "true well of Jethro." A tiny oasis surrounded it, where some flocks of sheep and goats were grazing. These made a realistic picture, and called to mind the Bible story of the gallant young fugitive from Pharaonic justice who came here and drove away the Arab shepherds that annoyed the daughters of Jethro while they were watering

their flocks. And here it must have been that Moses wooed Zipporah and won her Arab heart. Surely it was a charming trysting-place for patriarchal lovers, and even now is the beauty-spot of the climb, kept fresh and lovely as it is by the perennial snows of the sacred mountain.

Only the rugged beauties of nature allured during the next half-hour. The hardest climbing of all followed, for the blazing sun was full upon us at the left.



The Ascent of Mount Sinai. Second Gateway.

At last the summit of Jebel Mousa, the "Mount of God and of Moses," was reached, and we could look beyond.

In the Sinaitic group there are three points which are claimed to be the true spot where Moses met Jehovah and received the tablets of the Law. These are the summits of "Jebel Mousa," "Jebel Katherina," and "Jebel Sufsafeh." On the summit of Jebel Mousa is a rude chapel and a ruder mosque, both of stone. Neither would afford much protection to a traveller during a mountain storm. Any one of the three caves under the rocks shown as "the true cave where Moses hid when Jehovah passed by" would be safer. One of these caves is triangular in shape, and is located near the chapel.

The summit of Jebel Mousa is 7,359 feet above sea level, and 2,360 feet higher than the convent. It requires 3,000 steps to reach it. Jebel Katherina is 8,526 feet high, and more alpine in its character than its rivals. From all of them the views are glorious. But the view from Jebel Mousa is disappointing, for the same reason that Jebel Serbal's outlook is—there is no plain in sight where Israel could have had room to assemble. The view from Jebel Katherina is alike unsatisfactory. Let us make an observation from the summit of Jebel Sufsafeh. To obtain it we retraced our steps as far as Jethro's Well and then entered a wady to the left. Two small ravines were crossed



The Convent, from Mount Sinai.

when a third and deeper one was found, wherein a rude chapel stands, partly shaded by a small willow-tree. From this tree the peak we are about to ascend takes its name—Ras es Sufsafeh (the "Mount of the Willow"). Climbing the steep and rocky gorge ascending from the tree, we gained the summit of Sufsafeh. From that stand-point one mighty prospect of barren peaks is presented, bounded only by the desert and the seas; and there, at the foot of the mountain, lies a vast plateau—the plain of Er Raha. It must be the "Plain of Assemblage," and it must be that this is the "Mount of God and of Moses."

I could hear the voices of the natives living in the tiny oasis at the base, more than a mile away.

The beauty of the scene is very great. No accessories of snow or river or foliage are there, and none are needed—nor distance—to "lend enchantment to the view." Would that I could picture what I saw! The rugged "Rock of Moses" lay at my feet, as black as the shadow at its side. Across the plain, on each side, the crag-crowned mountains were glowing with streams of ruby color. Nature seemed preparing for some great spectacle. The horizon was submerged in a molten sea of flame, while the sea, now blue, now green, now golden, now as red as blood, was all in a tremor. Now gray veils of misty fabric began to rise from the shadowed plain, moving to and fro like spectres. Then the solid amethyst of the western sky was rent, and stripes of turquoise were discovered between. There was not a sound. Quickly, as though by the deft turning of some mighty wheel, the glorious coloring disappeared. Not even the sea could be discerned. The lights went out. The metamorphosis was hastened, the after-glow was shortened, by the prompt appearance of the pale Arabian moon. Its soft light seemed to have no influence over the deeper hollows and shadows, for the blackness of night, now spread over them, was too closely set for such gentle persuasion.

But the glorious peaks about us were clothed in a new attire. Catching the mellow light as it arose, half their height was submerged by the fog. Like a sea of silver it caught the light, and reminded me of a tented field, or of tossing mounds of snow as I have seen them from Mount Washington in winter. Who wonders at the wild fancies of a people whose home is amid such scenes?

How reluctantly I gave up my seat on the "Rock of Moses!"



Plain of Assemblage, from the Rock of Moses.

Again and again I turned to look upon the glories surrounding, and then descended to my tent.

An after-visit was made to the willow-tree; and then, instead of descending by the monks' stone stairway, we followed the gorge down the side of Jebel Sufsafeh opposite to the one from which we saw the "Plain of Assemblage." It led to Aaron's Hill.

Then I secured an isolated view of the summit of Jebel Sufsafeh from its eastern side. This proved a prize. On the right of the foreground a great mass of rocky débris was caught, which had thundered down from the steep inclines, no one could tell me when. The monks say, "when the golden calf was broken." To the left, beneath a pile of huge rocks, is the largest spring in the Sinai district. It is also called

"Jethro's Well." I found its brink fringed with a growth of maiden-hair fern as green and lovely as any I had ever gathered in the Colosseum or in the White Mountains.

In the distance is Jebel Sufsafeh. Between the two peaks is "the very ravine down which Moses and Joshua were picking their way when they heard the shouts of the worshippers of the golden calf come up from the base of the mountain." Joshua, soldier that he was, declared they were as the sounds of war. Moses, with a clearer knowledge of humanity, knew better, and was so overcome that he dashed the tablets of the Law upon the rocks.

The monks aver that it was at the very spring I have described



Ras-sufsafeh, East Side, from Aaron's Hill.

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that this scene of just and mighty wrath took place. Here the forked lightning flashed from the hands of Jehovah. It tore open the earth, twisted and turned the veins of steel-hard diorite as though they were but ribbons of green, fissured the great cliffs of granite and poured into them from the bursted arteries of rough, red porphyry, and sent the streams boiling and seething like hot lava to the base, where "Aaron's Hill," or the "Hill of the Golden Calf," is located. Without a single trumpet-blast to warn them, the noisy idolaters were destroyed by the torrents which came down, or were buried under the confusion of rocks which followed.

The monks tell us further that "Moses and Joshua were directed by Jehovah to stay beneath the great rocks which cover 'Jethro's Well' until his mighty wrath had subsided, and that since then the supply of water has not failed." To all of these places the ages of monks have had abundance of time to fasten some tradition. "Aaron's Hill" is also reverenced by the Bedouins, who come once a year to the little chapel on its summit to sacrifice a camel.

The Sinai mountains and their wild surroundings seem to be just as the Book describes them—as the Great Architect constructed them. No change appears to have taken place since the followers of Moses made their departure for the Promised Land.

CHAPTER III.

FROM MOUNT SINAI TO MOUNT SEIR.

The Departure.—The "Hill of the Golden Calf."—Wady es Sheikh.—Hazeroth.—The Gorge of 'Ain Hudherah.—Where Miriam Taunted Moses.—A Fantasia of Color.—Wady 'El Ain.—A Stream in the Desert.—Sublime Mountain "Notches."—The Gulf of Akabah.—An Oasis by the Sea.—Rough Travel.—The Island of Kureiyeh.—Night Scenes by the Sea.—Ezion Gaber.—Elath.—Akabah.—Wady Arabah, the "Highway" to Palestine.—Changing Camels and Guides.—A Troubled Camp.—In the Mountains of Seir.—A Well Found.—Rock-houses or Nawamis.—Fantastic Forms.—The Rock of El-Guerrah.—A Scheme Projected.—An Envoy sent to Eljy.—Mount Hor in Sight.—'Ain El Dalegeh—the "Well of Moses."—Visitors.—A Bedouin Village.—Petra Close at Hand.—"A Desolation."—The World Beyond.—The Mount Seir Journey Ended.—At the Gate of Petra.

THE traveller who endeavors to work out the topography of the Hebrew migration from Egypt to the Promised Land finds himself engaged in disentangling a very puzzling skein. He may progress so finely as to satisfy himself that Mr. Ebers and others are entirely wrong in giving Jebel Serbal the honor of being the true Sinai; he may be very sure that Professor Baker Green's argument that the Hebrews crossed the desert in a direct easterly course until they came to the head of the Gulf of Akabah—where he locates Elim—is fallacious; again, he may contentedly accept the route followed in "Sinai and the Wilderness." Yet after his arrival at the foot of Aaron's Hill the thread is likely to be lost again, and our traveller is quite willing to join the cry which has been sounded all over the world for many centuries, "Where is Kadesh?"

We must accept tradition, and follow what has been, in a measure, satisfactorily disentangled for us. In doing this we leave a large, confused mass of testimony behind. We simply take up a thread, follow it awhile, then break our connection and proceed with another.

The departure from Mount Sinai, whether for Petra, or for Palestine, is usually made by way of the Wady es Sheik, the wide mouth of which enters the Sinai valley nearly opposite to "Aaron's Hill," or the

"Hill of the Golden Calf." The denuded peaks lift themselves upon each side of this valley, just as they do east and west of the plain of Er Raha. The lack of foliage, however, is more than compensated for by the wonderful display of color. It rivals that of the Wady Gharandel, over on the Red Sea side of the peninsula. At one place there is a noble, cone-shaped mountain of fawn-colored red and brown sandstone, with another adjoining of black and green diorite; while rolling down between them like a cataract is a wide incline of bluish-gray sand. Here and there are sharp crags and jagged peaks, with their depressions filled nearly to their edges with sand, as in Nubia, only here the sand is not of such golden tint as there. Frequently the lower rock-surfaces are covered with Sinaitic inscriptions. Many of these "writings" look like the tracery of some antique humorist, for the figures are mainly of grotesquely formed animals. At frequent intervals the floor of Wady es Sheik is as brilliantly colored as the mountains are; and though zigzagging, like the sky-lines of its peaks, it is as level as a diligence road over the Alps.

It must have been a glorious sight when Israel was mustered here and marched along in full array toward the Promised Land—the sons of Aaron at the head, bearing the two silver trumpets that had been made for the impending journey.

This assembling seems very recent to the traveller when, on camel-back, he starts before sunrise and moves slowly up the Wady es Sheik. It seems even more recent when, turning back, he sees the banks of floundering clouds, impelled by the winding air-currents, come up from the Sinai group. Every foot of the way becomes a sublime study, and every rift in the mist seems to disclose pages of history. The second day after leaving camp at Mount Sinai the clues become entangled again, and once more we are forced to break the connection. After the murmuring ones had died and were buried at Kibroth-hattaavah, the Israelites "encamped at Hazeroth." The location of Hazeroth is pretty well verified at a place on the direct route to Akabah. After two days of travel from Mount Sinai the traveller comes to a wide-reaching line of hills which seems to stretch along in the shadows of the evening like a city wall. These hills form one side of a plain where Hazeroth is believed to have been located. Here we encamped. Long before reaching it we had been watched by a garrison of greedy vultures stationed on the top of the rocky outpost. Their presence could not have

been discovered before morning had not some of the number, more uneasy than their comrades, risen into the last departing rays of the sunset, swooped around for a moment, and then clumsily dropped like lead into the shadows again. The evening meal was made ready and eaten here, and the old, familiar songs were sung to drive away home-longings. At early candlelight the weary desert-travellers crept into their

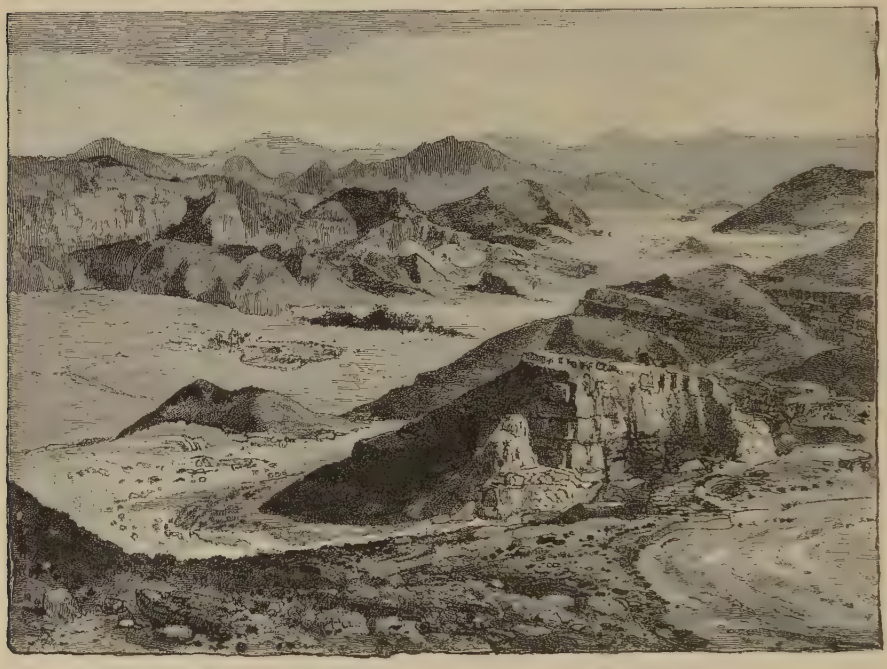


Jebel Haroun, or the "Hill of the Golden Calf."

tents and lay down to rest and sleep. Such is the experience of all who spend the night under the long wall which protects one side of the gorge of 'Ain Hudherah. When the morning comes the top of the wall must be gained, and the traveller changes places with the vultures; for as soon as he vacates his camp, they swirl down to it with the hope of finding some morsels of food.

It is difficult to find a greater surprise than that which delights the eye when, after an hour of hard climbing, the top of one of the neigh-

boring hills is reached. To the right is a broad, natural stairway which winds down for the distance of two hundred feet. Its sides are lined with fluted and spiral columns, the depressions of which are colored red, yellow, lilac, and blue, and now and then are wavy like the stones

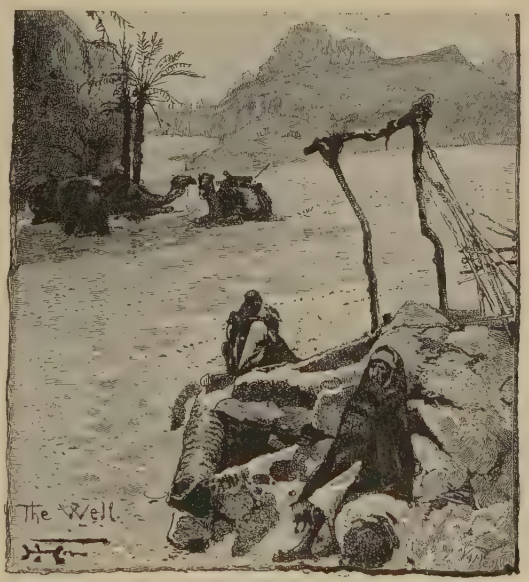


The Gorge of 'Ain Hudherah. Hazeroth.

of Petra. Beyond, and intervening, are numberless peaks—red, white, brown, greenish gray tipped with red, yellow, reddish-brown covered a part of the way up with white sand, pink, and umber—all in strange contrast with the greater shapes of solid brown and gray. One of the most beautifully formed peaks is of light green tipped with bright brick-red. The floor of this many-hued passageway is white sand and sandstone, waved here and there with lilac, yellow, and red. Near the centre are two bright oases, with groves of palms, rice-fields, and patches of lentils. Several walled wells are there, fed by the springs and subterranean aqueducts which convey water from the mountains on the west. In some places the aqueducts are uncovered. They are partly cut from the native rock and partly lined with slabs of quarried stone. It must have cost much labor and enterprise to construct them,

and do they not tell that many people dwelt there once upon a time? A rare scene was presented when our caravan halted in the gorge of 'Ain Hudherah and the travellers were made welcome to water by the old sheikh who resides there. He declared that he was over one hundred years old, and showed his hospitality by brushing the sand from the palm-logs around the well "to make a place for the stranger."

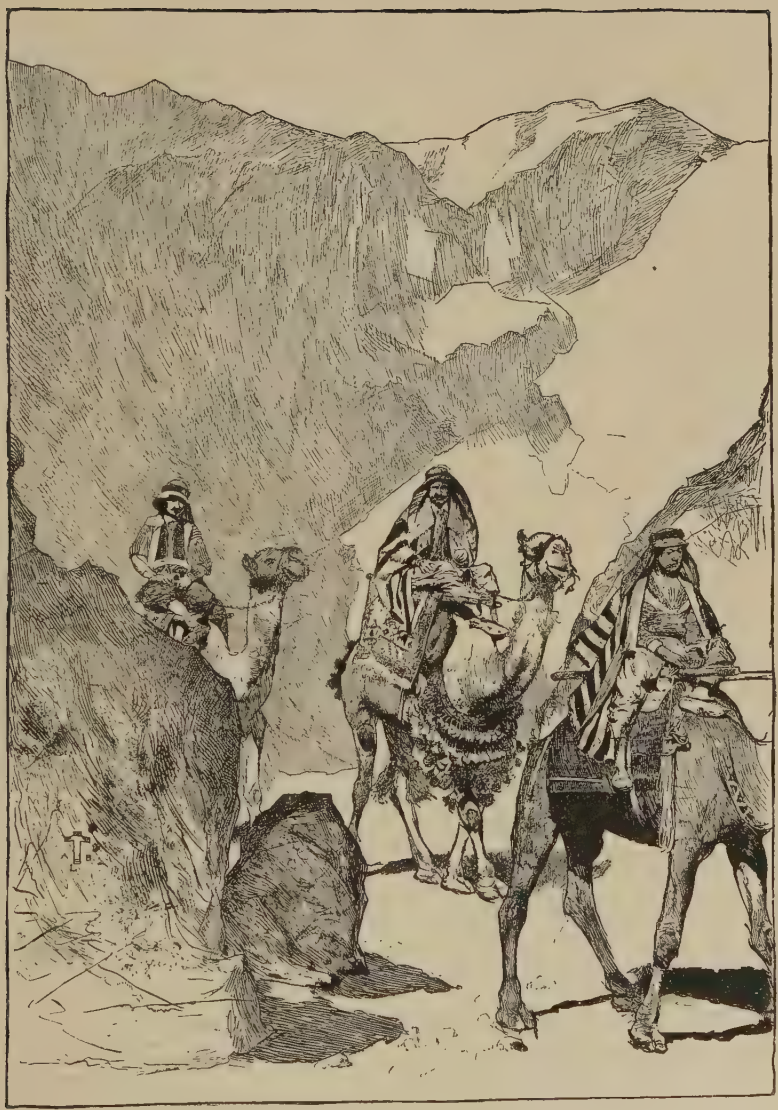
Passing through this gorge one gains the impression that it must have been the bed of a lake. Surely the water must have built up the strata of color which, lying one upon the other, form some of the domes and mountains. This surmise is confirmed when the northern extremity is approached, for there some very curious formations are found. Among others there is a sandstone column about twelve feet high, shaped at the top like an Egyptian capital. Overhanging it and reaching down two or three feet is a coral-like formation which gives it a very fantastic appearance. The column is striped vertically in red, brown, yellow, and fawn colors, while the capital is of a delicate gray, varied by lilac, and white. It stands there alone, the speechless evidence of some effort of nature hard to understand. Its background is a water-sculptured wall, colored by the mineral wealth of generous nature. It seems like a petrified pillar of cloud and of fire. This spot, with perhaps more reason than the other, is considered to be Hazeroth. Numbers xii. Truly, such a fantasia of color as is here seen was sufficient to put the light-hearted Miriam into a teasing humor, and to cause her to taunt poor, meek Moses about the color of his Sinaitic spouse. True, she was afflicted with leprosy for this exhibition of humor, but, in answer to her brother's



Miriam's Well. Hazeroth.

appeal to the merciful God, she was cured, and lived to cheer his life some time afterward. At the larger well is a splendid spring of water, sunk and walled about ten feet below the surface. The well was built doubtless many centuries ago, and in a most substantial manner. The cool water could be seen bubbling up through the white, sandy bottom. The flow is intermittent.

The glories of form and of color in this gorge spoil one for the enjoyment of the broad piazza, the Wady el 'Ain, into which it leads. A half day's journey, say a dozen miles from Hazeroth, over an unusually level way on the left, is an ascending wady between two lines of mountains. It is carpeted by sandstone the color of clover blossoms. Green bushes dotted here and there present a lovely picture. Nature was in a freakish convulsion when she set this part of her stage. On the other side of the wady, the rosy carpet of which lies outspread as soft as an Axminster, are two lofty mountains of pink granite. Their bases come so closely together that the space between them scarcely admits the passage of two loaded camels abreast. A great rock divides the way. It has stood there as sentinel for ages. This is "the entrance-gate" to Wady el 'Ain ("the wady with the fountain or spring"). Beyond the gate a magnificent wall of granite rises almost perpendicularly and seems to form the end of the wady; but it does not. There is a clear passage to the right which leads to a bright oasis located on the direct route to the Gulf of Akabah. Did Moses lead his hosts one by one through this narrow pass? Did these rough walls reëcho the murmurings of Hebrew discontent? Tradition holds that they did. The Book says, "And they departed from Hazeroth, and . . . encamped at Ezion-gaber." Ezion-gaber is supposed to have been located at the head of the Gulf of Akabah. Between the two places there are seventeen stations named in Numbers xxxiii., where "they encamped." It would be the natural thing to follow up the thread, but the explorations so far made do not enable us to locate the long line of places mentioned in the bible record. Our journey led us through Wady el 'Ain, eastward and a little southward to Wady Wetir, and through it to the Gulf of Akabah. I have already alluded to the bright oasis, or "spring," we found in Wady el 'Ain. There is a line of palms and other trees there which gives an air of fertility most acceptable to the traveller. The whole secret of this is a running brook which comes down the mountain side on the left, and follows the course



"The Entrance-gate" to Wady El 'Ain.

of the wady until the water tumbles and leaps into the sea. Our camp was at the base of a great cliff and—such an unusual thing in the desert —we were hushed to sleep by the music of the cascades. An evening bath, was, of course, a part of the programme there, and a morning one too. We were much amused, too, by the pranks of our camels. Frequently we found them capering about delightedly, forgetting all their dignity and accustomed churlishness, and becoming almost as festive as goats over their enjoyment of the water. Both traveller, beast, and attendant caught the inspiration, and seemed to have their youth renewed, so rare a treat is it to find such a beauty-spot in a desert, and such an abundance of water. It was through these very gates that Moses and his murmuring people must have passed after gathering their quota of quails and manna in Hazeroth.

The American traveller must confess that the succession of splendid mountain passes which now occurs exceeds in beauty all the "notches" of the New Hampshire hills. The space between the notches seems to be nothing, one following the other as quickly in succession as can possibly be, and running zigzag or at right angles with each other. As to the fantastic coloring of the rocks, it is indescribable. On the right is a cliff of bright red, except at its feet it is gray. The tremendous mountain which closes the pass seemingly, is gray, red, green, striped and dotted, without arrangement or system. The lower peak is ash-gray and red. For two hours the route is through these wondrous passes, with no opportunity of seeing one hundred rods ahead at a time. The variety of base, column, outline, and height, is marvellous. The echoes are called upon to share the pleasure, and always a quick repartee is given. Gay pictures loom up on all sides as the scene changes in the winding valleys, and the traveller is enchanted with the glorious views about him.

After passing through the succession of notches described, we enter the wider and less beautiful Wady Wetir, whose scenery is also fine, but whose attendant mountains are further away, and, therefore, do not seem so high. Green caper plants grow up their sides and give great relief to the eye. An hour of this, and then away in the distance a great blue spot is discovered almost up in the sky. It is the sea—the Gulf of Akabah. The forms of the Arabian hills arise like the full moon at sunset. We are in the dry wady or bed of a raging torrent, where only recently the mountain waters had been hurrying to the sea.

Confused masses of stone and pebble here and there abounded, intercepting old palm trunks and the debris of sticks and grass; then great patches of thin mud, curled up by the sun into forms like pans and dishes and cylinders. The mountains which stand next to the sea are fine in outline, bleak, and bare. And what could be more beautiful than, at the mouth of the wady, the deep blue sea? As we neared it, its lovely color became more intense, and its golden shores more in detail. On the other side, the purple hills "towards Mecca" are very distinct, while in the far distance the silvery clouds overtop all.

Oh! the world seems so grand and so wide and so glorious at such places. What a pity that in a whole year, either on water or by land, scarcely a soul passes by, for the Suez Canal has robbed this beautiful gulf of its commerce, and there is no travel through these wild mountain passes, except by the shepherd who drives his flocks a long distance to reach the water and the herbage of El 'Ain.

When I reached the shore I turned back for one farewell glance up the pass which we had just travelled. The delicate blue of the sky was substituted for that of the sea; the mountains on the left were of light gray and streaked diagonally with broad veins of red porphyry; those on the right were too far away to make out their color, giving us only glimpses of their shapes. At last I turned away from them for a march upon the shores of the sea again, glad to have the change. A great spire in the distance loomed up, and between us were the stony scrapings from the sides of the mountains, infinite in quantity and looking like the sides of glaciers over which nature had emptied a grand profusion of her richest colors.

We are now east and north of Mount Sinai. Following the lines of a lovely bay we came suddenly upon that most strange of all phenomena, an oasis by the sea. A long time before we reached it, the groves of tall palms waved us the signal. It was no bewildering mirage this time, for soon we halted at the running spring near them, and encamped there for the night. The prospect toward the desert from this point included some of the most gorgeous mountain-views it was our privilege to see during our whole journey.

The mountains fairly step into the sea, or else have tumbled down great masses from their steep inclines, as if to make it rougher for the traveller. Here we are taught to appreciate one of the greatest miracles of the Exodus, which consisted in the fact that the shoes of the

children of Israel "waxed not old upon their feet." The next morning all things appeared more beautiful than ever—the gravelly shore, the blue water repeated in color by the sky, the whispering palms, and then the mountains that were to be our companions all the day.

But more enchanting than all was the water of the lovely bay. One moment its glistening surface was as calm and as placid as a sea of ice; the next it was all in a quiver, and its broad expanse broke up into



By the Gulf of Akabah.

belts of the most striking iridescent colors. When it was quiet, it seemed to be listening. Did some angel or sweet spirit of the air and sunshine stoop down close, close to its cheeks and lips and cause it to blush at the sweet love-messages which were told through their silent breathings? Thus the colors were created mayhap; I cannot tell.

As we rode slowly along, close to the shore, we saw the wide wadies come out to the beach, spreading their mouths fan-like; or in long rows, masses of the rocky ridges which have been driven thither by the violence of the torrents. All these fragments have once been parts

of the mountains, and have been cast off by storm and sun. Photography fails to convey an idea of the gorgeous tints of color which give beauty and grandeur to these groups of mountains. The scene is one of glorious splendor, only to be found in this region of the world. Should the traveller encamp here, he is indeed fortunate if his tent is not blown down upon his head repeatedly, with more or less destruction of its contents, for the soil is sandy and not favorable to holding a tight grip upon the smooth tent-pins used to hold the frail tent down to mother earth. The old songs tell us of places charming, "Where the winds their revels keep;" but here they utterly failed to "keep" for once. My poor tent was repeatedly overturned in the night, and a sorry mixture made of purple ink, Pond's extract, notes for illustrated lectures, and tent paraphernalia. If Solomon, who was wont to sail his vessels along this coast, laden with the golden stores of Ophir, ever came ashore and camped-out here, some of "all his glory" must have been destroyed if he had anything like my unhappy smash-up.

The shore now becomes very rocky in places, but often is relieved by tremendous reefs of coral, intermixed with the wady debris lining the coast. Along this rough shore one must creep, or else climb over the lofty peaks. On the other side of the sea toward the Arabian shore—the strangest contrast—great fields of grain are seen waving to and fro, and long rows of stately palms, whose lofty heads swing side by side, reaching apparently to the sky. They are at Akabah, some miles away.

A day of rougher travel than usual followed now; for miles of the shore were scattered with ill-formed fragments of the coral reefs, and thousands of great rough shells, from which the scales of mother o' pearl are obtained. Everything lying about seemed so old, and so worn by time and the scorching sun, except the families of lively crabs which abounded there. These last we gave an abundant welcome, and captured sufficient to relieve the monotony of the camp-chest supplies for a day or two.

Turning a picturesque coral reef toward evening, suddenly a pretty island came into view. It was the Island of Kureiyeh. The scene reminds one of the Bay of Naples. The island is capped by the ruins of an old fortress whose history we do not know. It may have been erected by the Romans, or by the forefathers of our dragoman, or by the ancestors of the Bedouin who accompanied us. We could gather

no bits of history from any of them. The poor fellows can only view such things as we do the great wonders of architecture along the Nile or at Baalbec or at Palmyra, where our predecessors left no record of their æsthetic and athletic accomplishments.

A moonlight night on the Nile affords a sublime experience always, but, ah! these lovely night-scenes in the desert were beyond all others the most grand, and stirred up feelings within the soul, to which futile photography, the "feeling" of the graver, nor placid paint can by no means render justice.

And a sight to be remembered forever, was that of our long picturesque caravan trailing along this sandy beach, beneath the silvery, glimmering light of the moon, more like some ghostly cortege of the eastern world than modern travellers in this age of steam, photography, and telephones. The Arabs, wrapped in their flowing robes; the huge, awkward camels swinging along with tread as measured as the beat of the pendulum; the deep shadows, and here, the sharp outline of the castled island against the blue sky, increased the illusion. Next morning we broke camp and marched along slowly and silently, for we feared that a spoken word might break the spell and cause the mysterious and romantic scene to vanish as though it were a bubble.

After groping around the mountains lining the shore, over the stones, for a few hours more, the northern end of the Gulf of Akabah was reached. On one side the shore is hugged closely by the mountains, while on the other the roaring sea restlessly washes the pebbly beach. Close by, some fishermen, who had seen the travellers coming from afar, were trying to catch some of the members of the finny tribe for "a present of welcome." And, in fact, they brought to land three immense "red snappers" worthy of the Gulf of Mexico. Over these we made no "murmuring," but purchased them all for our table. The mountains now grow nearer and nearer, and the Oasis of Akabah is seen on the other side. We must cross the head of the gulf before reaching the port of Akabah, however; and in doing so we pass the site of the old town of Ezion-gaber, at which place Solomon not only built his vessels, but landed them laden with the gold of Ophir. Now vessels reach this port only once a year, viz., to bring food for the pilgrims on their way to Mecca. With them, alas! come flies and vermin sufficient to make it unpleasant for any future traveller for a year. Numbers xxxiii. 35; Deuteronomy ii. 8.

The village of Akabah is supposed to stand close to the site of the ancient city of Elath, which latter place is only kept in memory now by a few mounds, mostly covered with the graves of Mussulmans. I mounted one of these mounds, and, with two of the graves named in the foreground, secured a view of the town of Akabah with



Akabah and the Site of Elath.

the castle or fort supported there by the government for the protection of the Mecca pilgrims. The houses of Akabah are built of colored stone, but roofless. The mountains in the distance are of lovely tints. The fort here is rather an important one, and is garrisoned by Egyptian soldiers. Its greatest importance, however, is due to the fact that it protects a well of excellent water, built no one knows when or by whom, but supposed to have been the work of that great general, Solo-

mon, who one day "in all his glory" resided hereabouts. 1 Kings ix. 26.

Leading from the head of the Gulf of Akabah to Palestine is the wildest and most extensive wady of all in Arabia, known as Wady Arabah. It was once, and is now the principal highway from Akabah to the Dead Sea, and was the thoroughfare used by Solomon in his day. It was the scene also of Israel's flight from the land of Edom after being driven back by the warriors of the Edomites, and is the approach of the present traveller who goes from Akabah to Southern Palestine. It is bounded on either side by a long chain of mountains. The range on the east is known as Mount Seir. A "stone-circle," one of the curious structures so plentiful in this neighborhood, stands at the southern end of Wady Arabah. Near by is one of the mounds which mark the site of ancient Elath. The desolate wady has not a thing of beauty or strangeness to relieve its monotony for almost its whole length.

Our halt at Akabah was not made because of any particular interest in the place or in its inhabitants, but to submit to a custom of the country, which was very disagreeable. Every Bedouin tribe holds the right to charge for conducting travellers through their country and territory, and to prevent it being done by others. We were, therefore, obliged to part with our gentle Tawaras, who had conducted us from Suez, and place ourselves under the care of the turbulent, vagabond Haiwaytat tribe, whose sheik is Ibn-jad or Ben-jad. It was with him we must agree if we expected to see Petra.

It has been said that there is but one entrance to Petra. Yet there is a "back door," so to speak, through which some travellers have made their way into the city, and by means of which they have also more suddenly made their departure. The real approach is through a narrow gorge some two miles long, of which the gateway faces the east. This is reached from Palestine by way of Moab, east of the Dead Sea, and from the south by the route which I took.

The back door may be gained from north or south by way of the Wady Arabah, into which it opens near the base of venerable Mount Hor. Visitors who enter thus may perhaps escape a contest with the Bedouins, but they lose the most imposing and startling scenery, that of the approach through the Gorge of the Sik, as well as the most satisfactory first impressions of the ruins. They see the town from the

back; they enter the grand theatre from behind the scenes, and regret their lack of courage all their lives.

My heart sank when I looked into the grim, yellow, dissembling face of Sheikh Ben-jad, and saw the scornful smile which came over it as I made known my desires through my dragoman. After much argument, conducted in the true Arabic fashion, I was informed that in one week I could be supplied with dromedaries and men, who would take my party to Petra, "provided no visitation of Providence intervened." I had no disposition to remain a week where the Mecca pilgrims had left a true Egyptian plague of fleas and flies; and I replied that unless our departure could be made in two days, we should go back to Suez. This disturbed him somewhat, and he expressed sorrow that we showed him so little respect as to desire to leave his territory so soon. I did not relent. Of course, the sheikh's true reasoning was that the longer we remained in Akabah the more he would get of the money that we must have with us.

The Tawara Arabs who had brought us from Suez, and whom tribal law forbade to conduct us into the country of another tribe, had returned to their homes. Yet I assured Ben-jad that rather than remain in Akabah a week we would walk back to Suez. For a time it looked very much as if I should have to carry out my threat, so obdurate was the sheikh. With my companions I retired to the beach to form our plans—just as Solomon used to sit by the sea, and watch the coming of his vessels from Ophir—leaving Ben-jad, on his side, an opportunity for reflection. In about an hour I went back to our camp to see if there was any show of weakness on the part of the Arabs. The scene was indescribable. Our tents had been taken down; our luggage was spread on the ground in confusion; camels and men enough to accommodate three parties such as ours had made their appearance mysteriously; and the Bedouins were pulling about our boxes of stores and photographic paraphernalia, and quarrelling over them, all anxious now to join our caravan, since the sheikh had decided we could make our departure at once.

I placed our new friends in a quandary again by mounting one of our large provision boxes, and shouting to them at the top of my voice to remove our property at once from their camels and to get out of my sight. Chaos ceased for a time, and further consultation was had. I refused to allow the camels to be loaded until I knew who was to be our conducting sheikh and who the camel-drivers, and until a contract

satisfactory to my dragoman had been signed, sealed, and delivered. After several hours of argument, during which the Egyptian scribe stationed at the fort at Akabah had written, altered, and destroyed several contracts, one satisfactory to both sides was agreed upon. Like all such documents, the first part was made up of salutations and compliments, while the last lines consisted of compliments and salutations. The business in it was added as a postscript. Exactions were made for castle fees, for a useless guard of soldiers during our three nights at Akabah, for camels, camel-drivers, a conducting sheikh, water at five dollars per barrel, for barley for the horse of the sheikh, a present for his newest wife, an entrance fee, or "blackmail," for each white person in our party, and a special tax for our Nubian servant Abdullah, "because he was a foreigner and black!"

The route over which it was agreed to conduct us was the one I preferred and one but rarely taken, that by way of the "long desert," which rises east of the Wady Arabah, through a magnificent mountain range running as near as can be parallel with the Arabah. It is known as Mount Seir. Our departure from Akabah was made March 21, 1882. It was a never-to-be-forgotten event.

The camels being loaded, and their legs released from the fastenings used to keep them from straying away, the caravan took up its march. The motley crowd yelled, the sheikh became excited, while his gorgeous robes flew about; the rich and poor, sick and blind, halt and lame, young and old, slaves and free, all came to add to the confusion of the separation. The contract was signed; the camels laden with hen-coops and water-casks and other paraphernalia, arose in the air and encouraged us to go on. The sand flew in our eyes; the palms waved their adieus; the wind howled upon us from the sea; and the flies bit us and hung fast to our clothing as we went along. We passed the shouting crowd of disconsolate beggars who wrestled for the backsheesh which we threw to them. We were now in the hands of a turbulent, lazy tribe. Their gestures are graceful, their smiles are pleasant, but they are as useless a set of men as ever walked the earth. Wady Arabah was traversed for about two hours, and then we turned suddenly eastward and entered Wady El Ithim. After climbing its rocky mouth for about two hours, we came to a great wall, which had been constructed evidently as a barricade, reaching completely across the wady. It had been broken into, however, of late years.

A long rise followed this before the mountain caravan route was reached. Then we again turned our faces northward. Most uninviting to us were these desert highways. Though always lined with mountains whose forms are picturesque, they are bleak, and barren of all that holds life. The most striking feature of the way is its wildness, so complete that the road is almost indistinguishable from the wilderness through which it passes. Yet we were upon a route over which for over four thousand years caravans between Elath and Edom had travelled.

From day to day, as we plodded northward, we came to narrow tracts of soil which had evidently been cultivated. Once, in a cave, I found a rude plow, such as I had seen in use at Egyptian Heliopolis. Two or three times we saw small oases. At Humeiyumeh there is a subterranean well, with stone-cut steps leading down to an excavated room ten feet square, in one corner of which is a pool five feet in diameter and two feet in depth, full of water. Over it is a hole in the rock through which the light is admitted. The Bedouin camel-drivers carry skins full of water up to the entrance and put it into a rocky basin, whence the camels drink. It is a pretty sight, indeed, to see them take the water and to see their playful scrambling with each other for their turn. With my camera I caught four of them, with their heads close together, drinking at one time. After they had done they playfully wiped their noses against the necks of their companions, whom they had crowded out, paying no attention to the rules of the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest," unless a jerk at their halters assured them that they were not the fittest.

Each hour we seemed to be rising more rapidly; the air grew clearer; the flies left us, and once in awhile we came to small patches of soil which had apparently been cultivated. The most curious feature of the prospect on the right is the rock masses which rise up from the desert bottom, like islands in an archipelago, and at long distances from one another. These isolated rocks are utilized by the Bedouin as homes. Being of sandstone they are easily hollowed out, for nature has partly assisted. They, indeed, make very comfortable houses, inasmuch as very little shelter is needed in this warm and dry country. They are inhabited by the Fellahin, or farmers, who cultivate the scanty soil. The interiors vary in size from twelve to fifteen feet square, are sometimes plastered, and the doors are partly block-

aded by stone. Others are open to the air and light, and are invariably shared with the flocks.

Another group of these pictured and striped rocks had in front of it a patch of green grass. On one side, and away beyond is a splendid amphitheatre, whose beauties attracted us the whole day long. The rocks are decorated with brown, yellow, blue, grayish-brown, and purple, in diagonal strata or streaks. There are also formations which seem like iron melted and bubbled by heat, then suddenly cooled; purple and black and red in color.

In the far distance, on the right, are great ranges of mountains which line the wady, here some three miles wide. The greater peaks are always in sight. All about are sand-hills of white and red. One rock was curiously made up of a concrete mass of material, part of which seems to have been carved by the hand of man. It certainly must have been mixed by some great convulsion of nature at a time far beyond the memory of anybody now living, or before the records of history began. It was striped, spotted, waved, and streaked yellow, brown, lilac, and red, and made up of flint, quartz, and sandstone bowlders, fragments of pebbles, of granite, chiselled and engraved; in intaglio, bass-relief, worn, wasted, washed, and moulded into a splendid concrete.



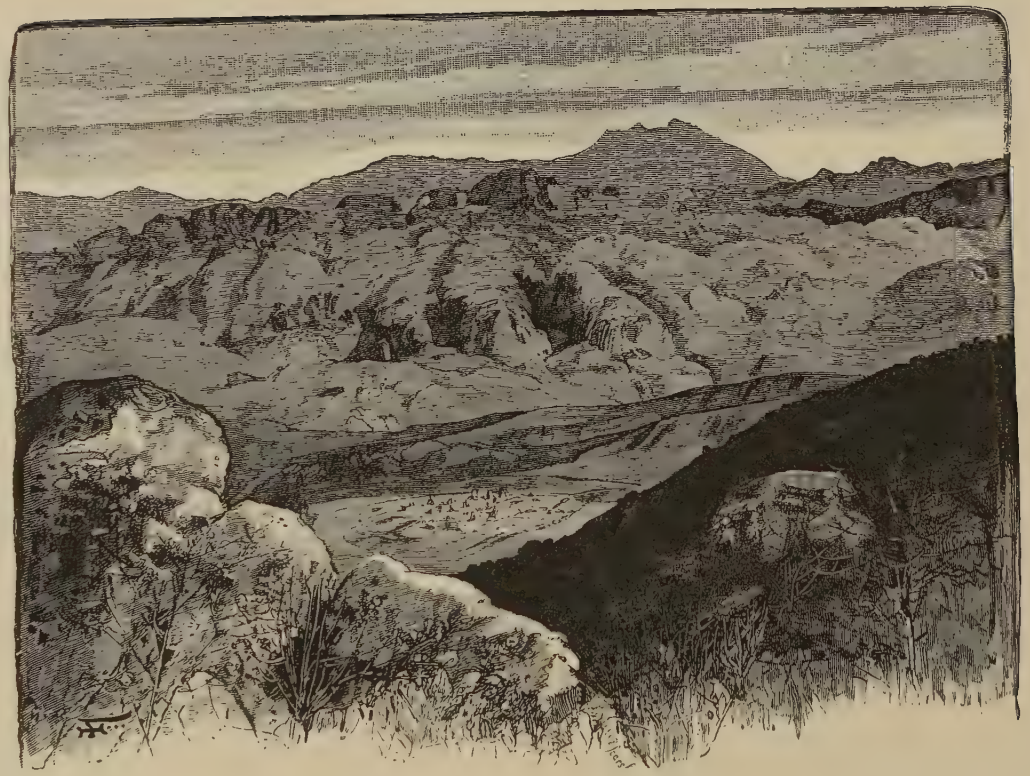
A Nawami.

Now came a great desert expanse, with only an occasional upheaval of sandstone to break its monotony. The Rock of El Guerrah in this expanse is a most singular formation. There is no other elevation within several miles of it. It seems like a rocky island in the sea, bearing upon its summit an old fortress, about which our attendants could tell us nothing. Each day now we reached a higher elevation. On the third morning we seemed to be in a vast amphitheatre, three sides of which were surrounded by magnificent peaks of strangely varied forms and colors. Red, brown, yellow, blue, purple, gray, and marl green were the prevailing tints, running in diagonal streaks and

strata as amazing as they were beautiful. All the expectations aroused by descriptions I had read of wondrous coloring among the mountains of Edom were surpassed. Here, amid all this beauty, a fight arose among our camel-drivers, in which our conducting sheikh became involved. Quick as a flash are these Arabs! Their striped abbahs were thrown upon the ground; cutlasses, swords, and blunderbusses—a display more curious than that in any pawnbroker's window—were drawn, and the battle began right and left, a hand-to-hand and wordy conflict. Not much blood was drawn. There never is in an Arab fight. About the time one looks for casualties, each combatant is seized by the lookers-on and "saved from certain death." Then the Sheikh appears and declares that "it is a shame to be seen fighting before Christians," and that he "would rather lose his beard than look upon such a sight again."

That same night I took measures with Hedayah to execute a scheme partly planned in Cairo. It was to send a scout ahead, to reach Petra if possible some thirty-six hours before we could. If there was danger on the way, he was to return quickly and warn us. His capture we need not fear, for we would try to send a man who was *sahib* (friendly) to the natives. If he reported no danger, we were to proceed within a mile or two of Eljy, the Bedouin village near Petra, and then, leaving the caravan road, rough it across the country and try to get into Petra unseen and unheard. Among our attendants secured at Akabah was a giant Nubian. He had great scars down each cheek, and a row of upper tusks which might have driven me away from him with fear, had they not been balanced by a merry twinkle which came continually from his great, staring, black eyes. To him about midnight was given our commission. His instructions were to "run" as do the post-boys in Nubia, and to reach Eljy early the next afternoon. Money was given him to buy sheep, with which he was to regale and cajole the good and watchful people of Eljy. Onions and tobacco were supplied him also for distribution to any one who might give him trouble.

Our envoy was to make the most of the news of the war with Arabi Pasha, then brewing, and to exert every effort in his power to create such an excitement in the town that all the fellahin in the neighborhood would get word and flock in to see and hear him. Thus the coast would be made clear for us when it was time to sneak by. As we travelled along the Mount Seir spur, he could see us at least a day



A Ruined Village. Jebel Haroun—Mount Hor from Mount Seir.

before we could him, and if there was danger he was to signal us when we approached. If all was safe he was to go on with the good work and not trouble himself about us, until we had passed. Shaking his brawny hand, I assured him of my confidence, bade him good-by, and he departed. I then lay down to dream of the fable of the "Fox and the Turkeys."

On the fourth day, at the moment of a sunset of which the splendor was in harmony with the strange grandeur of the surrounding scenery, a shower drove us into a *nawami* or rock-house. We were then nearing Petra, and could make out the majestic peaks of Mount Hor, two days' journey beyond.

Far down in the valley we saw a ruined village. We left the "regular" route to visit a spot "holy" to the Mussulmen, who were with us, which they called Ain El Dalageh. Here we found one of those rare bits of pleasure in the desert, a tumbling cascade, winding prettily through the grass like a veritable New Hampshire mountain-stream. We halted and refreshed ourselves, as well as our camels, with cold water. This well is called by the Mohammedans the "Well of Moses," and is believed by them to be the place where, in obedience to the command of God, Moses struck the rock, in order to bring forth water for the murmuring children of Israel.

Close by we also saw a small Bedouin cemetery—the saddest looking one I ever saw. It was made up of stone semi-circles, with graves within them. Occasionally there were gravestones with Arabic letters upon them. The traveller is seen at a great distance by these mountaineers, so it was not strange that some of them made us a visit before our departure from this delightful resting-place in their territory. They did not come to "prevent our getting into Petra," as we then feared even the breezes might conspire to do; but to offer us some curious bowlders which, they said, were "full of diamonds." A liberal purchase was made, but the investment was not a good one. All we found within these jewel cases of nature was a collection of various salts and crystals, more curious than valuable. Two of the men were merchants in *bedan* or ibex heads, and their entire stock was purchased.

A dignified sheikh rode up on horseback, with an attendant on foot following him. The chief carried a fine lance with a bamboo handle and a twelve-inch Damascus blade. Deuteronomy xxiii. 7, says: "Thou

shalt not abhor the Edomite, for he is thy brother," so I offered my hand to this silent dignitary, and professed my friendship for him as we started back to where our camels awaited us on "the highway."

That night our tents were pitched near a Bedouin village. The census value of such places is usually estimated by the government tax-gatherer upon the number of sheep and goats, and not according to the number of inhabitants. Here the flocks aggregated over fifteen hundred. The men and women were all amiable toward us, but their children and the dogs eyed us suspiciously, never before having looked upon the face of the white man. The shelter of their homes is only a black or striped screen of coarsely woven camel's-hair, placed to give the best protection from the wind. There sleep the populace in close friendship with their flocks, and, as a rule, the lambs are given the better place rather than the children. The women wear the face veil and the usual array of trinkets and decorations.



Peddling Ibex Heads.

These people were evidently not from Petra, but had come in from the desert for water and pasture. But after we left them we suspected almost every rock, lest some one should leap from behind it and dispute our way.

"Who will bring me into the strong city? Who will lead me into Edom? Through God we shall do valiantly, for He it is that shall tread down our enemies." Psalm lx. The traveller toward Petra will find it necessary to have some of David's confidence should he make up his mind to try and see Petra in "the short way," for each mile seems to bring new difficulties. He is well repaid, however, for all his trouble should he be so fortunate as to reach the spur of the mountain which leads him around to the eastern entrance of Petra. At sunrise, a panoramic view of this region was taken, with an Arab sheikh seated, overlooking one of the vast gorges so numerous in this country. In that gorge the city of Petra is located. It was nearly a day's travel away. Far beyond its further mouth or entrance is the wide wilderness of Wady Arabah. Beyond that, again, Southern

Palestine, in the neighborhood of Beersheba and Hebron, is seen. Wady Mousa—the valley of Petra—the climax of the Mount Seir region, is before us. The rising sun touches only the highest peaks. They are located at the southern end of the chain of "rocks" which belongs to the Petra combination. On the left arises a great light-colored mount, tapering toward the top, as though covered with the ruins of some ancient city, and surmounted by a mosque of a hundred domes. To the right is the broad and deep ravine, the "red rocks" splendidly outlined on each side, with all but their very tips in the shade, the sun not yet having reached them. Even the sea beyond and



A Bedouin Family.

the vineyards of Gaza may be seen for miles of their length. In all directions splendid pictures rise before us, like panoramas of so many cities.

From the same spur, but further northward and eastward, another panoramic view was taken. The deep ravine or gorge just described was on our left, and the view exhibited several smaller gorges, all now less dark and dreary because of the higher sun. Their great gates seemed to be open, and, instead of looking across their ends, we could look further into them and over them. The great rocks were of the hardest flint, and the pathway was covered with their débris. On our extreme right was a light-colored, noble peak, which stands as a near neighbor to Mount Hor. In the valley, at our feet, the most terrible desolation, such as was predicted by prophecy. Here the visitor hears

only the sounds of birds, for there is no sign of anything else but the members of his caravan. Evidences of the absolute fulfilment of prophecy are here: "Edom shall be a desolation; every one that goeth by it shall be astonished." Jeremiah xlix. 17. "And they shall know my vengeance, saith the Lord." Ezekiel xxv. 14.

All around and about are uncultivated fields and masses of tumbled



Ruins of a Village.

Ancient Edom, and the Cleft of Petra.

rocks, suggesting cities destroyed. All is "desolation" in the truest sense.

Each successive view revealed more and more the effect of the sunlight upon this wondrous region. What two hours ago was a shadowed valley of desolation and wilderness, of sleeping mounds and mountains, now became beautiful in form and color, revealed by the sunlight. Away down in the valley, amid the green fields which now become more and more plentiful, was seen a ruined village, of an age which history cannot guess at. Deserted and unthought of, here it has existed from century to century. Neither man nor the elements care for it now.

A short distance northward and eastward, Mount Hor, now fully lighted by the sun, was seen with head uplifted in the distance, more and more conspicuously, and the proper entrance into Petra, the gorge of the Sik, grew more distinct. Between us and the Holy Mountain, red and yellow chains of peaks were presented in gorgeous splendor. Rich clusters of them, of varied colors and shapes, were observable as far as the eye can reach. The sun had also lifted up from the shadows the ruins of the old city, and there were some green spots which were Bedouin farms. The sunshine also made plain the numberless rock-cities and half revealed their mysteries. The green sward, the florid rocks, the encrusted domes of light and shade and flame, the awful stillness of "desolation," predicted by Scripture, and the sublimity of all nature—were awfully impressive. As we proceeded, the sun developed the rich coloring more and more and drove the shadows to one side. Again the ruler of the day lifted up a double line of peaks from Arabah's plain, like eruptions on the skin, and the Dead Sea put in an appearance, shining like a mirror of silver in the far distance.

Now and then the long silvery line of the Mediterranean could be discerned. It was the most wonderful expanse I thought I had ever seen. Then we descended for a while and the grand prospect was hidden by the rocks at our side.

On Saturday, March 25th, the fifth day from Akabah, we arose at four o'clock. We ate a hasty breakfast by the light of our camp-fire of turfa-bushes, and began the travel of the day. We were within eight hours of Petra. If we arrived by sunrise undisturbed at the summit of a mountain spur just before us, we should catch a glimpse of Wady Mousa—the valley in which Petra lies. A sharp frost had visited us, and the tiny stream near our camp was frozen over. Command was given that no one should speak loudly, and scouts were sent ahead to guard against surprise or attack. Our hearts throbbed with excitement. I felt as when, in other days, I crept cautiously along in the night with my regiment, rifle in hand, suspecting every rock and stone, and expecting each moment to meet the foe.

Our caravan was halted. Gathered close to our brave dragoman, our quartette proceeded to gain the highest point ahead. What should we meet beyond? A hard scramble for an hour or more over a flinty road, brought us to this point. The scene which lay before us I shall never forget. The rising sun barely tipped the higher peaks with crimson

glow. The shadows among the hills were still thick and long and wide, and I seemed to be looking down from a balloon upon a wonderful panorama. As the sun rose, a great, yawning chasm was seen splitting in twain the mountain range far below us, and creeping away to the west—a grim black scar. It was the Wady Mousa! Within its gloomy shade, as yet untouched by the morning sun, lay Petra—the climax of Edom, the Idumæan capital. My heart leaped with joy and excitement, and in imagination I saw ruined cities looming up before me, more and more clearly defined each moment.

Beyond the western termination of the gorge a fine stretch of the Wady Arabah began to appear in light; and behind its westerly ranges, now also touched by the glories of the sunshine, were the hills about Hebron and the Dead Sea, and those bordering the Mediterranean close to Gaza. The coloring became more and more splendid, changing each moment in intensity as the light grew. There, in the gloom of the valley was a long, zigzag line, winding like a river. It moved. Once in a while a bit of light would touch it, and then it would drop into the shadow again. From right to left it swayed at the will of its leader; then all at once it rose high in air as though to greet the God of Day, and the mystery was explained. It was an immense flock of storks, awakened to new life by the genial sun.

The golden hill-domes were growing brighter and brighter, and were flushed with pink, like the blush on a peach. The great rock upheavals, innumerable and of wondrous form, seemed like the billows of the sea. But "Watchman, what of the night?" (Isaiah xxi. 11.) There was as yet no sign of our Nubian scout El Wafi. Had our scheme been a success? Or had he met a horrible fate which we soon must share?

CHAPTER IV.

A VISIT TO PETRA.

Introduction.—Selecting a Dragoman.—A Map of Petra.—Petra Reached.—The Arched Terrace.—The Gorge of the Sik.—A First Glimpse of the City.—The Kûzneh.—Six Wily Chiefs Surprised.—The Amphitheatre.—A Street View.—The Temple of the Urn and Arched Terrace.—The Corinthian Structure.—The Temple with Three Tiers of Columns.—The Temple with Fluted Columns.—A Gorge Explored.—A Rock-hewn Pulpit.—Up a Rock-cut Stairway.—Where David Sang.—The Pyramids.—An Altar of Baal.—El Deir, or "The Convent."—Mount Hor.—Departure from Petra.—Guesses at History.—The Serpent and the Lizard.—"Hospitality."—Attacked on the Way.

I AM glad to be able to present here, by way of introduction to my own narrative, some notes by Thomas W. Ludlow, Esq., the learned archæologist. They supply us with valuable information collected by him concerning the "Rock City of Edom," which should not be overlooked by careful students of the Bible.

"Owing to the difficulty of the journey and the inhospitable and treacherous disposition of the natives, graphically described by Mr. Wilson, few Europeans and Americans have undertaken with success of late years to visit Petra, the Rock City of Seir; hence an air of mystery hangs over the place and adds not a little to its attraction.*

"Petra is identified with the Hebrew Selah, 'a rock,'† the Amorite,

* The artist Gérôme gained entrance with a party of his countrymen, about 1870. An interesting and amusing sketch of their experiences has been published by one of their number—"Le Fayoum, le Sinaï et Pétra." Par Paul Lenoir. Paris, 1872. The American artist, Mr. F. E. Church, visited Petra in 1868, and made a number of oil studies there, from which he painted his picture of the Kuzneh. Mr. Wilson furnishes the following list of English and American travellers, besides himself, who have visited Petra with parties since 1860:—W. H. Bartlett, about 1861; Dean Stanley, 1862; Rev. Henry Formby, about 1862; Professor E. H. Palmer, 1870; Dr. James Strong, 1874; Miss Sophie M. Palmer, 1882; Lieutenant Conder succeeded about in getting in, it is believed, in 1883. The Hon. E. Joy Morris, U. S. Minister to Turkey, visited Petra; so did Messrs. Loring, Philbrick and friends of Boston, but the dates of their visits are not recalled. The last record of an attempted visit was that of an English gentleman and friends, about May, 1890. The party was seized by the Bedouins and held for a ransom "until the English Consul at Jerusalem sent the price of freedom."

† This slight sketch of the history of Petra, and the remarks that follow upon the present condition of the site, are based particularly upon the valuable article upon Petra by the Rev. James Strong, D.D., in the Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature, by the Rev. Drs. M'Clintock and Strong (Harpers, 1867–1881).

The map is from surveys made by Dr. Strong and Mr. Ward in 1874, and is engraved from

Edomite, and Moabite stronghold (Judges i. 36; 2 Kings xiv. 7; Isaiah xvi. 1). Diodorus Siculus (xix., 94–98) speaks of the varied fortunes of the two expeditions sent against the place by Antigonos, whose general, Athenaios, was very roughly handled by the sturdy Nabathæans, while his son, Demetrios Poliorketes, was content later to lead his army back from their wild country without having gained any appreciable advantage. Strabo (Geog., xvi., 663; v., 15, ed. Didot) tells us of Petra as a city shut in by rocks in the midst of the desert, yet supplied abundantly with water, and important as a place of transit for Oriental productions. Pliny, too (Hist. Nat., vi., 32, 3), identifies the site by a definite description. The town was deprived of what independence remained to it by the Romans under A. Cornelius Palma, in the time of Trajan, at the dawn of the second century, A.D. There is evidence that it received some of Hadrian's widespread bounty, and that it was still in Roman hands in the day of Septimius Severus, a century later. It figures from the fourth to the sixth century in the annals of the Christian Church; but from the time of the Council of Jerusalem in A.D. 536, in which the Bishop of Petra, Theodorus, took part, until its discovery by the distinguished traveller, Burckhardt, in 1812, the old city drops entirely out of sight. The busy mart must have been destroyed by some incursion of the wild nomads of the desert.

"It is not necessary to anticipate Mr. Wilson's picturesque description of the site of Petra beneath the venerable Mount Hor of the Bible,* and of the scenes, strange to Western eyes, through which the traveller passes to get there. The city lay in a narrow valley, surrounded by precipitous hills. On the eastern and western sides the cliffs rise almost perpendicular to the height of six or seven hundred feet. On the north and south the natural barriers are less formidable, and may in places be passed by camels. Many recesses, or small lateral valleys, open into the main valley. The circuit of the entire depression, including these lateral valleys, is about four miles.

"The central portions of the valley, especially on the banks of the little river, are strewn with numerous remains of ancient buildings, which were constructed of masonry in the ordinary manner. With

the original draught. It is of peculiar interest as being, it is believed, the only one from original surveys since that of Laborde, published in 1830 (Voyage de l'Arabie Pétrée. Par Léon de Laborde et Linant. Paris, 1830).

* Numbers xx. 21, 22; xxxiii. 37.

one or two exceptions, little survives of these but shapeless ruins. There are traces of paved streets, fragments of columns and pedestals, and rock-cut foundations in the greatest plenty. These last occupy not only the bed of the plain, but surrounding eminences, and mark especially private dwellings, which, as was usual in antiquity, appear to have been of slight and comparatively rough construction. The chief existing memorials of the Roman domination, besides a few funeral inscriptions, are the theatre hewn from the rock, and the great building known as the Kasr Pharoun, still inclosed by its stately walls, with a noble arched entrance and an impressive colonnade. These monuments may probably be referred to the time of Hadrian.

"But the chief attraction of Petra to the modern student lies in the rock-cut façades, chambers, and stairways with which the cliff circuit of the city is almost surrounded, and which occupy the sides of the lateral valleys and other rock faces wherever accessible. Many of these façades, preceding one or more plain, rectangular chambers, with or without roughly hewn interior columns and niches or recesses, are very rich and elaborate. The most elaborate are as late as Hadrian's day, or later. There is hardly room for doubt that all these rock-hewn chambers were designed as tombs, after the fashion practised by the Phœnicians, who in turn probably adopted the custom from the people of Asia Minor, to whom are due such remarkable creations as the necropoleis of Lycian Myra and of Phrygian cliffs—all traceable, perhaps, to the mysterious Hittite heritage.*

"However, although cut from the rock for supulchres, these Petræan monuments may well have served later the ends of the living as temples or as dwellings. An inscription in the so-called Deir, one of the very scanty inscribed memorials remaining of old Petra, seems to indicate that this edifice was at one time dedicated to the god Mithras;

* Many facts and details are noticeable which point to more or less complete Phœnician influence at Petra. Without insisting upon this line of inquiry, it may be mentioned that the Petræan system of rock tombs with ornate fronts is thoroughly Phœnician, and not dissimilar in general character to that exemplified in such Phœnician necropolcis as Amrith. A parallel to the pseudo-classical architectural treatment of Petræan tombs is found at Nea Paphos, in Cyprus, where the burial chambers surround courts with rude Doric colonnades cut in the rock. There are examples at Petra of a chiselled ornament in the form cf flights of steps rising and descending. This ornament was derived from the Assyrian form of battlements, and is clearly of Assyrian origin. It is common on Phœnician monuments, as on the Amrith rock tombs, and on many minor antiquities (*cf.* Perrot et Chipiez: Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité, iii., p. 131). Again, the slowly tapering pyramidal funeral steles referred to by Mr. Wilson and by other travellers, are Phœnician.

and it is certain, from surviving signs, that many of the chief cliff chambers were consecrated as Christian churches.

"The most noteworthy of the rock façades of Petra are late in date, florid in their pseudo-Roman style, and more lavish and extravagant than pure in design. Yet their effect is most surprising. This is due to many causes, not a little to the wonderful natural coloring of the soft sandstone from which they are chiselled, ranging, as this does, from pure saffron-yellow through the most brilliant red, purple, and blue, with their gradations, and relieved by plain black and white. The elaborate architectural forms, too, are in the most striking contrast with the rugged rock which frames them, and with the vast and weird expanse of desert through which the visitor must pass for days before reaching Petra. Mr. Wilson's contagious enthusiasm for this unparalleled jewel-casket of antiquity is thus amply justified.*"

There are two mouldering cities of past ages, widely different from each other, and each, in its way, unlike any other—Venice, the queenly city of lagoons and bridges, and Petra, the city of stupendous natural fortifications and rock-hewn architecture. With the Queen of the Adriatic the world is familiar; but only a few travellers have seen Petra, and these have vouchsafed us but little information concerning it. I had dreamed amid the dimmed glories of Venice; I had longed to enter the portals of Petra, the fallen capital of the old Nabathæans,† and of Trajan's province of Arabia Petræa.

The site of Petra lies half-way between the Gulf of Akabah and the Dead Sea, about seventy miles, as the vulture flies, from each. Its wonderful ruins are continually guarded by a tribe of Bedouin Arabs, who live in the village of Eljy, two miles northeast. They keep careful watch, because they believe that somewhere in the old town great treasures are hidden, and that it is the object of every white traveller who visits Petra to discover and carry away the riches of antiquity. All who have left record of their visit to Petra tell of the difficulties encountered with these suspicious Bedouins. Many a would-be visitor has been driven back from the very gates, robbed and insulted, without

* We regret not to have had access to Hittorff's Mémoire sur Pompeï et Pétra. Paris, 1876.

† Professor John Campbell, author of The Hittites: Their Inscriptions and their History, Toronto, 1890, in a letter to me (July, 1890) says: "All the kings that reigned in Edom were Hittites. Jakthiel, the name given to Edom by Amaziah, was originally Jekuthiel, the name of the father of Zanoah the Kenite. Edom must early have fallen into Amorite hands. Yet the Kenite built his home in the rock in the time of Balaam."

so much as a bird's-eye view of Petra to compensate him for ten days of hard desert travel. When, on the Nile, I revealed my design to see Petra, various dragomen and tourists declared that it was "impossible to enter the place," and that "no white person had done so for over eight years." This did not shake my determination to make the effort, at least, to "take Petra." I might be driven back disappointed. I might succeed in securing the material and the information I coveted. So, at Cairo, I made preparations to carry out plans formed at home.

The first step was to secure a dragoman. I knew of only one with whom I felt willing to risk my life. He had guided through the desert General George B. McClellan, Dr. Charles S. Robinson, Professor Charles M. Mead, and Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull, the author of "Kadesh Barnea." He had been well spoken of by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner in his "In the Levant." He was engaged to accompany me first to Sinai and the Wilderness. His name, Mohammed Achmed Effendi Hedaiyah, indicated, among other things, that he was a good Mussulman, "an educated man," as he put it, of good social standing, able to read and write, and of partly Moorish extraction. Never shall I forget our first consultation. The difficulties and dangers of what I proposed were mapped out for me with true Arabic eloquence. Seeing that I did not shrink, my new-made acquaintance then depicted the horrors which those who had made the attempt to get into Petra were obliged to undergo. He failed to move me from my determination. "Then," said he, pushing his red tarboush nervously back upon his head and rolling his eyes up toward heaven, "I see you are an old traveller and an educated gentleman, and I will go with you. I am an educated man; I have been twenty-five years a dragoman; I have been three times to Petra; no white man has been there for eight years. I know Salim, the Sheikh of Petra; once he was brought to Hebron and put in prison for stealing from travellers. I found him there and went security for his good behavior, and he was released. He is as my brother. You shall see Petra, and perhaps I can get you in the short way. No other dragoman could take you. I would only go with an educated gentleman, an old traveller, or a very religious man. I am all these myself. My business is good, but I love to act as dragoman better than I love selling silk or eating—when I can go with an educated gentleman."

Four months of companionship with the worthy Achmed taught me that none too much had been said in his praise. He knew his business exactly. He proved truthful, trustworthy, generous, manly, and brave. I have seen him rush at a fellah who was pointing his musket at him, wrench the weapon away, and fling it on the stones at his feet. I have seen him hasten with a long stride peculiarly his own into the midst of a fight between our attendants, jerk their swords away, and send the combatants sprawling upon the ground. I have seen him, when we were surrounded, kneel first upon the sand and "commit the gentlemen to the keeping of Allah," and then go out with his life in his hand to meet insult and injury in our behalf. I have seen him, too, when



we had all been taken prisoners, act with the greatest forbearance and wisdom, knowing full well that our safety depended upon his patience. He understood stooping to conquer. Achmed was as bright as any Yankee, as politic as a Congressman. He was seldom at a loss, even under the most trying circumstances. A hint that the accomplishment of any task would add to his fame always secured his best efforts, which would be supplemented by the request: "Please mention in your book that Hedaiyah Effendi's address is No. 8 Silk Bazar, Alexandria." Mounted on his camel, Achmed Hedaiyah was even noble-looking—nor did his character belie his appearance. Side by side, on camel, on horse, and on foot, we travelled for four months, happy and free.

On the appointed day we set out for Petra, pondering over the scanty details the books could give us of a city which once received the caravans of Arabia, India, and Persia, and sent their rich stores on

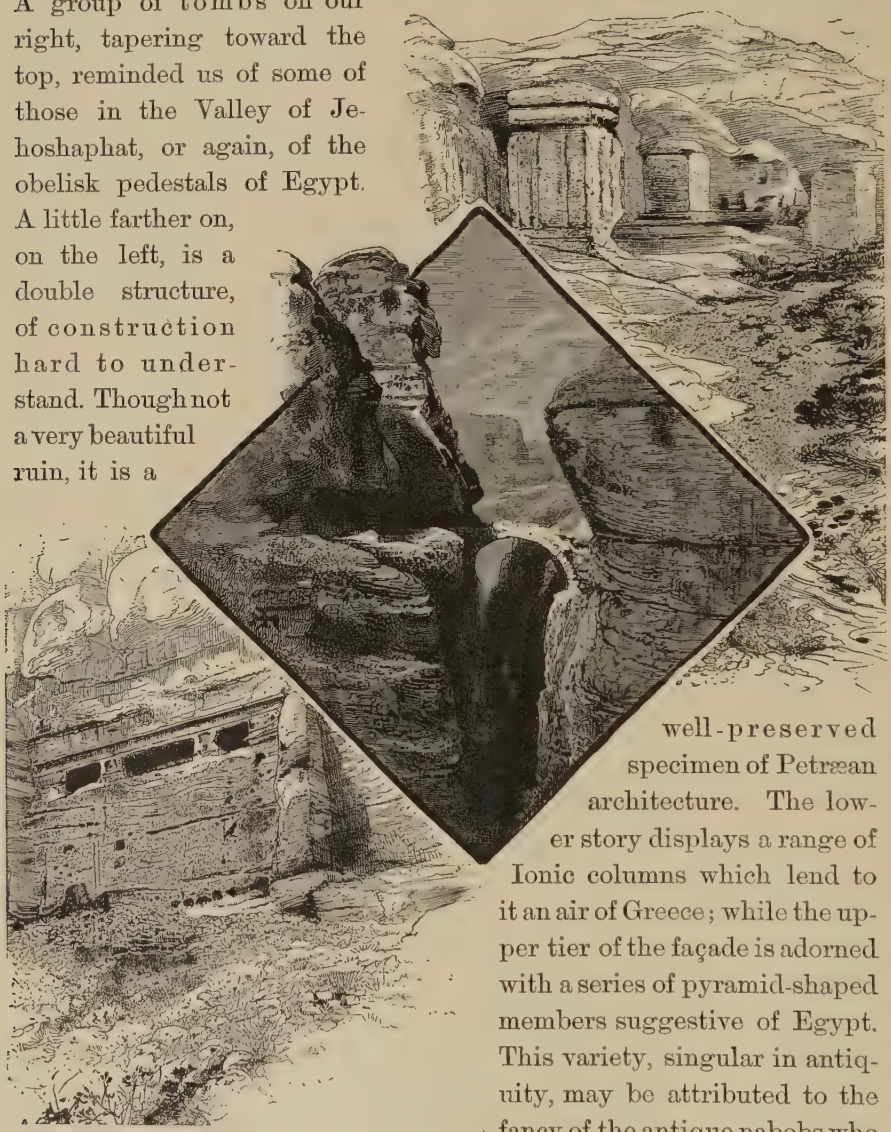
to Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and Greece—a city whose king, during the last melancholy tragedies of Jewish independence, marched out at the head of fifty thousand men, entered Jerusalem, and besieged the Temple until commanded by Rome to desist.* Our curiosity was aroused by the image of a historic site which had been lost to civilization for nearly a thousand years, and by anticipations of its unique edifices. There was just enough peril about our enterprise to make it enchanting. My companions (three) were all Americans. Our route was by rail from Cairo to Suez, and from there is described in the preceding chapters.

On the fifth day after leaving Akabah, near noon, we came to a spring called 'Ain Daluga, where we halted for lunch. The great cleft of Wady Mousa was hidden from view; but for miles we could look back over the flinty path we had been climbing for six or seven hours. At our feet was a magnificent valley, along the grassy bottom of which we could see a winding stream lined with strips of land under cultivation. Suddenly we heard shouting, then the crash of fire-arms. Each moment we expected to hear the thud of Bedouin bullets against the rocks. There was no time to lose. Our camels were quickly arranged side by side to form a barricade. We speedily got behind them and awaited events. We seemed to thirst for Bedouin blood—for the blood of Esau's children. But no enemy approached. It was probably only the festival which El Wafi had been sent to organize. After all we had not been seen. With grateful hearts we quietly slunk down toward the Gorge of the Sik, or Wady Mousa. The great shadow had disappeared now, and the sun shone fairly into the gorge, giving fine effect to the blood-red of its walls, and bringing out strongly the lines of neighboring peaks. At the Western Gate, pyramid-like, stands a great rock-sentinel, grim and defiant. It seemed to bar our escape in front from a Bedouin pursuit.

Fearing to approach the town of Eljy too closely—we were only two miles south of it—we left the now descending roadway and crossed some cultivated fields, coming, at the foot of the descent, into a thick jungle of oleander bushes. Through this runs the noisy little river, the Sik. In a moment more we had crossed it, and stood in Wady Mousa, unseen, unheard, unopposed!

* King Aretas of the Nabathæans, who connived with Antipater and Hyrkanos to overthrow Aristobulus II., King of the Jews. See Dr. Smith's New-Testament History, p. 65.

Breaking our way through the jungle on the farther side of the stream, we found ourselves in the very heart of the Necropolis of Petra. A group of tombs on our right, tapering toward the top, reminded us of some of those in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or again, of the obelisk pedestals of Egypt. A little farther on, on the left, is a double structure, of construction hard to understand. Though not a very beautiful ruin, it is a well-preserved specimen of Petræan architecture. The lower story displays a range of Ionic columns which lend to it an air of Greece; while the upper tier of the façade is adorned with a series of pyramid-shaped members suggestive of Egypt. This variety, singular in antiquity, may be attributed to the fancy of the antique nabobs who caused its building—men who borrowed their ideas from the foreign lands with which they had dealings. Each story of the façade marks a curious interior. The upper one has a large recess cut in the



1. Necropolis and River Sik. 2. Entrance to Petra. 3. Unfinished Temple.

rear wall, with smaller ones on either side, and graves cut in them all. The lower interior is supplied on three of its sides with a continuous stone bench. In the rear, away up toward the ceiling, are two *loculi*, or recesses for sarcophagi.

It may be useful to remind the reader, before we enter Petra proper, that all its principal structures, be they tombs, palaces, or temples, are excavated from the rock, and not constructed of quarried stone. Very rarely are ornaments of these "monolithic edifices" found detached, and still more rarely in antiquity were blocks inserted or let into any of the rock-hewn architecture of Petra. The sides of the mountains, which form a natural amphitheatre of nearly four miles in circumference, and with walls from five hundred to six hundred feet high, are cut to smooth perpendicular faces, which are occupied by unbroken ranges of temples and of homes for the living and the dead. The interiors behind the ornate fronts are but caves squared by the old stone-cutter, and are lighted only by their doors. While the bases and beetling sides of these mountains are fashioned into architectural forms that are as enduring as the eternal hills from which they are hewn, the picturesque summits above display nature in her wildest and most savage garb.

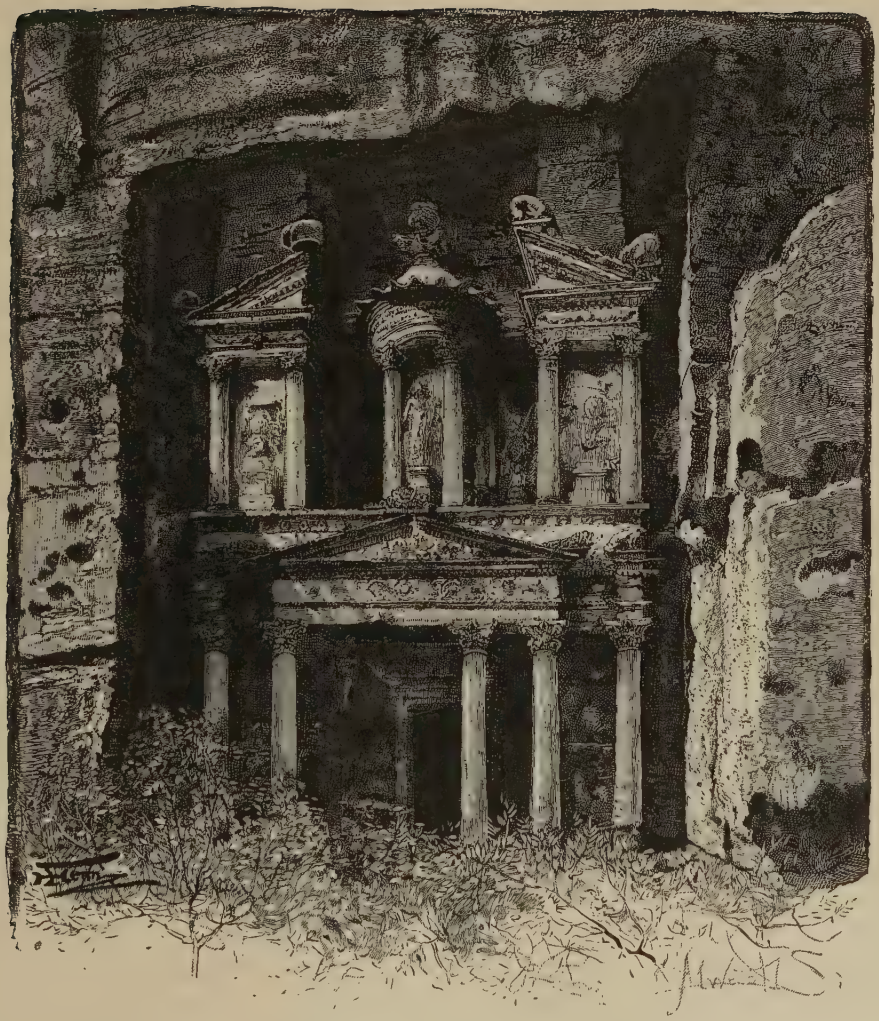
Continuing our advance, we followed the stream a few rods, and descending, as the pass narrowed, the entrance of the frightful chasm, seen afar off at sunrise, was reached at last. What an impregnable gateway! Spanning it is a fine buttressed arch, resting upon rock-cut foundations. Beneath this a little stream gurgles. We followed it through the only entrance—the "front door" of Petra. Still undiscovered we had passed under the great portal now, whether triumphal arch, as poetry calls it, or simple aqueduct—the latter the more probable interpretation in view of the similar bridges found higher up among the mountain clefts. The top of the northern wall of the defile was once inhabited. Excavations, bridges, terraced gardens, and various other evidences remain upon it of the industry and artistic taste of a wonderfully persevering people. The grotto at Posilippo opened to the sky could not present the grandeur of this approach. It is difficult to conceive anything more sublime.

When we had come fairly inside the gorge, we found it at times so narrow that two of us could not walk abreast. Its perpendicular sides vary in height from four hundred to seven hundred feet, and fre-

quently, without absolutely meeting, they overhang to such a degree that the sky is shut out from the sight for a hundred yards at a stretch. On every side, more than a yard above the stream-bed, channels are cut in the rock as conduits for water, and in some places terra-cotta pipes are found cemented in these channels. Tiny niches abound also, cut in the sides of the gorge. In these indications remain of figures—old Pagan divinities, no doubt. The growth of oleanders becomes more dense as the gorge descends. Green caper-plants dangle from the crevices, and here and there a graceful tamarisk is found in the shade. The tiny brook, the Sik, follows the whole way. The quarried stone scattered along the path indicates that the floor of the fissure was once paved. We scraped away the *débris* to the depth of nearly two feet, and reached the antique pavement. It was found deeply furrowed by the tires of the chariot-wheels which once coursed along this cavernous highway—as deeply cut as are some of the lava pavements of resurrected Pompeii.

At every turn we saw evidences of indefatigable effort, and of how lavishly labor was expended by the people who lived in Petra in its days of power. All seemed the work of some giant magician's wand. The defile, indeed, is called Wady Mousa by the Arabs, because they believe that the patriarch Moses, by one stroke of his staff, caused the mountain to separate and to form this tremendous fissure in order to enable him to pass on to Mount Hor, accompanying Aaron, to help him die and to lay him at rest. For nearly two miles we followed this semi-subterranean passage. The pathway now descended; the water grew deeper, the opposing thicket more impassable, the scene more grand. A last struggle was made, a sudden turn in the gorge was passed; and, as I looked skyward, through the rocky vista, I caught the first glimpse of that remarkable creation—*The Khuzneh!* Only partly seen at first, beyond the tall, narrow opening, carved in stone of a pale rose color, were columns, capitals, and cornices, as new looking as if of yesterday. With what subtle judgment was the site chosen! But when and by whom, no one knows—mysterious history conceals.

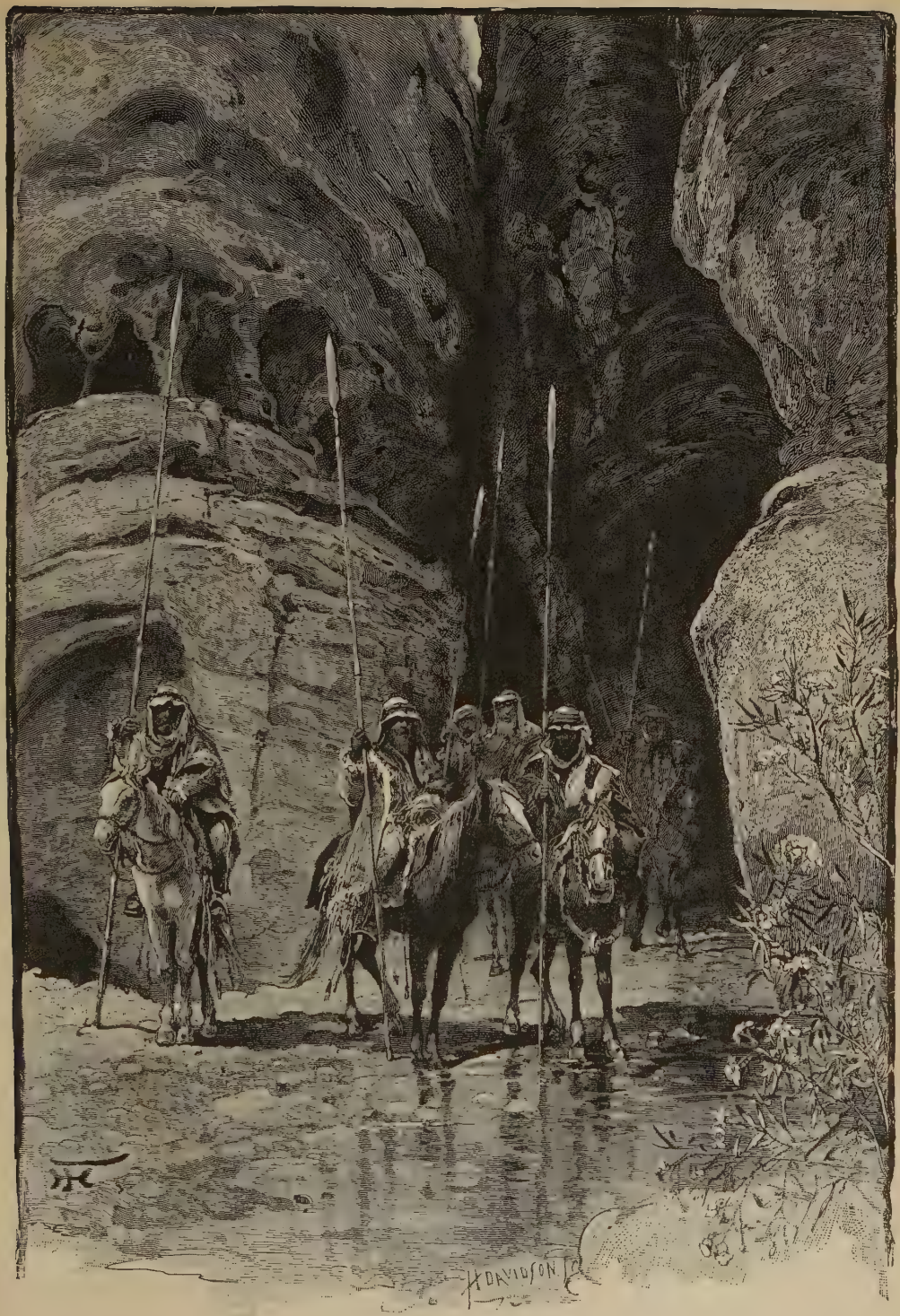
Each advancing footstep developed a bewitching and bewildering change of scene. The first sight revealed only the lower portion of a single column. A stumble over a bit of pavement, and a section of the front from base to pediment was disclosed. Another turn in the gorge hid all but a portion of the pediment from view. All this labori-



The Khuzneh.

ously finished work formed a wondrous contrast with the rugged rock which framed the view. In a moment the approach is more than ever obstructed by luxuriant oleanders. Only by climbing up to the top of a rock can even the urn be seen—seeming then to be floating unsustained in the air. The brilliant noonday sun streams through the gorge south of the Khuzneh. It was to secure this magnificent display that we accepted the hardship and risk of the "long desert" route. I had read about this first glimpse of the Khuzneh; I had seen engravings of it made after hasty sketches; yet I found it to surpass the most romantic ideal I had formed of its loveliness. At the time I could not but think our dragoman was right when he said: "See Rome, see Egypt, see Greece, see Baalbec and Palmyra, but, above all, see the Khuzneh!"

Emerging from the gorge into an open area, we stood face to face with the strange edifice. To account for such a structure in such a place is as difficult as to tell the history of the gem from which was shaped the intaglio you wear upon your finger. How the work was done is not such a mystery, for on either side remain holes cut in the cliff to receive the scaffolding. The Khuzneh is in a wonderful state of preservation, but the figures which once graced it, of which the nature can now be only guessed at, are too much defaced for recognition. Time did not do all the damage. For most of it the destructive hand of man is answerable. The portico, consisting now of five columns, one of the original six having fallen, with capitals of Corinthian order, supports an entablature with a delicately proportioned pediment. The columns I judged to be about forty feet high. Measuring a fragment of the broken one lying near, I found their diameter was three feet. Between the outer pair of columns, on either side, there has been an equestrian figure. Vases connected by garlands of flowers adorn the entablature, and in the centre of the pediment is carved a crouching eagle. Eagles are at the corners also, and over the doors. The superstructure is almost equal in height to the lower story. It consists of a small circular construction, reminding the fanciful beholder of the "Lantern of Diogenes" at Athens. It, too, is supported by Corinthian pillars, and is surmounted by a huge urn, and a smaller edicule of the same order stands on either side. Every part is richly sculptured. The façade I measured, and found to be ninety-six feet wide. I estimated the height to be the same. The color is a delicate rose-pink,



Bedouins in the Khuzneh Gorge.

like that of some of the buildings farther on in the city, almost unbroken by waves of other hue.

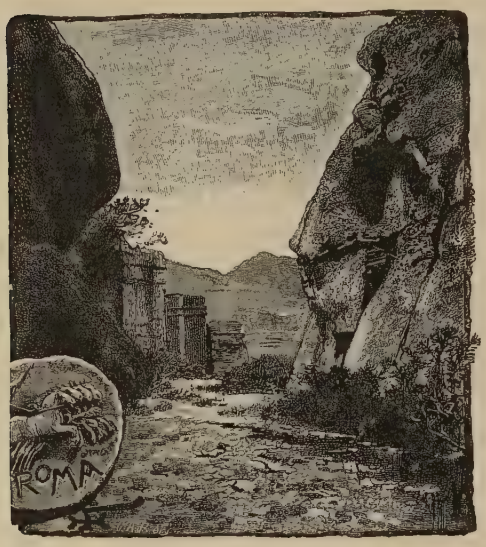
The steps to the portico are much defaced and are overgrown with grass. Beneath the portico are two chambers, each about eight by twenty feet in size, with niches at the back. Over each is a circular window, partly walled up. The chief interior chamber of the Khuzneh is forty feet square, twenty feet high, and receives all its light from the door. The doorway is seven feet wide and richly decorated. The Arabs call it "El Khasneh"—The Treasure—as they imagine that the great crowning urn contains wealth which will one day be divinely revealed to them.

After a thorough examination of The Treasure from near at hand, I clambered up a cliff opposite, whence I could view the whole at my leisure. I experienced a feeling of satisfied contentment and admiration. Scarcely had I chosen for myself a comfortable seat among the rocks, when I heard a great crashing noise in the gorge beyond, as though an earthquake had sent great masses of stone down to prevent our exit. The sound came nearer and nearer, booming and bounding through the gorge as I have heard the terrible wind-gusts come leaping over the snow when climbing our own Mount Washington in winter. But it was no convulsion of nature this time. Now, voices were heard; then, closer, most demoniacal yells, and the unmistakable clash of hoofs. Our worst fears were to be realized. The Bedouins were upon us! "Oh! El Wafi; traitor after all?"

"Don't be afraid, gentlemen," said our dragoman, quietly. "If they attempt to trouble us, it will be only to rob us of our money and our clothing. Our bodies will not be harmed."

With this assurance I scrambled down to the mouth of the gorge, arriving just in time to see rush furiously toward me six mounted Arabs of wily mien, with long-reaching lances on their shoulders. I stood to await their arrival. They were as surprised to see me as I was to see them, and now they halted. I cried out "Sahib," and offered my hand. To my surprise it was taken good-naturedly by all the party, and a declaration of friendliness passed between us. We were in their city, and now they were bound to protect us (and rob us!) they declared. The lances were planted in the ground while the subject was discussed. They had not seen *us*, but as our caravan was compelled to take the public road, it was discovered, and from our men the fact was

learned that a party of travellers had gone ahead. Instantly they put spurs to their horses and came clashing through the gorge, hoping to prevent our entrance; but they were an hour too late. Like good Mohammedans they accepted "God's will" in the matter, leaped from their horses, and insisted that we should take their places. We did so, and thus were led triumphantly into Petra by the very men who would have prevented our entrance amid exactions and bluster, had they caught us at the Necropolis. The El Wafi scheme had worked, and the good-hearted Nubian came in with our cavalcade two hours after, his eyes looking larger, his breath smelling stronger of garlic, and his grin far broader than ever before.



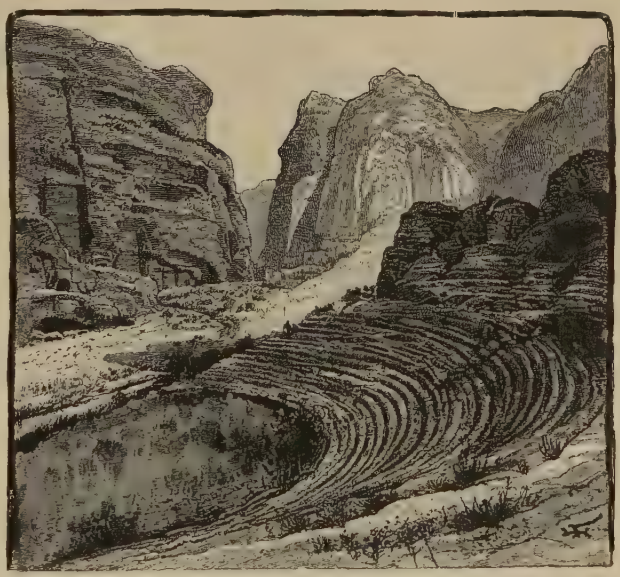
A Preliminary Glimpse of Petra.

Sheikh Salim, the chief of the tribe, was absent when we arrived. His son headed the party who took possession of us. Salim had heard of some very fat sheep and attractive dromedaries belonging to a nomadic tribe, who had brought them to graze a few miles away, and had gone with a posse of his retainers to raid a portion of this desirable property. He returned that night a richer man; but what were a few sheep and camels in comparison with the gold which awaited him in the purses of the howadji, even then in Petra? At once he came thundering through the gorge and was with us at break of day.

Then another scheme had to be perfected. As a rule, when travellers get into Petra at all, they are hurried out again as rapidly as possible, seldom remaining a full day. I wanted to stay long enough to get at least a tolerable photographic record of the ruins. I must meet the chief with his own weapons. He would make objection to my further stay in Petra. I would object to making my departure. He would then attempt to levy upon my purse, and I would discuss the subject with him, agree to some of his propositions, pay on account,

and ask until next day to consider the rest. Thus I might prolong my visit. The plan worked, but for four days only. I began to realize then that if we remained any longer we should be literally cleaned out, and perhaps killed by the Bedouins.

But to return to our early experiences. As the inner gate of the city beyond the Khuzneh was entered, to the right and left wondrous architectural fancies loomed up. On the left is a group of square-cut edifices, seeming at first like gigantic steps, but out of which varied façades appear upon a closer view. Away in the distance, low down, amid surrounding cliffs, a glimpse of the theatre is had — almost as impressive as the first surprising sight of the Khuzneh. On the right is a trio of tombs and temples hewn from the end of a range of cliffs, the last one looking like a great, grim warder at the city gate. Beneath are numberless excavations, each one of which, from its appearance, might have been used first as a home for the living, before being appropriated as a tomb. Opposite this group, on the left bank of the Sik, is the theatre. Its auditorium forms about three-fourths of a circle, is one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, and has thirty-three tiers of seats, each capable of holding a hundred people. The "private boxes" for royalty and for the guests of the city are back of the upper row. It is hewn wholly from the rock. A grand view is that from the western side. In the distance is the gorge of the Khuzneh. The highest peak on the right is one that will be visited presently. Thence, no doubt, the citadel once frowned. About the theatre fragments of



The Theatre.

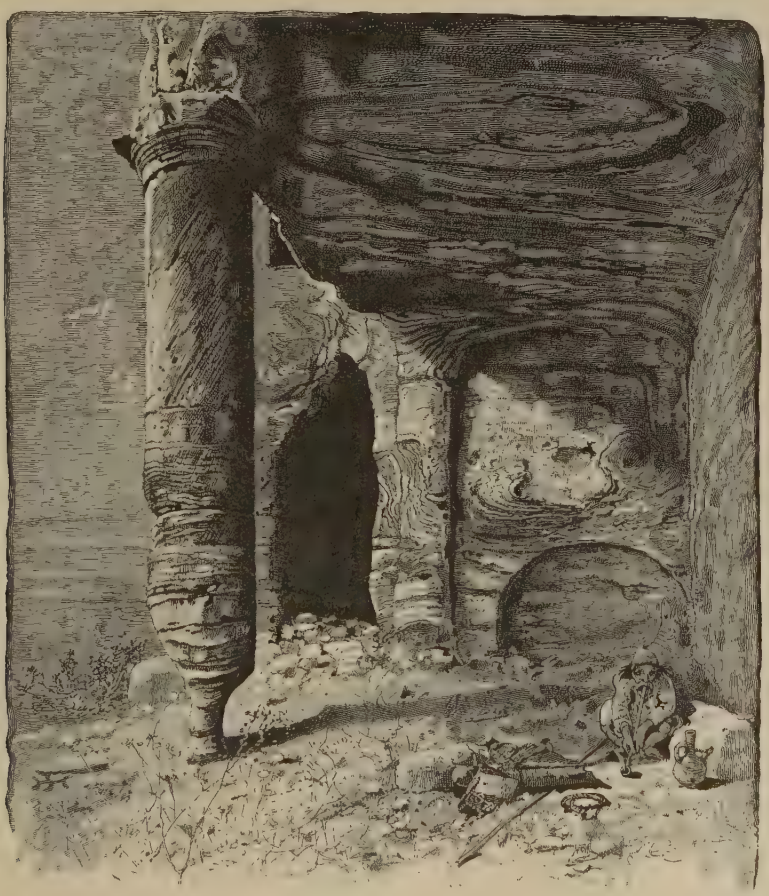
the rich columns which once ornamented it can still be seen, partly covered by invading soil. So perfectly preserved, too, is the monument in all essential features, that if the tenants of the graves opposite could rise once more into life, they could readily find their old seats.

Now, emerging into the expanse of the little valley, the full glory of the Edomite capital burst upon us. Nature built these stupendous walls, and man adorned them with patient workmanship, each artist vying with his fellow in shaping these rainbow cliffs into forms of beauty. In a bird's-eye view of Petra, one portion of the town, corresponding almost to a modern "block," is particularly prominent. More than a dozen splendid structures are here side by side, so that it is hard to select from them any one for illustration. One of the most striking is the so-called Temple of the Urn and Arched Terrace. Both Egyptian and Roman art influence are apparent in this broad façade. To obtain a good color and relief from monotony, the architect cut into the rock some fifteen feet and placed a row of columns on either side to form a portico. An arched terrace is employed to support the platform, of which the base is quite a hundred feet above the valley level. There are two tiers of terrace arches. The lower is nearly buried beneath the *débris* of other arches. Behind them are several chambers cut out of the mountain underneath the façade. Originally five columns supported the gallery on each side. Four lofty pilasters adorn the façade, and there is not only a window immediately above the doorway, but a row of three other windows between the pilasters, a few feet below the capitals. These suggest the possible existence of upper chambers. Surmounting the pediment is a great urn, like others of its class a constant aim for the bullets of the Bedouins, who try thus feebly to bring it down, because they believe it to contain "great treasure." The colors of the stone are remarkable, and in the sunshine bright and beautiful. The material, sandstone, is so soft that the effect is like that



The Temple of the Urn and Arched Terrace.

of pastel. When the torrents come the water is absorbed by the rock. As the water percolates, the rock is colored by iron deposits, and thus a great variety of vivid hues is created. The arches of this temple are grayish-brown; the front as far as the capitals is streaked with golden

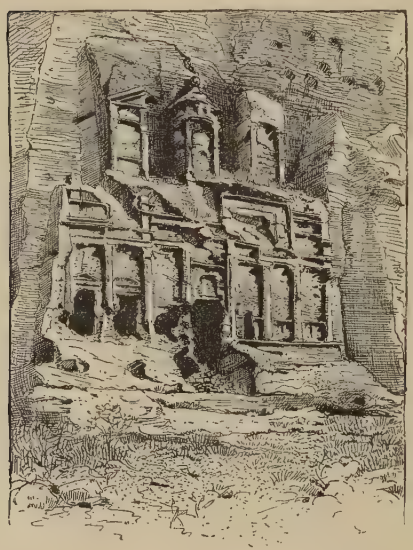


The Temple of the Urn—Eastern Colonnade.

yellow and pink; up to the urn the pediment is white and red, lilac and blue.

The manner in which the colors occur, in stripes and waves, is illustrated by a study of the eastern colonnade. Through it the broken entrance to the dark interior is seen. There is but one wide and lofty chamber, fifty feet square. An inscription on the wall declares that it

was once consecrated as a Christian church. At the rear there are three recesses. All these are so well preserved that they still show the marks of the chisel. The flocks seem to have made it their home once upon a time, but now the bats hold full sway.



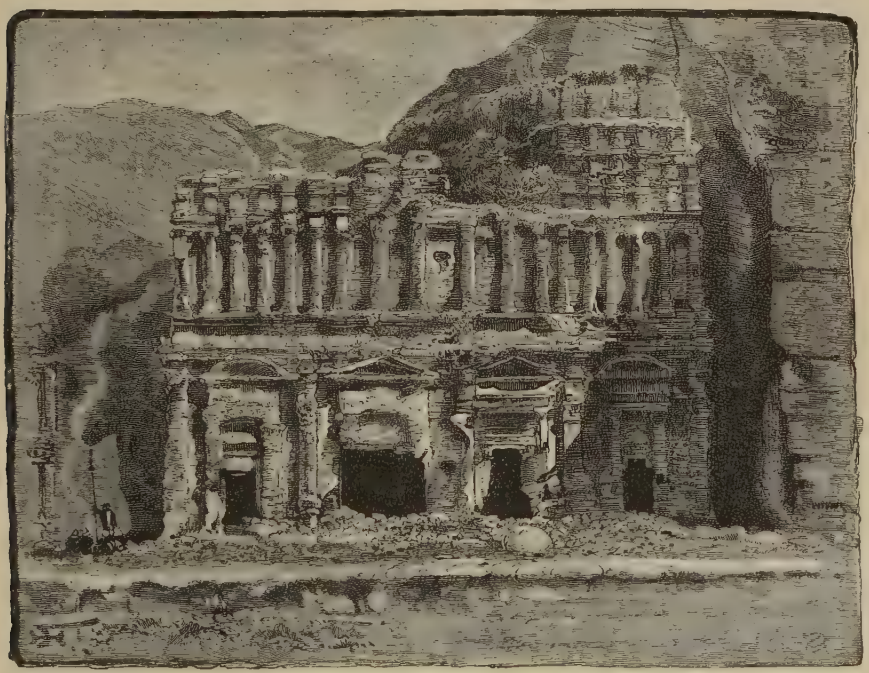
Corinthian Structure.

The Corinthian structure near by, being more exposed to the elements, is not in so good repair. Twelve fine columns ornament its façade, and eight more of smaller dimensions surmount these. There are four entrances, which gave the architect opportunity not only to gratify his taste for lavish decoration, but to give variety in the construction of the pediments. Of these two are arched and two are triangular. Reaching quite across the front, between the architrave and the base of the pediment, is a strange frieze resembling a row of Corinthian capitals. I judged the height of this front to be about equal to that of the Khuzneh—close to one hundred feet. The interior is divided into four chambers, all in front, with niches in the walls here and there.

Still more grand is the "Temple with Three Tiers of Columns," which has four entrances and was four stories high. The builder fell short of his material of living rock on the left hand, and helped out the design with quarried stone. Earthquake has sent all these built-up portions tumbling to the ground, but a grand ruin remains. Its lower interior (I believe there are chambers in the upper stories, too, which I was not allowed to visit) comprises several apartments. In the walls are niches for images. The color display here again is most fantastic.

From the front of the Temple of Columns one can look to the right and left upon what once formed the principal quarter of Petra. On all sides it is encompassed by precipitous mountains, whose spurs sometimes encroach upon the area, with natural walls from four to twelve hundred feet high.

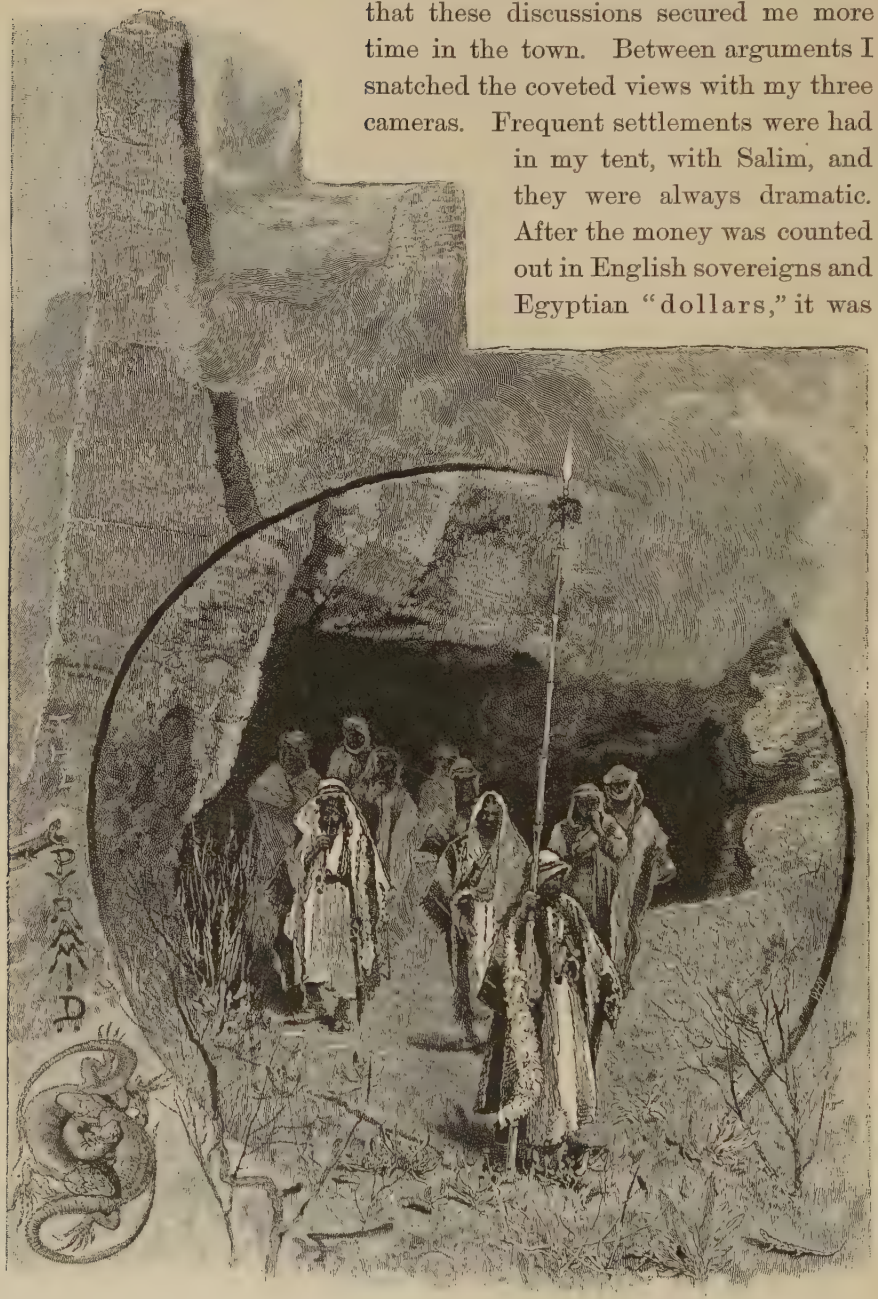
Not so fascinating were certain excavations back of our tents. News spreads like wild-fire in modern Edom; and before we first saw the sunset beyond Mount Hor, some sixty of Esau's descendants had followed us and had opened offices in these excavations. Never was so savage a haunt for banditti conceived by Salvator Rosa. The trouble then began. Each individual Arab claimed the privilege of showing the city to the stranger. From their bluster I made up my mind that we were soon to be cut into pieces in order that the work



Temple with Three Tiers of Columns.

might be done more expeditiously. During those four dreadful days, I obtained more satisfactory studies of Hades, Purgatory, Sheol, and Gehenna than I had previously flattered myself I should secure in this world. A viler band of robbers never existed. I had fallen voluntarily into their hands, and it behooved me now to make the best bargain I could to get away. But just here was the trouble. No bargain agreed upon was adhered to for an hour at a time. Some item was always "forgotten." At each amendment of the contract an amount of discussion had to be undergone that was exasperating beyond meas-

ure. The only compensation I had was that these discussions secured me more time in the town. Between arguments I snatched the coveted views with my three cameras. Frequent settlements were had in my tent, with Salim, and they were always dramatic. After the money was counted out in English sovereigns and Egyptian "dollars," it was



The Pyramid—Sheikh Salim and his Staff.

separated into various sums and spread out upon the rug. Then Salim would take first one sum, and then another, and tie them up in the corners of his garments, begging that his staff should not be told of it. Thus, like a politician of the good old school, he obtained his "commission." Then, with the remaining portion in the up-held skirt of his royal robe, he would retire with his staff to one of the caves, and proceed to divide. A dreadful scene always followed, of quarrelling and sword-drawing; but they always seemed to come out of it unhurt, and I ceased to worry about them. One day I caught the rascals with my camera, after one of their angriest discussions, as they emerged from their "office." The exactions here were similar to those of Akabah, but largely multiplied, because there were more here to divide with. My photographic apparatus, with my leather cases of glass, were a mystery to them. No custom-house appraiser was ever more gloriously baffled over the witchery of a female smuggler than were Salim and his staff over my American camera. It was at last decided to be "magical apparatus" which "meant no good to Petra," and I was taxed accordingly.

To Petra's peculiar style of architecture there is only one surviving exception of importance. It is called by the Arabs *Kasr Pharoun*, or the Castle of Pharaoh. Elsewhere on classic soil it would scarcely attract attention. But here, it not only represents an important period in the life of the capital of Idumæa, but it was one of a group of magnificent structures, which represented the wealth and taste of a wonderful people. Its locality is near the western exit of the city. When Burckhardt discovered Petra in 1812, the ruins of a triumphal arch stood nearly opposite the Kasr Pharoun. Now its stones lie upon the ground intermingled with fragments of columns of Egyptian syenite and Arabian porphyry, which still bear their pristine polish and perfect form. Here too, lying in confusion, are the drums of columns which once supported a great building. These, with a dozen piles of ruins near by, tell of wealth and magnificence and of dreadful calamities. Great changes have occurred here in seventy years. When Burckhardt and Laborde were here they saw standing also portions of walls of other structures and a graceful column. All now lie in ruins. The work of destruction is done largely by the torrents. Each year they come sweeping down the mountain sides, carrying with them rocky *débris* which they have loosened on their way. By undermining

and bombarding the chiselled mysteries of the town, they break them into shapeless masses, and even carry their fragments a long distance. The peculiar soft texture of the rock makes the ruins highly destructible. At no place is this so evident as along the higher stairways. Sometimes these are worn almost to smooth inclined planes. In some interiors I could see, by marks high on the walls, where the water had risen. Broken bridges are found in the ravines, and here and there a cemented cistern, filled with rubbish. Some curious lamps were found by our party amid broken pottery, delicate in form and decoration.

West of the Kasr Pharoun I found an unfinished temple, which explains vividly the methods adopted by Petran architects. After the site had been selected, the face of the cliff was smoothed perpendicularly and scaffolding erected; then the work of shaping the façade began at the top. Thus the weight of the material above was always supported solidly during the work, and the *débris* was never in the way of the workmen. The interior of the structure now under examination was wholly excavated and put to use as a tomb; but the front remains unfinished. (See engraving 3 on page 86.)

Thus far I had been guided by the descriptions of explorers who had gone before me. I was satisfied that there was more to see. A great ravine leading southeast from the Kasr Pharoun gave me this assurance and seemed to invite a test of my mettle. Calling the attention of my guide, I pointed to the ravine and said: "Tahly-henna" (Come here). His answer was: "La! la! mafeesh!" (No! no! No good.) But I acted on my own opinion, as one always must with these people, and began the ascent of the ravine, ordering Mousa to follow. I was ambitious to see what others had not seen, and thus add to the scanty information concerning this strange site. I was amply rewarded by the discovery of rich treasures. I followed up a dry torrent-bed which wound most curiously for about a mile, and then came within sight of a walled terrace, the finest example of its kind I had yet seen. Just before reaching it, on the left, I was attracted by an irregular doorway. Entering it, I found myself standing within a low chamber containing a large number of fluted columns, all hewn from the mountain. They seemed to bear the weight of the great mass above. The dripping water had dealt hardly with this strange example of architecture, but had stained it in beautiful colors, red, white, and blue. Dr. Olin noticed a similar interior near this, three of whose sides had

four fluted semi-columns each. I did not find it. In the time I had I could not begin to see all there was to see. Climbing now to the terrace, a lovely spot was found, about two acres in extent, shut in by lofty cliffs whose sides were adorned with a great number of carved façades, and to whose summits winding stairways led, cut from the rock. This lofty platform was carpeted with grass, and oleanders and fig-trees grew there in profusion.

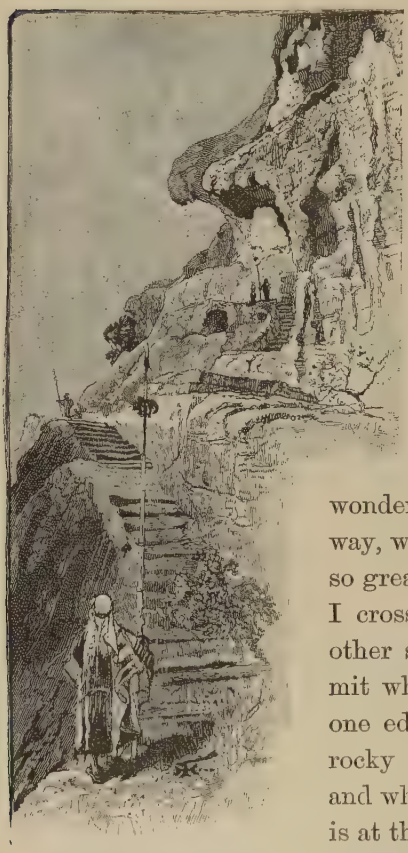


Interior of Temple with Fluted Columns.

As I climbed the winding stairway just beyond the walk, I found on its rocky sides niches with tiny figures in them similar to those in the gorge below, and not unlike those near the cave of Pan at Cæsarea Philippi. A part of a human foot was found carved in the wall, near some curious inscriptions and figures like those on the rocks in the region of Mount Sinai. At the head of the stairway two hollowed-out rocks, canopied by overhanging cliffs, seemed to form pulpits with sounding-boards. Tanks were cut in the rocks beneath, as though for baptism, and away below was a grassy plateau, where our imagination pictured a congregation. It was the only place I saw in Petra which seemed really to have an air of holiness about it. St. Paul might have preached from these lofty pulpits. One can well believe that here the early martyrs assembled. As I turned one of the elbows in my climb, I came upon what others had observed at a distance and called "a pyramid." This was my first disappointment in Petra. What I touched with my hand was unworthy of being dubbed an obelisk, even. It was about twenty feet high. It was twelve feet wide, and seven feet through at the base, tapering to about half those dimensions at the apex. It was rough-hewn and undetached from the mountain. A vast

platform had been levelled there, and the stone having been cut away about this little monolithic pinnacle, the "pyramid" was left. In a southwesterly direction stood a similar mystery, a trifle smaller in size. (See the engraving on page 100.)

The afternoon was waning now, and I was obliged to make haste. The summit must be gained. The weird wildness of the scene, not without enchantment, was intensified by the shouting which came floating up to us from the lawless rabble who infested the caves near our tents. How pictures, each claiming attention, multiplied on every side! Alas! the day was nearly ended, the sunshine was going, and we must make the descent before dark.



Rock Stairway and Pulpit.

Satisfied that there must be yet more, where there were so many wonders, I clambered down a rocky stairway, which I felt could not have been cut at so great expense of labor without a purpose. I crossed a short depression, ascended another stairway, and came out upon a summit which had been hewn to a level, from one edge to the other. There, cut in the rocky platform, are several curious tanks and what must be an altar of sacrifice. This is at the west side of the platform, on a rock by itself, to which four stone steps lead. It consists of a shallow circular basin, forty-eight inches in diameter, in the middle of which is a deeper depression eighteen inches across. This was designed, no doubt, to catch the blood. From it runs a small drain drilled through the rock and leading into a tank. I looked upon my discovery as one of the "altars in high places," consecrated to Baal or other false gods, of which the Old Testament speaks with words of warning. A tiny recess was hewn at the left of the stairway, where the pans, shovels, basins, flesh-hooks,



The Altar of Baal.

and censers may have been stored by heathen priests. There are other tanks, and possibly remains of other altars, on the plateau. Below these, further to the south, is still another tank, filled with good water and containing some comical little fish. I caught some of them. They are blind, like those found in Mammoth Cave. All these tanks are lowest at the southeast corner, and are supplied there with outlets cut in the rock, leading into channels down the mountain.

Descending a narrow gorge, I came out by the theatre. On the way we passed channels and rock-cut cisterns on all sides, and a wide stairway whose colors were as rich and varied as those of any Persian rug. Now and then a tiny garden-spot was reached, whose grassy sod alternated with a variety of flowering shrubs and peculiar, large, bulbous plants, with stalks just shooting forth. In one great reservoir, some twenty by sixty feet in size and twelve deep, several trees are growing. One end of this reservoir is walled with hewn stone, and a flight of stone steps, still well preserved, leads to the bottom. The cement upon the sides is in good condition, and but little cleansing would be needed to make the great receptacle again available. All around are sculptured remains and excavations of various sizes, showing that the ample water-supply attracted quite a constituency of dwellers.

Our last morning in Petra was devoted to an excursion to a temple second only in beauty to the Khuzneh, but less florid. It is much larger, and is located upon a peak fully fifteen hundred feet above the valley. It is called "El Deir," or The Convent. From the plain below the great urn upon its pediment can be seen distinctly, peering above the adjoining rocks. "El Deir" was reached by climbing a deep ravine northward—a ravine which would have been impassable but for the steps cut in the rock. Sometimes they were upon the very verge of precipices whose depth could not be fathomed. Through openings between the cliffs, glorious "bits" of the lower town could be observed. After a climb of one hour we reached the spacious façade of "El Deir" —one hundred and fifty-six feet wide, and about one hundred feet high. The interior chamber is thirty-seven by forty feet. Inscriptions resembling those near Mount Sinai are found upon the rocks on the ascent and upon the walls of the interior chamber. Opposite the doorway is a niche, over which is an image of the Christian cross.

Other elaborate structures must have been neighbors to "El Deir," for here and there in the wide area in front are the remains of huge



The Deir (or Convent) and Stairway.

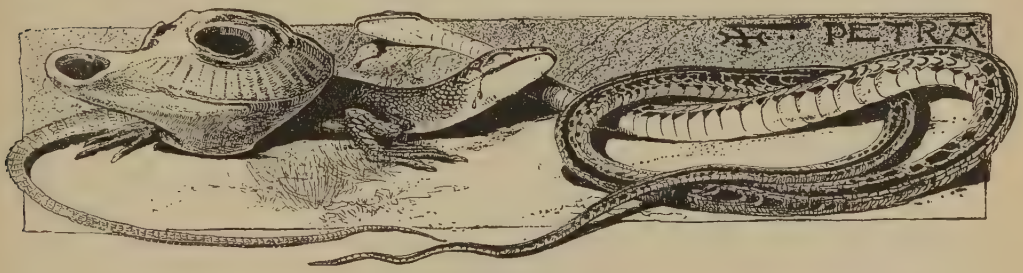
columns and fragments of walls and terraces. Leading to the summit of the mountain out of which the "Deir" is hewn, is a narrow stairway, ending in a level plateau, where stand other extensive ruins. Excavated foundations are found near by in abundance, and the numerous stairways skirting the hills prove also that the neighborhood was much frequented. On an opposite cliff we found a rock-chamber with no façade at all. It is twenty-nine by thirty feet in size, with a niche at the rear ten by



Neighborhood of the Temple of the Urn (in the Middle Ground).

fifteen feet. A pediment and pilasters of beautiful design are cut from the rock about the niche.

Near our lofty stand-point, upon the flat surface of a rock, I saw lying in the sun, dead, a lizard about a foot long, and a striped snake twice that length. They were not there when I made the ascent, but had since met, disputed, and rendered "satisfaction" to one another. It may be that this typified the fate of Edom's capital. Perhaps some destroying serpent crept into Petra, challenged the rich, well-fed liz-



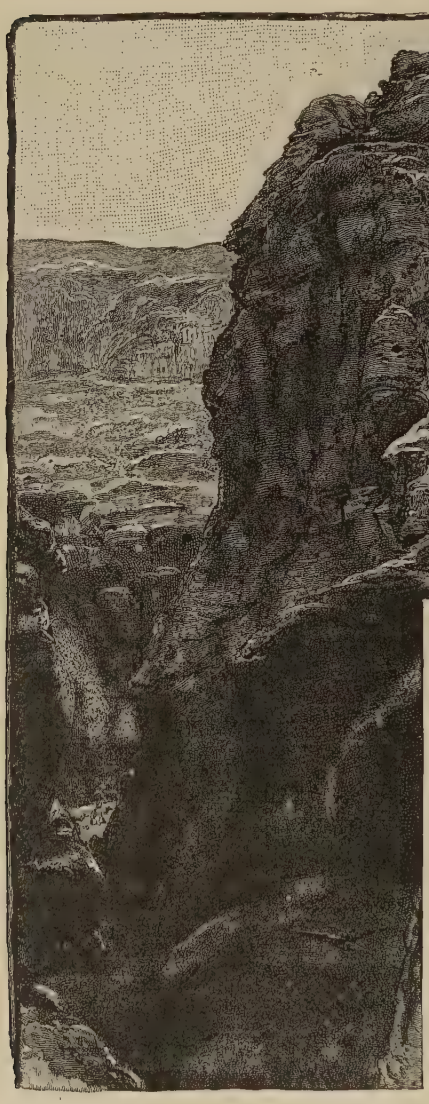
The Serpent and the Lizard.

ard-citizens to combat, and the battle raged until no soul was left to record the tale!

There is, besides the Greek and Roman influences, a mysterious element of originality in Petran architecture which lends to it a quality not found in other places. When the sway of imperial Rome crept into Petra by way of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, her rock-structures grew rapidly in number. The influence of the excavated temples and tunnelled tombs along the Nile, too, is clear not only in the rock-cutting, but in the numerous tapering and receding façades, and in the abortive sphinxes and pyramids of the Necropolis.

Intelligent Arabs like still to dwell upon their traditions concerning the once prosperous capital. Once a year, when they start in caravans from Hebron to carry oranges and other stores to Akabah for Mecca pilgrims, they prefer to pay a tax to Sheikh Salim, and to come through Petra, rather than pass down the Wady Arabah. Still, to-day the sons of Esau want to be merchantmen. Salim would not fix a sum total of taxation for our entrance into Petra. He must have separate sums laid aside for the "purchase" of horse-shoes, barley, sheep, and so on. And how prices have changed since the day of Burckhardt! That noted and conscientious traveller sneaked into Petra as we did. He dressed like a Moslem and brought a tiny goat all the way from

Hebron, pretending that he desired to sacrifice it on Mount Hor—the holy Mount of Aaron. That was *his* scheme. He "paid a fellah of Eljy a pair of old horse-shoes to carry the goat" and guide him. His trickery was discovered, however. He took too much interest in the ruins on the way, and became glad to sacrifice the goat half-way up Mount Hor and make good his escape, so annoyed was he by the owner of the horse-shoes. I had to pay thirty dollars for the privilege of making my picture of the six scoundrels on their horses, though their "protection" during a second visit to the Necropolis was "a present." Wherever we went we had to pay extra; and we were shadowed constantly, never being allowed to go any distance alone. Sometimes, to get rid of noise, a seat was sought in some retired place. Presently some *débris* of rock would be heard rattling down. Then, in the direction of the sound, a dusky head would be seen gazing down, posted there to watch our every movement. Backsheesh could not purchase freedom from this annoyance. Nor did we succeed in exploring, even under surveillance, all the wonders of Petra. About one hundred yards before reaching the buttressed arch, on the right, is a tunnel be-



Spur of Mount Hor—the Ravine of the Deir.

neath the mountain, about fifteen feet wide and nearly as high, perhaps two hundred yards long. It is overgrown with oleander bushes and partly hidden by them. I had nearly reached its further end when I was compelled to retrace my steps:—"Ma feesh!"

The time had now come to contrive our departure from Sheikh Salim's dominions. Early in the morning my companions and I bade good-by to the horde about us, and started under the guidance of Mohammed and Yusef, two native Petrans, to visit the Deir and Mount Hor. During our absence Hedayah was to break camp, and to meet us at noon, near the Kasr Pharoun, with our caravan. We were surprised, upon arriving at the appointed place, to see some sixty or seventy Bedouins, mostly mounted, and armed with lances, guns, and an assortment of knives and blunderbusses, awaiting our arrival. When they saw us coming a significant hoot was given, and we felt that trouble was brewing. Hedayah called out to us: "Don't be afraid, gentlemen, but mount your camels and proceed with your journey." It was "the custom," he said, "for these people to attend the departing stranger half a day's journey out of their city." For this scheme of *theirs*, all the horses and men possible had been pressed into the service now to do us honor. "Since they had not had the pleasure of greeting us when we came in, they wished to see us out."

Immediately we mounted our camels, they were seized by the brigands, and made to kneel. We were surrounded by the lancers, Sheikh Salim among them. The hooting became louder, and had an element of dissatisfaction and contempt about it which was not calculated to allay our anxiety.

"Keep cool, gentlemen," said the brave Hedayah, who thereupon fell into the most violent of Arabic demonstrations. The gauntlet had been thrown and the fight began. The quiet Mohammed, who had carried my camera for several days, now became a principal, and drawing his sword, made a thrust at our good dragoman. It fell short of its mark, but cut an ugly slit in his leggin without wounding him. Hedayah leaped from his camel, and with uplifted sword attacked Mohammed. The *mêlée* became general, the noise infernal, and we prepared ourselves for the worst. Salim sat there on his horse quietly watching events. Upon his honor being appealed to, he declared that he had no power over his men; that we had remained longer than they wished, and they were not satisfied with the money we had left behind.

While sundry battles of words were going on, each man with sword drawn, I settled with Salim for various "things which had been forgotten," including fifteen dollars for a "change of raiment." Hedayah and Mohammed had a settlement aside. The latter had a claim for two shillings, and for that was willing to kill Hedayah. All things being amicably adjusted at last, we were permitted to move on. Salim and I shook hands warmly once more, and wishing that "God might preserve us during the rest of our journey," he put spur to his horse and was soon out of sight. Not so all his hounds. New claims were made now, in the most threatening manner, and although we moved on, half the scoundrels followed us. Claim after claim was adjusted as we slowly proceeded, until, after an hour of horror, I held my empty purse bottom up in the air and declared that they now had all. Thereupon the greater number dropped behind, only a few remaining to bluster at Hedayah. They, too, departed at last, after satisfying themselves that there was no more money to be gotten from us.

At last, rid of our tormentors, we proceeded, quickening the pace of our camels. Scarce had we travelled half an hour, when, springing suddenly from behind a rock, a Bedouin made his appearance. At once he began a display of excited pantomime, drawn sword in hand. He made several attempts to stop our leading camels, but was beaten off. He persisted, however, in trying one after another. Exasperated that one man should so browbeat a whole caravan, I ordered some camel-drivers to arrest him and march him under their guns to the head of the line, meaning to take him to Hebron and put him in prison. When this was done I learned that he had claimed a sovereign for a sheep which, he averred, Abdullah had purchased of him and forgotten to pay for. Afterward he confessed that he had lied about it, but excused himself by saying that he was a poor man, and having arrived in Petra after the money had been divided, had taken his chances on the road.

Quiet was restored once more, but every rock was now suspected and watched. Presently a man with a gun in his hand was seen on the right, coming quickly down a hill. "Sahib? Sahib?" called Hedayah, threateningly drawing his revolver. The wind blew so that the reply was not audible, and Hedayah fired. Had the rusty old weapon been true, one of our own drivers would have been the victim. Hardly had we said to ourselves, "What next, I wonder?" when another Arab

appeared, and proved the most troublesome of all. Camel after camel was seized by him, with the intention of stopping our march. Losing all patience, our sheikh struck the fellow on the head with his stone pipe-bowl. This led to open war. Several of us dismounted from our camels as quickly as we could, and ran to assist our men. Before we could reach the scene of battle the rascal had escaped. Running to the top of a hill, he aimed his gun at Hedayah, and said that unless five sovereigns were sent up to him he would fire. I was appealed to, and I called to him to surrender. He refused, and four of the camel-drivers, already ordered in position, at a signal from me fired upon him. With that he threw up his arms, and cried "Sahib," and I sent two men up to bring him down. He was wounded. I had him tied, and left him struggling violently and groaning in the road for his women to find when they drove the flocks home at night.



Hedayah on his Camel.

This wretch claimed a paper which he said he had received direct from Mohammed in heaven, and had thrown into my tent in Petra, where I had kissed it and touched it to my heart and head! We had shed his blood; so, after leaving him, the good Mussulman Hedayah, fearing the man might live to declare a blood-feud between them, insisted on going back and making peace. Two dollars would be needed. Alas! our whole party could not muster so much. There was only one recourse. We must borrow from our prisoner, who was marched to me

and the loan solicited. He declared that he was a poor man and had not a piastre on his person. I ordered him searched, excusing myself by saying that in America, when a man lied once, he was never after believed. He protested; but his money-belt was unbuckled and found well lined with some of the very dollars which I had paid Salim! We borrowed them of our prisoner to make peace with our enemy. The wounded man was again visited. He was found lying insensible in the road. The money was thrust into his clutched fist; Hedayah kissed him on each cheek, recited some passages from the Koran, and peace was declared and recorded in Heaven. Once more we proceeded on our way. No halt was made for lunch that evening until the eastern border of the Wady Arabah had been reached. We were too anxious until then to eat or rest. The "Rock of El Gohr" was no "refuge" for us. We passed it with all speed to escape the Edomites. Our camp was guarded during several succeeding nights. Through each day Ouida acted as scout, signalling us from the hill-tops when it was safe to follow, or leaving his lance in sight as a warning to us to halt, while he investigated certain black Bedouin specks in the distance.

Our next undertaking was to find Kadesh Barnea. Calm reflection satisfies me, after our successful feat in the "taking of Petra," that our little party was in peril during every hour of the journey, from the time we left Akabah until we had passed through Edom and entered Canaan.

CHAPTER V.

A SEARCH FOR KADESH.

The Site of Kadesh Discussed.—Dr. H. Clay Trumbull's Visit there.—The Journey from Petra across Wady Arabah.—'Ain El Weibeh.—The Grave of Miriam.—The "Holy Tree."—Near the Borders of Canaan.—Lost in the Wilderness.—'Ain Qadees Passed by.—An Oasis Found.—Desert Wandering.—A Rain Storm.—Imprisoned by the Ishmaelites.—Traces of the "Wandering."—In Sight of Palestine.—The "Plain of Mamre" and the "Brook Eshcol."—Return to Kadesh.—Up Wady Arabah to the Wilderness of Moab.—"The Mountain of Nebo" and the "Top of Pisgah" Discussed.—Return to the Plain of Mamre.

"THE people removed from Hazeroth and pitched in the wilderness of Paran," which is "the wilderness of Zin, which is Kadesh." And where is Kadesh? Learned travellers and students have located it at nearly twenty places. Dean Stanley and his followers believed that Petra is Kadesh; Dr. Edward Robinson much earlier expressed his conviction that it is at 'Ain el Weibeh, in a region about two days' camel journey west of Petra, on the edge of the vast wady which stretches from the Gulf of Akabah to the Dead Sea. Many years ago claims were made by Dr. Rowlands for 'Ain Qadees, an oasis still farther west than 'Ain el Weibeh, and south of it. This last site has been proved by Dr. H. Clay Trumbull to hold the best evidences of being the much sought-for locality. The story of his visit thither, and the full measure of his proofs, Dr. Trumbull sets forth earnestly and eloquently in his monograph, published in 1884, entitled "Kadesh-Barnea." Only those who have wandered in the desert as he did, with the strain of a single idea controlling every nerve, can fully understand the joy which he felt when coming upon a site so long sought for. I am permitted to quote his own words:

"Out from the barren and desolate stretch of the burning desert waste we had come with a magical suddenness into an oasis of verdure and beauty, unlooked for and hardly conceivable in such a region. A carpet of grass covered the ground. Fig-trees, laden with fruit nearly

ripe enough for eating, were along the shelter of the southern hillside. Shrubs and flowers showed themselves in variety and profusion. Running water gurgled under the waving grass. We had seen nothing like it since leaving Wady Fayran; nor was it equalled in loveliness of scene by any single bit of landscape, of like extent, even there.

"Standing out from the earth-covered limestone hills at the northeastern sweep of this picturesque recess, was to be seen the 'large single mass, or a small hill of solid rock,' which Rowlands looked at as the cliff [*Sel a'*] smitten by Moses, to cause it to 'give forth his water,' when its flowing stream had been exhausted. From underneath this ragged spur of the northeasterly mountain range issued the now abundant stream.

"A circular well, stoned up from the bottom with time-worn limestone blocks, was the first receptacle of the water. A marble watering-trough was near this well, better finished than the troughs at Beersheba, but of like primitive workmanship. The mouth of this well was only about three feet across, and the water came to within three or four feet of the top. A little distance westerly from this well, and down the slope, was a second well, stoned up much like the first, but of greater diameter; and here again was a marble watering-trough. A basin or pool of water larger than either of the wells, but not stoned up like them, was seemingly the principal watering-place. It was a short distance southwesterly from the second well, and it looked as if it and the two wells might be supplied from the same subterranean source—the springs under the rock. Around the margin of this pool, as also around the stoned wells, camel and goat dung—as if of flocks and herds for centuries—was trodden down and commingled with the limestone dust so as to form a solid plaster-bed. Another and yet larger pool, lower down the slope, was supplied with water by a stream which rippled and cascaded along its narrow bed from the upper pool; and yet beyond this, westward, the water gurgled away under the grass, as we had met it when we came in, and finally lost itself in the parching wady from which this oasis opened. The water itself was remarkably pure and sweet, unequalled by any we had found after leaving the Nile.

"There was a New England look to this oasis, especially in the flowers and grass and weeds, quite unlike anything we had seen in the peninsula of Sinai."

A year after Dr. Trumbull's visit, while journeying from Petra to Palestine with the same dragoman who accompanied him, I crossed the Wady Arabah with the hope of finding 'Ain Qadees, and bringing away some photographs of it. Nearly the whole of the route taken had "never been travelled over by white man," and was through a country where the Bedouin tribes were "at war with each other." One afternoon, while I was in Petra, a noble-looking Bedouin came riding in alone on horseback. He seemed very much at home, and very superior to the demons whose torments I endured there for four days. He proved to be Sheikh Ouida, from Gaza, and was the tax-gatherer for the Government. His errand to Petra was to collect the annual tax due upon the sheep, goats, and camels—including the stolen ones—then in the possession of the Petra Bedouins. He declared that he had "seen 'Ain Qadees, from the top of a hill, more than once when on the journey homeward from Petra," and volunteered to act as our escort thither. His services were thereupon engaged for four days, at two pounds sterling per day. In due course we set out upon the search. Our contract with the Akabah sheikh was to go by Nakl and Gaza, but we persuaded his men to follow our wishes at our risk. It was a dreary camel-ride across the Arabah. There was little to divert us except the Gaza escort, who "played" with his horse frequently for our entertainment. The short, sagacious animal could gallop uphill as easily as he could go down, and was well drilled in the exercises of the tournament. He had a decided advantage over the camel. Sometimes he and his rider would fly over the hill ahead, and get beyond our sight. When we reached the summit of the rise they had crossed, we would see them standing upon the top of another one, far away. We could tell our own guide by the manner in which he held his long spear, a signal agreed upon between us. After our conflict with the fellahin at Petra, we were somewhat apprehensive of an attack. Moreover, we were in an unknown country, where the Bedouins were said to be at war. Watchfulness, then, was incumbent. Once Sheikh Ouida came galloping back to us with the report that a company of Bedouins who were not "sahib" (friendly) were coming. They came, but they exchanged salutations with us without offering to molest us or our Akabah attendants. Indeed, both parties seemed glad to get away. When in doubt as to his direction, our guide planted his spear among the rocks on the hill-top, made his horse fast to it, and descended into the

valley on foot, "to save the horse, who might become too thirsty." At other times, when he found the way too rough for his red-topped boots, he planted his spear where we could see it, and rode until he reached a neighboring hill to reconnoitre. In this way we were guided along the proper road, and made to feel comfortable at all times, from the fact that our cautious leader never permitted himself to be long out of our sight; or, if he did, he left some signal in view to prove that he was never unmindful of our welfare. Thus we were confident of being as safe as possible, and were content to go on, even through a country known to be infested by tribes of Bedouins unfriendly to those from the Akabah country, as were our attendants.

On the morning of the third day the scenery began to grow more beautiful. The sun had crossed the hills of Edom and was doing his best to bring out the gaudy colors of Zin. To the north the mountains of Moab rose splendidly, and it was so clear, that, had we been at a sufficient elevation, we could have seen the Dead Sea. Standing like a sentinel between the two ranges, topped by the tomb of Aaron, was "Jebel Haroun," the Mount Hor of the Mohammedans. We had encamped near the western border of the Arabah. At 9 o'clock A.M. we came to a bright oasis, where our guide stood crying out, "Moya henna!" ("Water here!"). It is a long, narrow, green spot, with an abundance of scrub-palms, reeds, rushes, grasses, and shrubs growing about it, wild and thick. There also is a fountain or well, very small and very shallow, sunk in the mother-rock. This is 'Ain el Weibeh, the place considered by Dr. Edward Robinson to be Kadesh-Barnea, where Moses was commanded to speak to a rock for water (Numbers xx.); where Miriam died; where Moses and Aaron, within sight of the mountains, which some of the Hebrews tried to pass over in order to reach the longed-for country, were told that they should not "enter" the Promised Land.

But a short distance away from the well is a mound covered with juniper bushes. This is revered by the Bedouins as "the grave of Miriam." The adjacent soil is crusty, like newly frozen snow, and breaks easily under the foot. Although the water here is unusually sportive on account of the animal life in it—"living water" in a truly realistic sense—and so bitter to the taste that no one could censure Israel for murmuring, we were obliged to fill our water-skins with a two-days' supply, for we knew not when we should find any better.

What we left was entirely taken up by the camels, and 'Ain el Weibeh became an exhausted spring. More than once it happened to us that the tiny spring happily found on the way did not afford enough for man and beast. When there was abundance, it was usual for all to kneel down at the little stream and drink side by side. Oasis hunting sometimes becomes an earnest business with the desert traveller, and



'Ain El Weibeh.

he fully understands the value of the precious element. Frequently the route is left for half a day to reach water. Sometimes I have been shown these places only on condition that I would "not tell anybody." Where the wells of our long-sighted ancestors still exist, the traveller is allowed to drink what he needs during his sojourn, but not to carry any away, except by purchase. To "pay for water" at first seems an injustice; and yet, when fairly considered, it will appear right, for the supply is not always ample. It is sometimes quite a risk to allow anyone to draw two or three barrels of water from a well, especially

when it may be six or eight months before the heavens will visit the land with anything like a cloud-break. In a desert journey of forty-five days during March and April, I saw but two "showers," and the longer was only forty-five seconds in duration.

Again, when Moses was directed for his long journey in the Mount Seir region, among other things the Divine *dictum* enjoined (Deuteronomy ii. 6), "Ye shall buy meat of them for money, that ye may eat;



The "Holy Tree" near the Borders of Canaan.

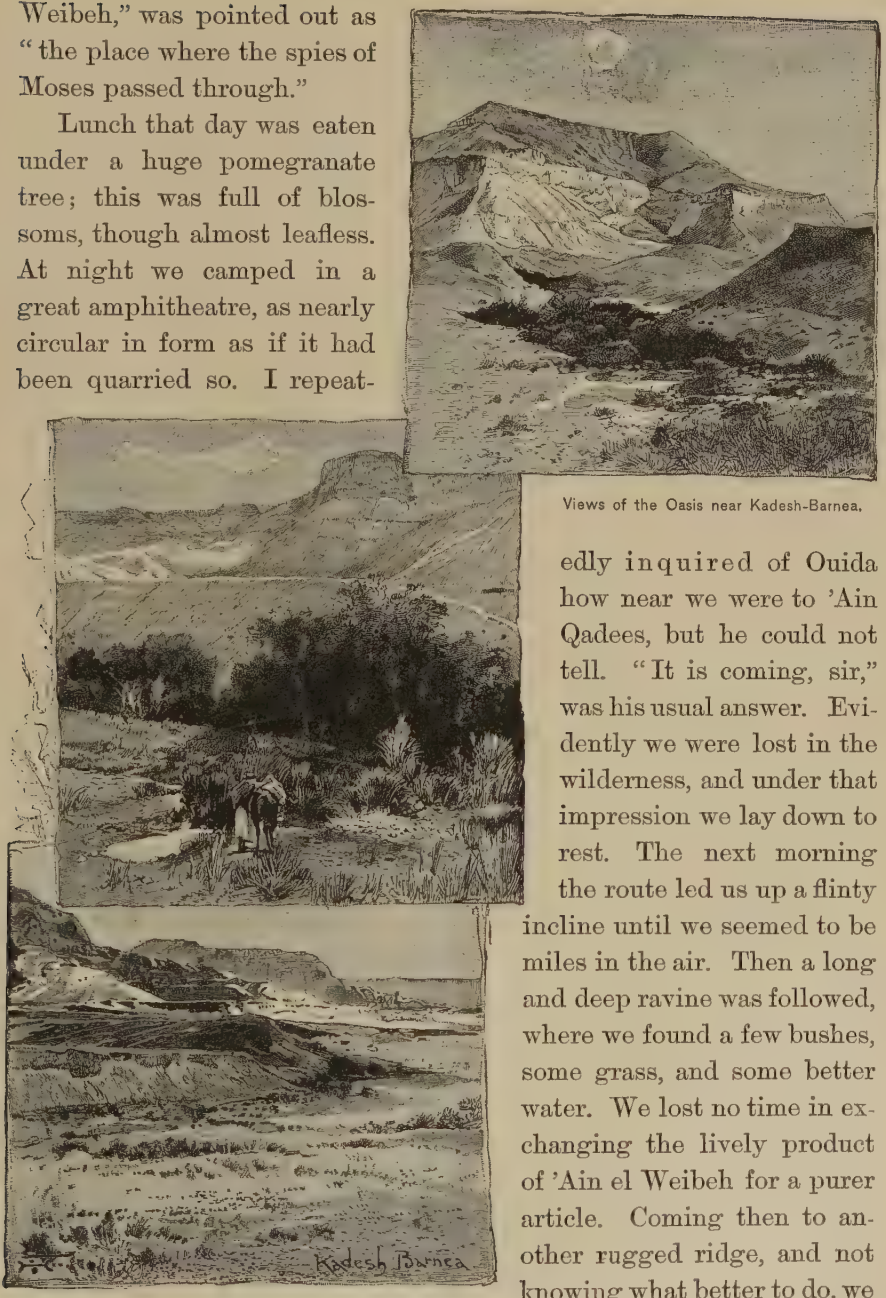
and ye shall also buy water of them for money, that ye may drink." So it will seem that this old-time custom is still followed, and the desert traveller must submit without murmuring.

There was no evidence that the dreary region round about 'Ain el Weibeh had been inhabited, and it would require a great deal of faith to believe that it ever was. Even the stones about the well had all been arranged by Nature, and not by man. It was the only place thereabout that could be thought of as Kadesh-Barnea, because there was no other water visible in any direction. Such a spot could not satisfy anyone who had any faith in Almighty mercy.

The heat was intense, and our departure was hastened. Soon after 'Ain el Weibeh is left behind, the country westward begins to rise and the forms and outlines of the mountains become beautiful. At one spot a dead but "holy tree" was found, the denuded limbs of which added to the picturesqueness of one of our halting-places. Ouida declared that "It was there when Moses came along." Our camel-men protested when we prepared to carry away some of the fragments which were scattered over the ground. "It is all holy," they said, "and can be removed by Allah only." A pass in the hills beyond, called "Nagb

Weibeh," was pointed out as "the place where the spies of Moses passed through."

Lunch that day was eaten under a huge pomegranate tree; this was full of blossoms, though almost leafless. At night we camped in a great amphitheatre, as nearly circular in form as if it had been quarried so. I repeatedly inquired of Ouida how near we were to 'Ain Qadees, but he could not tell. "It is coming, sir," was his usual answer. Evidently we were lost in the wilderness, and under that impression we lay down to rest. The next morning the route led us up a flinty incline until we seemed to be miles in the air. Then a long and deep ravine was followed, where we found a few bushes, some grass, and some better water. We lost no time in exchanging the lively product of 'Ain el Weibeh for a purer article. Coming then to another rugged ridge, and not knowing what better to do, we ascended it; then, descending on the other side, we came to a long range of lime-stone and flint-covered hills. Among these we wandered an hour



Views of the Oasis near Kadesh-Barnea.

or two, when suddenly Ouida, whom we had not missed, came galloping toward us crying, "Henna, henna!" ("Here, here!"). Following him through a narrow passage made by two bright-colored hills, we saw outspread before us a long, narrow oasis. A quick, short walk of our camels brought us under the shade of its fig-trees, and we dismounted. Had the four days of weary searching been rewarded by a rest at 'Ain Qadees? We were assured by Hedayah that it was so. "Yesterday," said he, "you saw Dr. Robinson's Kadesh; but now you are in Sheikh Trumbull's Kadesh, where he and I ate dinner together a year ago." Our lunch was made ready, but my anxiety impelled me to slight it and to proceed with the examination of the place. With the notes given me by Dr. Trumbull in hand, I walked from point to point and checked off the proofs I found: the walled wells; the fig-trees laden with fruit; the groves of palms; the rushes, reeds, grasses, grain; the running stream—everything as described, except the water-troughs and the "large single mass, or a small hill of solid rock." The water-troughs are sometimes removed by the Bedouins. I found an isolated mountain several hundred feet high, and in its side a gorge with a great rock at its farther end. At the base of this, out of a cavern cut by nature, came a wide stream-bed which followed down to the trees, passed the wells, and then the water became lost among the grasses and the grain. From the top of this solid rock, not hard to reach, a wonderful view was presented. There was a vast plain with an abundant and varied pasture, such as we had not seen in Arabia. Ruined buildings dotted the hilltops here and there, and low stone walls ran along the hills, one above the other, evidently placed to keep the soil of the terraces from being precipitated to the wadies by the torrents. The neighborhood became more and more interesting as I examined it, and my heart thrilled with delight when my earnest dragoman again assured me that "This is, so far as I can remember, Dr. Trumbull's Kadesh." Thereupon the camera was applied to for a view of the well, with Ouida and his horse; another of a picturesque sandstone hill which lined one side of the oasis; and then, from its summit, views of the plain were made right and left. Sheikh Ouida then made his departure, and the last we saw of him was as he rode his little horse around the beautiful hill on his journey to Gaza. He took our gratitude with him, but he was not entitled to it. He conducted us to an oasis several miles north of 'Ain Qadees, where probably "no white

man ever trod;" but it was not 'Ain Qadees. To mollify his chagrin when I assured him of my doubts, the amiable Hedayah named the place of our visit "Sheikh Wilson's Kadesh," and so we left it. Further search would have been made if I had not felt fairly convinced at the time that we had found what we were seeking. We had at least found what must be a close neighbor of 'Ain Qadees. With the belief that we had been even more successful, however, our caravan, which had been lost in the desert for four days, ascended the hills on the north and made a straight cut for Hebron, by way of Beersheba. The night was spent near some ruins of buildings on the edge of the plain already described. The next day the flinty inclines of the Negeb country gave us variety. It was one of the most difficult climbs we made. The pass that we ascended led to another extensive plain, where again ruins were seen, and where the same system of low walls prevailed. There were miles of these walls, even then in as shapely condition as those on the highway between New York and Boston. The tiers ran parallel with each other and encircled the hills far up toward their tops. Following this plain is another and lower range of mountains. After reaching the top of the rocky pass which was selected as the most comfortable for the ascent, a remarkable transition scene was presented. Instead of steep inclines, bleak and bare of everything but a confusion of limestone and flint, the other side was green with grass, dotted with millions of wild flowers of almost every known color. The sight was absolutely overpowering. Surely none more gratifying could meet the gaze of the weary mountain-climber who had not had an hour free from anxiety, or a sight of a flower, for two weeks.

At noon that day we lunched seated upon the bank of an active stream. Just below us the water made a downward leap of a dozen feet. The food was spread upon a rug, nature-woven, of white daisies, red poppies, and blue, yellow, white, and lilac flowers, all as delicate and tiny and wild as our own sweet heralds of spring. We sat on the border of the Promised Land, and could easily see its charming undulations many miles ahead. Toward night a thunder-shower seemed to be coming up from the south. A wide, deep wady was crossed that looked as if it had never made way for a gallon of water since its creation. The tents were pitched for the night upon a high mound covered with grass and flowers. During the night the expected rain fell, and

that dry wady became a deep and wide and roaring river for many miles of its length, thus making us witness to another one of those quick transitions which come with the spring-time in that wonderful region. We followed the newly-born stream for some time next day, and forded a number of its busy tributaries while they brought in their muddy, foaming toll from the mountain sides. Parts of the plain were submerged by the overflow, and the poor little flowers had a discouraging time of it. Their fate was a grim augury of our own; for, a few hours after, we found ourselves encroaching upon the land of the Azazimehs, the descendants of Ishmael, and were overwhelmed by a storm of abuse from a delegation of the tribe, who, having sighted us afar off, stood awaiting us at the ford of the river which led toward Beersheba. Practically we were made prisoners, and remained so a good part of two days. A poorer and more degraded tribe does not exist than the Azazimeh Bedouins—even the fellahin of Petra are better off; but they make up for it in impudence and bluster. Everyone who drives a camel into their territory is attacked and abused and treated as a spy. The sheikh of the tribe had recently been killed in a tribal war, and his place had been taken by a young aspirant who was as large as a veritable son of Anak, and who was as insolent as he was large. He declared that our attendants, who were Haiwatt Bedouins from Akabah, were at war with the Azazimehs and could not be allowed to cross the territory. "Will you, then, supply us camels to take us across to Hebron?" "No; we have no camels of our own. They have all been stolen from us." "What, then, must we do?" "You may proceed to Hebron if you like."

This practically prevented us from going on. Not until the night of the second day could this dispute be settled. At last it was agreed that for backsheesh a messenger should go to the camp of the Teyáhahs in the adjoining territory and engage camels for the removal of our luggage. No day in Petra held more anxiety than this one did; for parting with the mutinous wretches into whose hands we had voluntarily placed ourselves at Akabah, compromising with those who held us prisoners, and arranging with the new-comers, required an amount of intolerable yelling and bluster which was more interesting than pleasant. Swords, pistols, clubs, spears, fists, and guns were all used; but nobody was hurt—very much. Even the moon looked troubled by the time we made our departure. If such people infested this region when



A Modern Hagar.

the spies came this way, it is not so wonderful that they returned to Moses and said, "We were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." Certainly my long-felt sympathy for Hagar and Ishmael was much shaken by my dealings with their descendants. Nothing could be more lovely, however, than the region reached a day's journey farther north, when in the neighborhood of "the brook Eshcol." The land rolls through "green pastures" and "beside the still waters." The wide valleys were clothed with verdure, spotted with daisies, buttercups, dandelions, poppies white and red, and many other flowers. Large flocks were there, attended by their shepherds; the fellahin were at work, and the women, tall and erect, were everywhere carrying water in jars upon their heads. The fields were protected from the torrents by stone walls such as we saw in the wilderness, and olive groves and vineyards abounded. It was a grateful scene, made more so by the resemblance of the gray-sided hills to those of good old Massachusetts. Each vineyard of Eshcol was protected by a high stone wall; in every one was a low stone structure which served as the house of the attendant. The roof was the watch-tower, whereupon the watcher spent the day, to keep the birds and the Bedouins away from the fruit. Nestled away down in the valley below lies Hebron, "in the plain of Mamre." There, reaching across, is the old camping-ground of the patriarchs, and in the distance, towering above everything else except the surrounding hills, are the minarets of the mosque which covers the cave of Machpelah.

It must be that I stood close to where the spies passed into the Promised Land and saw some of the country which they searched for forty days. It seemed unusually beautiful to one who had been wrestling for a hundred days with desert-travel; and it was not hard to believe that it flowed "with milk and honey." But if we are to follow the traditional track of the Israelites into Palestine we must not yet go down to Hebron. For the sake of history we will allow our itinerary to lead us back to Kadesh—to the historical departure of the Israelites for the land of Canaan. Their nomadic life was about to be changed for the more comfortable one of the Promised Land. But how were they to get there? They could follow up the Wady Arabah until they arrived near to the Dead Sea, and then continue among the cliffs of Moab on the east, or they could wind through the equally difficult ravines on the west; but both routes were very difficult and dangerous,

because of the opposition they might meet from the dwellers in the land. They were refused a passage through the land of Edom, and there was but one route left for them to follow: that was to retrace their steps southward to Akabah, then go by the wilderness of Moab. The route is clearly defined in Deuteronomy ii. 8, as follows: "And when we passed by from our brethren the children of Esau, which dwelt in Seir, through the way of the plain from Elath [Akabah], and from Ezion-gaber [at the north end of the Gulf of Akabah], we turned and passed by the way of the wilderness of Moab."

A wide plain will meet the view of the modern traveller as he comes up from the south to the wilderness of Moab. This plain rises gradually until it approaches the Jordan, where the western border reaches nearly four thousand feet above the sea. Standing at that height, one obtains an impressive idea of the vast depression of the Jordan Valley and of the Dead Sea. The noble mountains which run north and south form a wall, as it were, between the Jordan Valley and the farther east. The bare and rocky mountains of Gilead seem the nearer: so near are they that one with good eyes may see how the descending torrents have torn deep into their sides, and in places he may discern the differences between the species of trees in the forests which clothe the plains lying at the mountain bases. Now the broad expanses seem to sink far, far out of focus; and then they yield again to the rocks and barren fields, with only an occasional thicket occurring to relieve the dull monotony. Rising high on the right of the prospect is a range of mountains leading southward, from which somewhere rise the tops of Mount Pisgah and the mountain of Nebo. Beyond these, and back to the south again, are the bleak and sunburned summits of the Arabian Mountains, so far away, and yet seemingly very near. The desert plains, the uneasy sands, the drought-seamed soil, and the torrent-worn wadies, thousands in number, combine to suggest a scene where active force has been suspended and the whole petrified by the sudden grip of a dreadful power all unseen—as though some purgatorial air had blown across it and scorched out its life while the dramatic changes were going on. The wild roar of the ocean, with its display of power, does not move the soul more than does the awful silence of a Moabitish landscape. Both alike seem to be placed where God makes his abode, where Nature's mighty wonders are most impressively revealed.

Many an earnest and industrious explorer has travelled this land of Moab with the hope of locating "the mountain of Nebo" and the "top of Pisgah." The Bible record seems to place them very exactly: "The Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm-trees, unto Zoar." That included Mount Hermon on the north; from Gaza to Sidon on the west, and from below Hebron on the south. The effort of the explorer has been to find a mountain range with a summit—not necessarily the highest one of all—from which all the country included in the Bible record may be made out. Agreeing that there is no presumption in the desire to see with the modern eye as much as was divinely revealed to Moses, the accounts of those who have made the trial are exceedingly interesting. American explorers have been the most industrious in this search, and there seems to be no doubt that Professor John A. Paine is entitled to the highest credit for the information he has given us concerning the identification of Mount Pisgah. From his valuable record, which fills one hundred and fifty pages of the "Journal of the Palestine Exploration Society" (January, 1875), we learn that the noted traveller gathered his proofs by personal investigation. Several summits were ascended, and in turn were found wanting. Patiently and persistently the work went on. All the clues obtained from the traditions of the wandering Bedouins and from the beckonings of Nature were followed, and sometimes they led to nothing more reliable than a mirage. At last a mountain headland with a divided summit was found, called Jebel Siaghah—"a narrow foreland bounded by ledges and steeps on the north and west, falling quickly down to Wady 'Ayun Mousa far below." From this mountain, "2,360 feet above the level of the sea," the "magnificent display" is described as including, briefly, the following:

"Two-thirds of the Dead Sea . . . the Negeb Moses saw; in a direction a little south of southwest . . . a perspective of scarcely a shorter distance than toward the north; the hill country of Judah; the country around Hebron; up to Bethlehem; with no background but the sky, the spires of Jerusalem stand out plainer than ever; 'as far as Bethany'; in the north, hills blend in blueness that lie not far from Nazareth, and look down on the shores of Lake Gennesaret; there is the Jordan; Peræa; Bethabara; the point of Gibeon on the right;

the dilapidated tower of Bethel; the high mountains of Ephraim undulate along for a wide distance until they end in Gerizim and Ebal; the hills of Manasseh fall into east-and-west chains which run boldly out toward the valley and present many picturesque features; the mountains before Gilboa have risen still more; beyond these, the hills descend to the lower highlands of Galilee, till they sink off in the plateaus of the northern portion of Dan."

Thus we see that the views obtained by Professor Paine embrace all the territory included in the biblical account, except that the great sea was not visible. Since my journey, the Rev. George E. Post, M.D., of the Syrian medical college connected with the American mission at Beyrout, and one of my companions to Mount Sinai, has conducted a scientific expedition to the Moab country. He visited the sites described by Professor Paine, and made drawings of Nebo and Pisgah. His entire report, with engravings, appears in a recent issue of the "Report of the Palestine Exploration Society." It is valuable, and full of thrilling interest. Dr. Post thinks that Nebo is north of Siaghah.

It must be that Jesus saw Mount Nebo when he visited the cities of Decapolis, as described further on. Let us hope that some enthusiastic explorer will make all these sacred places more familiar to us in the near future. We must return to the "Plain of Mamre," that we may enter Palestine according to the usual itinerary.

CHAPTER VI.

THREE JEWISH KINGS.

The Judge Samuel.—Saul, the Son of Kish.—Saul Anointed by Samuel.—Rachel's Sepulchre.—King Saul.—Jonathan.—War on all Sides.—Saul's Sin.—David the Shepherd.—The Field of the Shepherds near Bethlehem.—The Jewish Warrior.—The Death of Goliath.—David the Musician.—David the Outlaw.—At the Cave of Adullam.—Raiding in the Wilderness of En-gedi.—A "Hospitality" Service.—Saul Again in David's Power.—Again a Wandering Bedouin.—Fight with the Amalekites.—The Philistines Fight Saul at Mount Gilboa.—Saul and Jonathan Dead.—David Punishes the Assassins of Ish-bosheth.—David King in Hebron.—Jerusalem Besieged and Taken.—Prosperous King David in Jerusalem.—The Rebellion and Death of Absalom.—The "Last Words" of David.—Solomon is Anointed at Gihon.—Solomon the Merchant-King.

IN Jewish history, Samuel, Saul, David, and Solomon stand out like great mountains in a plain—like Gilboa, Tabor, Lebanon, and Hermon. The history of these rulers is closely bound up with many of the places we have visited, and hardly a hill or brook, to say nothing of the mountains and valleys yet to come under our notice, fails to recall some incident of their romantic career.

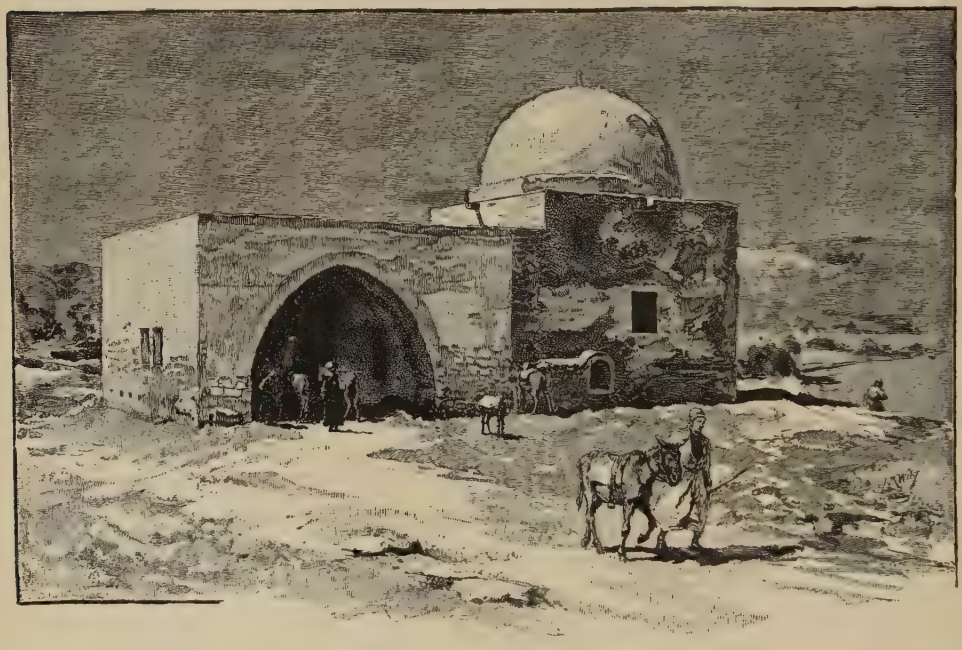
Israel seemed content with Samuel's government for a time, until the work grew too burdensome for him and he sent his sons, Joel and Abiah, as his deputies, to the far southern districts, with their headquarters at Beersheba. They proved as unpalatable to some of their constituents as a modern politician; for, says the Divine Record, they "turned aside after lucre, and took bribes, and prevented judgment." Then arose again, more strenuously than ever, the cry from the elders and from the people, "Make us a king to judge us, like other nations!" The aged Samuel was displeased at this at first. Under divine direction he proceeded to project before the people a long diorama, filled with oriental color, of the evils which would attend a kingdom. Some of their sons would be conscripted to serve as horsemen for the royal chariots; others would be required to run before the chariots; many would be sent to fight the king's battles; more to till his ground and

gather his harvests; while the daughters of Israel would be forced to serve as confectionaries, cooks, and bakers, and their property would be confiscated; then a long chapter of other grievances would follow. "Nevertheless the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel; and they said 'nay; but we will have a king over us.'" Samuel "rehearsed" their words before the Lord. A king was named to reign over Israel, and in time he was brought into Samuel's presence and anointed.

The scene changes now, from the dwelling-place of the aged prophet to that of one of the husbandmen of the tribe of Benjamin. This husbandman, whose name was Kish, was prosperous, for he was the owner of live-stock, and he had servants. Moreover, he had been blessed with a son who was "a choice young man and a goodly . . . from his shoulders upward he was higher than any of his people." His name was Saul. It is often necessary, in Palestine, for the husbandmen to send the flocks of sheep and goats attended by shepherds far from the homestead for pasture. But the larger animals—asses, camels, and so on—when not in service upon the farm, are allowed to stray off in droves, unattended, to find their food. Sometimes they are allowed to wander many days without looking after. This seems like a risky business in a country like Palestine, for the law of the Bedouin marauder is, "if you see anything and want it, and can get it, take it, for Allah sent it to you and it is yours." You may, nevertheless, frequently see large droves of asses and camels grazing together far away from any domicile, with no attendant to look after them. It would not be so, of course, if "war" were expected from any other tribe. The custom, whatever its advantages may be to the Bedouin peasant, is one which oftentimes causes the traveller a great deal of inconvenience, for it is also the law that no tribe shall convey travellers through the territory of another tribe. It is therefore necessary here, as in the desert, to change camels and attendants whenever you come upon the borders of a tribe. More than once I have been forced to wait on this account for two or three days, until the camels could be found and brought in. But, like many of the customs of the modern Bedouin, this was inherited from the ancients. On one occasion the asses of Kish were lost—they were wanted and could not be found. It fell to the lot of this "choice young man," accompanied by a servant, to "go seek the asses." It was no easy undertaking, for the country is a rough

one, full of ravines and hills, and there is no telling where a dumb beast may wander when thirst and hunger lead it to use its will. Saul and his servant, according to the record, had sought the lost animals fruitlessly for several days over the mountains of Ephraim, when Saul, fearing lest his father should be worried about him, proposed to give up the search and return home. They were then in the land of Zuph, only a few miles from Jerusalem. They doubtless met many people on the highway, and from one of these, probably, Saul's servant had learned that there was "a man of God" in the city near by. As a last resort it was proposed to go and consult him, for, as the servant wisely said, "peradventure he can show us our way that we shall go." The "man of God" was Samuel, who was then engaged on one of his "circuits." The coming of the young man had been made known to the seer a day before Saul came. The people were engaged in their sacrificial feast at the time, and were awaiting the presence of Samuel, without whom they would not proceed, when Saul arrived. The greeting which the travel-worn young man met with must have seemed very strange to him, although he had been educated to reverence the "man of God," and was easily taught to follow his instructions. He was first comforted with the assurance that the asses were "found," and then he was led to the feast. He knew of the popular clamor for a king, but he was not prepared to hear Samuel say: "On whom is all the desire of Israel? Is it not on thee and all thy father's house?" What must have been his feelings, then, when he found himself brought into the parlor; given the chiefest place; allowed to share the portion of the feast reserved for the "man of God;" called to commune in private with the seer; detained over night; accompanied by Samuel next day part way on his journey homeward (still an Arab custom); detained another day while the servant went ahead; kissed by Samuel; anointed "to be captain;" and not only directed how further to proceed on his journey, but also told what signs should happen on the way, to reassure him. It was a marvellous experience. He was "turned into another man," and "God gave him another heart." This interview and the parting of the two notable characters took place but a short distance from Rachel's Sepulchre, about two miles south of Jerusalem, and a short mile from Bethlehem. The surrounding country cannot have changed much during the thirty centuries which have passed away since, unless the stones have increased. But

now, instead of the "pillar" that Jacob erected, and in place of the pyramid which stood there in the seventh century in memory of the heart-broken Rachel, there is a small building with a dome, in form similar to a Mohammedan wely or tomb of a saint. It is well plastered and whitewashed. It is a homely structure, but it is a shrine reverenced, honored, and much visited by Moslems, Jews, and Christians. If there are no fanatical pilgrims about, you may climb to its roof and obtain



Rachel's Sepulchre.

a very satisfactory view of the undulating and hilly country around it. Bethlehem is in full view, and, especially at night, seems brought very close by its glimmering lights and the sounds which come from it, though it is quite a mile away. In one quarter or another, surely, the very place where Samuel and Saul parted must be seen, for the eye may take in all there is until the hills call the vision to a halt. Doubtless Saul was familiar with every foot of the way. He travelled it again afterward when on the search for David. The rocky walls of the neighboring glens and the rugged sides of the mountains in sight no longer echo the shouts of a frenzied king or the command of a trem-

bling outlaw. Instead, the cry of the Muezzin and the silver tones of the convent-bell commingle with the voices of the young Sauls who attend the flocks, and with the merry-making of the olive harvest and the vintage. The whole prospect is full of historical interest, reaching from the time when Jacob mourned for Rachel to the day when the last pilgrim from the south here caught his first glimpse of the glittering dome on Mount Moriah and sighted the slender minaret which marks the summit of the Mount of Olives. The "Plain of Rephaim," where the Philistines were conquered by David, is just the other side of the hills which break the distance in our view—but we are making too much haste. After the parting with Samuel, Saul found two men as Samuel had predicted, at Rachel's Sepulchre, who again assured him as to the safety of his father's asses. Then he proceeded northward until he came to the plain of Tabor, where three men met him, carrying three kids, three loaves of bread, and a bottle of wine. Afterward he overtook a company of prophets who, with musical instruments, were coming down from a sacrificial feast. These Saul joined, and prophesied with them, all as Samuel had said would be the case. Afterward Saul went to Gilgal, where he tarried seven days, by pre-arrangement with Samuel. Then followed another assemblage of the people at Mizpeh, when Samuel announced that the Lord would give them a king and that they must select him by lot. . . . Saul was chosen, but the choice did not please everybody. The hearts of some were touched for Saul, but "the sons of Belial despised him and brought him no presents." The tribulations of royalty began with Saul at once. "But he held his peace." He projected a scheme presently which quelled all dissension, and caused three hundred and thirty thousand men to rally around his standard. This was accomplished by a very striking kindergarten lesson which seemed much to affect the children of Israel. The Bible tells the story very graphically: "And he took a yoke of oxen and hewed them in pieces, and sent them throughout all the coasts of Israel by messengers, saying, 'Whosoever cometh not forth after Saul and after Samuel, so shall it be done unto his oxen.' And the fear of the Lord fell upon the people, and they came out with one consent." They joined Saul in the battle against the Ammonites. The Ammonites were destroyed, and then, at Gilgal, his people "made Saul king."

Our next interview with the young king is at a period two years

after his reign began. Samuel's affecting farewell address was still fresh in the hearts of the people, and some of them wished that they had not been so ready to exchange the counsel and help of an experienced "man of God" for the impulsive leading of a young and inexperienced king. All of them lost both heart and head when the dreaded Philistines came into their country and encamped at Michmash "with thirty thousand chariots and six thousand horsemen, and people as the sand which is on the sea-shore, in multitude." Although every man of Israel had been trained in the art of war from his youth up, there wasn't a sword or a spear among them except those borne by Saul and his son Jonathan. No wonder that part of them stampeded and hid themselves in caves, and in the thickets, and in the high places and in the rocks, or that others fled over to the other side of the Jordan. Only a trembling tithe remained with Saul at Gilgal, where the coming of Samuel was looked for. Seven days went by and Samuel did not come. Saul then committed his first great blunder. He assumed the priestly vocation and offered a burnt offering. Samuel came while the service was going on. He reproved the king for his foolishness and disobedience, and predicted the downfall of his kingdom. Only six hundred men were with Saul now, and the Philistines were making ready for an attack. Nothing but the intervention of Providence could save Israel now. The rescue came about in a very curious way. Jonathan and his armor-bearer approached the camp of the enemy, and with their one sword and one spear made an attack upon the garrison. Twenty Philistines were slaughtered within a half-acre of ground. Their fall started a dreadful panic among their fellow-warriors. They set to attacking each other as they beat a retreat—"every man's sword was against his fellow, and there was a very great discomfiture." The frightened Israelites now came out from their hiding places, and were joined by those who, living in the surrounding country, had been pressed into the service of the Philistines. They followed after the enemy, and "the Lord saved Israel."

Many a tedious war followed this one, for enemies arose and gave battle from Moab, from Edom, and from the Amalekites and others, "and there was sore war against the Philistines all the days of Saul." Samuel continued to be the royal counsellor. It was a mortification to him, in his declining days, to see how the indifference and cowardice of the Israelites had caused them, century after century, since the

days of Joshua, to neglect God's command given to Joshua, to wipe out the Canaanites from the land and to take full possession of it. He remembered particularly what "Amalek did to Israel" in the land of Rephidim—in the wilderness of Sinai; and the fact that the judgment of the Lord against Amalek had not been executed by his people Israel, led him to urge Saul to go and so complete the work that not a man, woman, infant, ox, sheep, camel, or ass should remain alive. Saul undertook this work with an army of two hundred thousand footmen and ten thousand men of Judah. He fell upon every region where the children of Amalek lived, and followed them almost to the borders of Egypt. He "utterly destroyed all the people," but he took Agag, the king, alive, and allowed the victorious soldiers to help themselves to the "best of all that was good." Alas! his work was not thorough. What he did was looked upon as rebellion. Samuel met him at Gilgal after the battle to receive his report. An attempt was made by the guilty king to defend his course, but his plea was scorned, and he was rejected as king. Samuel not only told him this plainly, but added that the kingdom had been given to a neighbor of his, who was a better man. Then Samuel hewed Agag in pieces, parted with Saul forever, and went back to his home at Ramah to mourn for Saul.



A Bedouin Shepherd-boy.

While all these affairs of state were going on, down in the fields of Bethlehem, within sight of where Jesus was born more than a thousand years afterward, a handsome youth was occupied attending his father's sheep. He was one of those irrepressible boys whose nature was not satisfied by the passive employments of a shepherd alone; so, among other things, he became a skilled performer on the harp. Even this did not satisfy him, for he wanted to be a soldier. Three of his brothers and four of the sons of his older sister belonged to Saul's

army. From them he had heard a great deal of army talk, which inspired him, and caused him to long for the life of the warrior. But he was a dutiful son, and the desire of his father supplanted his own inclinations. It makes his history seem very real to visit the fields just outside of Bethlehem, say toward the southeast. At first the slopes of the hills seem barren and lifeless; but when you are upon them you will see that they are quite green, with plenty of highly-tinted flowers growing in families everywhere. The monotony of the scene is broken by groups of olive-trees and the flocks of sheep which gather under them in the heat of the day. You may see young shepherds practising with their slings, and sometimes putting their home-made weapons to a use which you had not suspected. If a member of the flock strays too far away from his fellows, he is first gently called, "Tally-henna ya giddi" (come here, you kid), but if that does not avail, he is brought to his senses by a stone sent whizzing after him from the shepherd's sling. This is not done to hurt him, but to warn him. If the recreant has been in the habit of playing truant, a small stone is aimed directly at his wayward body. In either case the wanderer quickly takes the hint and returns to his flock. By such practice the young Bedouin becomes so very skilful with his sling that you would run less risk in presenting yourself as a target to the long and picturesque gun of the Bedouin husbandman than you would in playing Goliath and David with his shepherd boy, for the sling is always ready for action, while the gun seldom is.

In one of the Bethlehem fields you may see the ruins of a strongly-built stone structure. It is called the "Shepherd's Castle." Great blocks of stone, which seem to have formed part of the "castle," lie under the neighboring olive-trees. There are several caves close by, which are used now for the protection of the sheep during the colder weather. The long line of dark in the far distance is a part of the hills of Moab. The Dead Sea lies sunken near their western base. No place made familiar by the history of David is very far away. Indeed, the major portion of his adventures, which occurred before he was anointed king, took place within fifteen miles of the spot pictured on page 141. Here David was when Samuel visited the house of Jesse, the father of David—when his father sent for him to come home and meet the man of God. When David left the field he was but a shepherd lad. When he went back to his duties he was the anointed king

of Israel. As quickly as the great shadow which lies outspread upon the earth on the easterly side of a mountain or of a pyramid just before sunset, shifts—in the twinkling of an eye—to the west the instant the sun goes down and the influence of the moon begins, so "the Spirit of the Lord came upon David," and at the same time "departed from Saul."

I have always pictured David in my mind as what we term in these modern days a "queer" boy. He was a shepherd-boy, of course; that



Where David was a Shepherd, near Bethlehem.

was his work for his father. But anyone who reads the breathings of his soul, which have been preserved on record, will see that his mind was too active and too capable to find enough occupation in attending the flocks. The harp, and doubtless other instruments, gave him diversion, but his eyes were also busied with the works of nature. A lot of history was written upon the few miles of his country which came within his circuit. He knew it all. Doubtless he knew something of other countries and other people too, for there was a busy world outside, whose gods were Light and Poesy and Song. But near the rolling hills of Bethlehem there was no Castalian fountain attended upon

by the Muses, from whose airy spray arose the intoxicating vapor which benumbed the senses of man and brought him into communion with the Hellenic deity. There was no Delphic priestess to swoon for David; no wily priests to turn her wild ejaculations into oracles for the observant shepherd-boy of Judah. His mind was wholly fixed upon Jehovah. Imagination he had—a most vivid one. But it did not decoy him into that Hellenic snarl which, in his day and generation, dragged its deluded victims into looking upon everything as deity. Not a sight nor a sound of nature escaped his notice. He knew the haunts and the habits of the wild animals all. Every bird-call was familiar to him. His soul appreciated and loved all, and all were woven into his songs of praise for the Almighty Creator—all were strung upon his line of metaphor. The Lord was his shepherd; he continually drew similes between his care for his father's flocks and the care of his heavenly father for him; he knew that the serpent was poisonous and that the adder was deaf; that the hart panteth after the water brooks; he could understand the rejoicing of the green hills, and knew what it was to hear the valleys shout for joy; he was familiar with the wild roar of the tempest, and he could compare the enemies of righteousness with the roar of the lion, for he himself had struggled with one; more than once he had seen the water rolling in cascades over the stony inclines about him when the floods of spring-time lifted up their voice; he caught music from the hills as they rejoiced together, and the tender soliloquies of the song-birds meant the praise of Jehovah to him. All things were exhorted to praise Him who rode, not in an iron chariot, but "upon the heavens of heavens." Only one grand and glorious warrant was given for all this. It was the vital artery which gave life to his every song—"For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand." He was the happy lover of nature and of nature's God. His fame spread even to the king's household, and ere long the Lord's anointed twain were found living together. It came about in this way: "An evil spirit from the Lord troubled Saul." Neither money, conquest, nor power could purchase freedom from such a visitation. But common-sense suggested a temporary alleviation, and "a cunning player on the harp" was sought. David's fame as a musician secured him the place. His deft performances not only won him promotion, but also gained him the love of his king. More than this, "Saul was well, and re-

freshed, and the evil spirit departed from him." This happy condition of affairs was not to continue, however. The Philistines had again gathered together their armies to battle. Saul had no choice but to meet them in the field. David did not accompany him, but returned to guard his father's sheep at Bethlehem. It seems strange, since David had become Saul's armor-bearer, that the youth was not permitted to exercise his functions now. But he was the youngest child of his parents, and they already had three sons in the service of Saul. Undoubtedly they objected to making any further sacrifice in behalf of a king whom they knew had been rejected by God. There are other reasons which will seem plain when we study the customs of war which prevailed at that time.

The modern soldier is the machine of his commander. The Jewish warrior, however mean, had a chance to distinguish himself. If his parents were faithful to him when he was a child, they explained to him how, in Joshua's time, the whole land was promised to his ancestors if they would obey God's command and exterminate the Canaanites; moreover, how this sacred duty had only been in part performed; that the blessing yet awaited the valorous, and that fighting at all would be fighting for Jehovah with the assurance of success. Almost every man, then, who could bear arms was a soldier. Success in arms depended upon the individual qualities then, as now. Bodily strength was of great advantage, for hand-to-hand combat was the rule. Complete presence of mind was a priceless quality. Swiftness of foot, so as to be able to chase the enemy, or, perhaps, sometimes flee from him, was acquired early in youth. An animated, unfaltering eye, with an expressive countenance under complete control, would often make an enemy quail when bodily strength even was of no avail. The voice must express a variety of cadence so as to "lay on" with a power which the sword could not always control. An appearance of athletic force was always cultivated. The education of the Hebrew youth supplied opportunities for culture in all these, and the almost constant fighting which went on gave him a chance to become familiar with the art of war. When they went to field, each soldier carried his own provisions so as not to be a burden to the state, or else he was kept provided by the homestead when the field of action was near enough. (The vale of Elah was only a short distance—a few miles—from Bethlehem, and so Jesse replenished the haversacks of his sons by sending

David to them with supplies—parched corn and bread—with a present of cheeses to the captains of their regiment—a healthy diet for warriors.) Foraging was resorted to sometimes. When the scene of battle was far away from their homes, one-half of the soldiers looked after the commissary department while the others fought. As a rule, the invader appeared, and the fighting went on, in the spring. A rest was always taken on Sunday. A completely armed warrior had a helmet of brass, a habergeon, a cuirass or breast-plate of brass, a defence for the back, a girdle for the loins, and greaves of brass for the legs and feet. A sword was provided for his right hand, and a shield or buckler for the left. The greater number, however, had to combat in ordinary clothing, and not all were armed alike. They were therefore formed into detachments according to their armor. Thus, one division had swords and bucklers, a second carried spears and javelins, a third bore battle-axes, while others carried slings. Some fought with bows of steel nearly as long as their bodies and used poisoned arrows. Some of David's men could use both the right hand and the left in hurling stones and shooting arrows out of a bow. Some of them could handle shield and buckler. Their faces were like the faces of lions, and they were as swift as the roes upon the mountains. One great giant had six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot. The cavalrymen rode without stirrups or saddle, using but a simple bridle to guide their unshod chargers. Two men rode in every chariot —one to drive, while the second fought with bow and spear. The chariots were of iron. When accoutred for the field, it was the duty of the warrior to present himself to the priest, by whom he was charged to be courageous, brave, and trustful. When the war-proclamation came, the man who had built a new house and had not dedicated it, he who had planted a vineyard and had not eaten of it, the betrothed who had not yet married his wife, and all who were afraid or faint-hearted could be exempted if they so desired.

All sorts of ruses were practised in warfare. Fires were sometimes lighted to cover a retreat; Gideon and his band concealed their trumpets, lamps, and pitchers upon their persons until they were in the very midst of the enemy. The Philistines gained time for reinforcements by sending Goliath out into the valley to banter the Israelites and frighten them by his bulk—a ruse which might have resulted differently but for the prowess of David. No cruelty seemed too great to

practise upon prisoners of war—no indignity too horrible to lay upon the killed. Head, noses, ears, hands, and feet were cut off; the bodies were mutilated under the threshing-drag and under the harrow; the women were maltreated, and the sons of royalty were treated to a special horror. Woe befel the people upon whose territory the battle took place if success attended the invaders, for the springs were filled in, the crops were destroyed and the fields were covered with stones thrown down from the hillsides. The armor was burned whenever it could be seized, and the farming implements were destroyed.

When the battle was ended, and the home-coming occurred, the soldiers were met by the females playing upon musical instruments and dancing as the daughter of Jephtha met him—as the women came out of all the cities through which David passed when he returned from his combat with Goliath. In time of peace the implements of war were hung up and the combatants returned to the plough. Some of these customs are still practised among the Bedouins. They are compelled, very often, to depend more upon their cunning than upon their arms, for not infrequently the entire arsenal of a tribe presents but a most pathetic sight. When I came up from the desert I fell in with the remnant of a tribe of Azazemahs who had just returned from "war." They were in pitiable shape. Their sheikh had been killed and his body carried away; their camels had all been run off; their flocks had been stolen, and they had nothing left to defend themselves with. And yet they opposed our progress as pluckily as a centipede that turns to bite you after the bulk of his innumerable pedals have been torn from his body.

On a certain occasion two armies, accoutred somewhat after the fashion described above, were encamped "in array" on the sides of one of the beautiful valleys a few miles southwest of Jerusalem. Those on the western incline had come over the hills from the direction of the Mediterranean, and were Philistines. Saul and his army, fresh from the rich country north and east, occupied the eastern side of the valley of Elah. "Army against army" had been there for about six weeks without making much progress. They had clashed before, and knew each other well enough to guard their manœuvres with some little consideration. The question as to which was the stronger was a debatable one. Saul and his army, like the wise soldier who never allows himself to underrate an enemy, "were dismayed and greatly afraid."

The Philistines had invaded the territory of his people, but he

seemed unwilling to make the attempt to drive them off. The Philistines knew that there was a great deal larger country back of Saul to draw reinforcements from than there was at their rear, and they were, therefore, cautious about advancing below their stronghold. There was among them, however, a champion from Gath, the giant Goliath. This freak of nature, protected by his magnificent armor, exhibited himself daily down in the valley and defied the army of Israel to send him a man to fight with him. He offered to let the result decide also the impending battle. For forty days he was allowed to do this without anyone of Saul's command daring to accept the pagan's challenge. The rest of the story is told us by one who has written it with the dramatic clearness of an eye-witness. The young shepherd-boy of Bethlehem, the anointed king, came from his home only a few miles away, to bring supplies to his three older brethren who were with Saul's army. He volunteered to go down and meet the boastful Philistine, but was snubbed by his own brother for his presumption. His king, however, upon being reassured, allowed David to accept the challenge and meet the foe. When the ruddy shepherd-boy, whose only weapon was his sling, came back to the headquarters of Saul, he bore the sword of the boaster in one hand and the giant's head in the other. Saul did not say to him, who art thou? but "whose son art thou?" This was a cool reception, yet at the same time the son of King Saul, Jonathan, who stood by, "loved him as his own soul." He acknowledged the courage of the young victor, clothed him with his own royal robes, and gave him his armor. Saul gave David command of his men of war after he realized what a service had been done, and David was honored by all the people. Even the women came out from all the cities through which he passed on his return from Elah. They sang to his praise as they played, and ascribed to him greater conquests than they did to King Saul. Alas! for David. His ascending star was checked on its rapid course as suddenly as the planets were when Joshua said, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." For Saul was angry and "eyed David from that day and forward." Then followed a chain of romantic incidents which supplies us with the most adventurous history in all the Old Testament. David's life was attempted by his royal master while he played before the king; Michal, Saul's daughter, fell in love with David, "and the thing pleased Saul"—pleased him, not because he approved of

their union, but because he saw a probable way of causing the death of the bridegroom. The conditions of the dowry were so made by Saul that David was sent to battle with the Philistines again, with the hope of his being killed. He returned with a double dowry, however; yet "Saul became David's enemy continually." A further conquest over the Philistines gave David no favor with his king, for when he returned and again exchanged his armor for his harp, and was trying to divert his demented, would-be assassin, Saul again sought to murder him with his javelin. Then the young man, aided by his wife, escaped and went out from his royal home to consult with Samuel. His interview with the prophet and his affectionate parting with Jonathan were not concluded ere Saul and his attendants began to hunt him down, and David became an outlaw. He fled to the wilderness for safety. His first halt was at Nob. The ark was resting there at the time, and he caused Ahimelech, the priest, to give him of the hallowed bread to eat. There he fairly jumped into the arms of one of Saul's servants, but he put on a bold front, armed himself with the sword of Goliath, and went down to Gath, the former home of the boasting monster whom he had killed. There he was recognized by Achish, the king, and feigned madness in order to escape being questioned.* His next place of refuge was the cave of Adullam. He did not deem it necessary to travel a great distance in order to evade Saul. At no time during all his escapades, which occurred from the time he and Jonathan parted until he was recognized as king, at Hebron, was he more than thirty miles from the home of Saul—such a matter, say, as the distance from Boston to Worcester, from New York to New Brunswick, or from Trenton to Philadelphia. But the country was well known to David. He was never much more than twenty miles away from his home in Bethlehem. It is a peculiar country, inasmuch as it is full of caverns, caves, glens, deep ravines, and sometimes thickets. Doubtless David had tramped the whole district involved in the portion of his history we are studying, more than once, while searching for his father's live-stock. Its white marl ridges, its steep slopes, its barren and rugged wadies, its ravines, whence came up the cries of the wild beast and the murmurings of the water brooks in strange dissonance, its every grove and

* Such "tricks" as this are yet in common practice among the Bedouins. I have known our cook to "make himself dumb" more than once so he need not give attention to the begging of our stores by the Bedouins through whose country we were passing.

thicket, were all familiar to him. He knew also to what heights to climb when his poetical fancy led him, to see where the gleaming thread of the sea lay in its rock-bound chasm—where the long ranges of Moab were disclosed, with the impregnable inclines down which a thousand water-courses ran to the broad plateau on the other side of the Jordan, close to where his ancestry dwelt. All these wild and striking prospects David seemed to be much better acquainted with than Saul was, and so he was able to carry on the wild, Modoc warfare, which followed between them, with the greater skill.

Anyone who has footed it from Bethlehem to the convent of Mar Saba, or even farther toward the Jordan or the Dead Sea, will well understand the nature of the country. It is the same all over that section (or under it) which lies west and south of Jerusalem, as far as Hebron and Gaza. Some very strange excavations are there, the purpose of which can hardly be made out. Their interior chambers remind you of the interiors of the dark, rock-cut structures at Petra, only they are underground. They have the same appearance of dwellings, and yet their sides are lined with receptacles for the dead. Besides these, the natural caves are without number. Sometimes the sides of a glen of fearful depth are lined with caves, wherein a direct ray of sunlight never enters. Frequently a tiny stream goes singing along at the bottom of such a deep cut which, with a sturdy aloes plant battling for life here and there, gives the only relief there is to the horrid desolation of the scene. You could find a dozen such places within a few hours' ride from Jerusalem, where Nature does not seem to have left a single attractive feature, aside from the always attractive and strange geological structures which are piled up on every side. To such cheerless places the Lord's anointed resorted during his season of testing and of trial. For a time Saul could not get any clue to the whereabouts of the fugitive. At last his servant Doeg told him how he had seen David at Nob, and how Ahimelech had given him food and the sword of Goliath. This bit of gossip caused the massacre of Ahimelech and eighty-five of his assistant priests, by order of Saul. The news was carried to David by Abiathar, one of the sons of Ahimelech, and the young priest remained with David. We next find our hero defending the people of Keilah against an invasion of the Philistines. His good services were requited by the treachery of the men of Keilah, who sent word to Saul of David's whereabouts. He had gath-

ered quite a following by this time, and led his ill-fed adherents once more into the wilderness, and made a great cavern their rendezvous. Saul followed hot after him, but was interrupted and forced to return to Gibeah by another invasion of his old enemy, the Philistines, who, hearing of his absence from home, thought to make an easy conquest. When Saul took up the hunt again David had changed his base to the wilderness of En-gedi, a few miles eastward toward the Dead Sea. Saul sought him, and wearied by the march, entered the very cave where David and his men were, and lay down to rest. Now was David's time to rid him of his dreaded tormentor. Did he? No! No sprig of modern monarchy ever held a more fixed faith in "the divine appointment of kings" than David's in the sanctity of "the Lord's anointed." When counselled by his attendants to make short work of his enemy, he merely cut off the skirt of Saul's robe while he slept. The temptation to go further was a terrible one. His heart smote him, however, for what he had already done, and when his spirit prompted him to kill his sleeping enemy, and with one stroke of the sword of Goliath clear the way to the throne, he cried out in agony: "The Lord forbid that I should do this thing to my master, the Lord's anointed." The weighty sword was sheathed, and the great man, panic-stricken, crept back into the darkness, that his tired, ill-advised, and demented king might finish his rest.

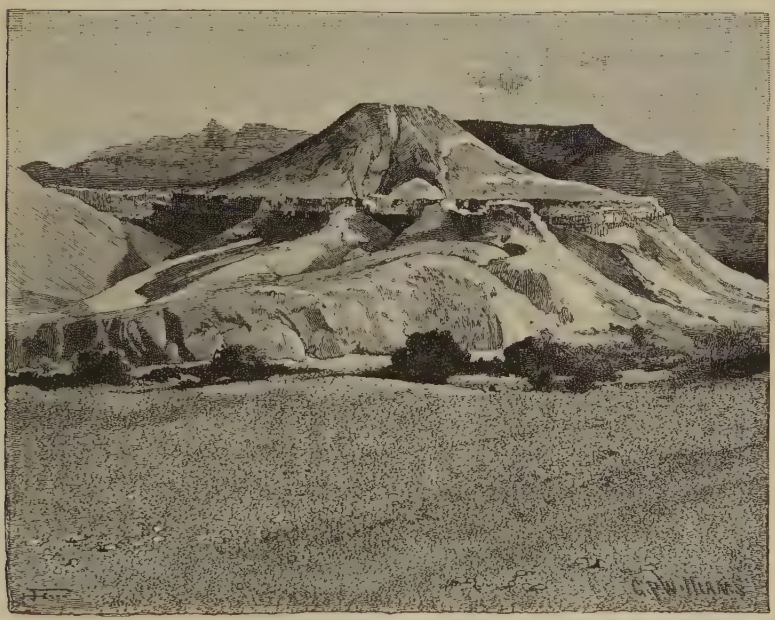


The Cave of Adullam.

What a dramatic scene followed when the recuperated Saul awoke and started again in pursuit of the man he hated! And what a strange setting for the scene! When the curtain of night lifted and the light of morning fell athwart the stage, the king went stalking down the

side of the glen; the clashing of his armor awakened the echoes as, followed by his army, he sought the little stream at the bottom, that all might be refreshed by the cool water before going on with the search. Now another character appeared, at the mouth of the cave, backed by a band of ragged banditti. He hesitated a moment, trembling at the sight of the armed host he saw tramping down the valley. He well knew what their errand was. The next moment the rocks rang with the cry: "My lord, the king!" Saul turned and saw the man whom he supposed would murder him, had he the chance, holding the skirt of his garment up to view, and caught the protestations of innocence as the words came rolling down to him from the cave. This story would seem very real to you if you could visit any one of the dozen rocky amphitheatres within ten miles of where Adullam is supposed to be. No wonder "Saul lifted up his voice and wept," when David finished his earnest declamation. "Saul went home" then, but David did not accompany him. He had already seen, too often, how unreliable and treacherous Saul could be, and trusted him not. So he and his men "got them up into the hold." They were still outlaws, and were compelled to gain a livelihood by their prowess and their wits. No conscientious scruples were indulged in when they came upon the Canaanites. Their Bedouin blood boiled then, and they raided for all they could get. Sometimes they occupied themselves by voluntarily guarding the flocks which had been sent where water and pasture were plentier than around the homes of their owners, and defended the shepherds from the attacks of invading tribes. Then, at the end of the season, when the time for shearing came, David would send a delegation of his men to the owner of the guarded flocks, with a statement of the service done, and ask for a fair return. As a rule, such claims were settled without much dispute. The husbandmen well knew the value of the protection thus given them, and requited it accordingly. Nabal was an exception, however. He was one of the wealthy herdsmen of Carmel, a few miles from Hebron, and, as was his annual habit, sent his large flocks into the wilderness to graze until shearing time. In the language of the attending shepherds, David and his men "were a wall" unto them all the time they were in the fields, "both by night and by day." But when David sent his servants to Nabal to have his goodly services remembered, Nabal answered them: "Who is David? and who is the son of Jesse? there be many servants

nowadays that break away every man from his master. Shall I then take my bread, and my water, and my flesh that I have killed for my shearers, and give it unto men, whom I know not whence they be?" This answer was taken to David. Such injustice must be resented, and at once he and four hundred picked men girded on their swords and started for the rich man's house at Carmel, to take what they believed was their share. But for Abigail, Nabal's wife, a raid would have been



In the Wilderness of En-gedi.

made; and no wonder, for David was only following the Bedouins' idea of justice.

The entire history of this transaction affords an insight into some of the characteristics of the nomads, which to this day are unchanged. They are not an ungenerous people if you strike them understandingly. The comfort which a Frenchman derives from being "polite," the Arab gets from being "hospitable." Both may feel and look as though they would like to rob or kill you after they had sleeked you over with their one and very peculiar and national trait, and the Arab will, if opportunity comes along. The humblest Bedouin does his best to reserve what he dubs his "hospitality tent," and is always willing

to entertain strangers, be they "angels unawares," or probable subjects for brigandage after they are a half-day's journey from his quarters. I have good cause to remember always the "hospitality" I accepted from a murderous tribe of Azazemehs, not more than a dozen miles away from where David guarded Nabal's flocks. A "feast" was part of the programme. The *menu* was not as puzzling as a Parisian one, but it was as full and as good as the one which David gave—"a loaf of bread, and a good piece of flesh, and a flagon of wine"—when the ark was brought into Jerusalem, and it was served with much ceremony. In an Arab village the tents are arranged on three sides of a plat of ground, with the fourth side open. The "hospitality tent" is usually at one end, near the open. The female quarters are next, separated by a tent-cloth or rugs. An improvised divan of the same material is the only piece of furniture in the "hospitality tent." On such a sumptuous article of antique furniture my companions and I sat and suffered "hospitality" for nearly four hours, only a few miles from David's ancient hiding-places. A fire of twigs was first built. That was very welcome, for the night was chilly. The twenty-five savages who, attended by one of the veiled women, came to share the fire and the feast, were not so agreeable. Each one brought a "contribution," usually some twigs for fuel. Coffee was made with great ceremony. Several of the men took part in bruising the blessed bean in a wooden mortar, with a pestle almost as long as the arm. Tune or time was kept with the rude instruments. If a younger person than the one officiating at the pestle entered the tent, he politely assumed the labor and caught up the tune. The coffee was boiled in a ladle, and the water was cleared in the same utensil. Oftentimes water is as scarce as coffee—always less plenty than milk. Three times the mocha was served in tiny china cups, one of which had been broken, and was mended with copper bands and wire. Next a sheikh was sent out with a sword in hand to slaughter a sheep for the feast. While he was gone a two-gallon bowl of leben, or sour goat's-milk, was kept in circulation, all drinking from it. The plenteous American moustache came in protectingly useful then. If it was smeared with the dainty lactate, the "hospitality" giver was content. How long this ceremony would have continued no one could have conjectured, had not a cross-eyed Azazemeh, a nephew of the sheikh, come in late and hungry from some marauding jaunt and emptied the bowl. It was

the only cause for gratitude we had during the entire feast. In about three hours a great wooden bowl was brought in, filled with stewed meat and barley pan-cakes—by no means a distasteful combination. With fingers, all helped themselves from the bowl until satisfied, and then the feast ended. For this accommodation on our part we were treated the next day very much as David was by the children of Keilah, for we were not allowed to depart until we had fully paid for the "hospitality," with usury added.

Parting there with the wretches, in whose hands we had been since we left Akabah, compromising with those whose guests we had been, and arranging with still a third tribe to conduct us to Hebron, resulted in an intolerable amount of yelling and bluster, which was all shocking to the nerves. Swords, pistols, clubs, spears, fists, and guns were used, but no one was hurt. I do not wonder that David wanted to annihilate the churlish Nabal when he was denied what an ordinarily generous Bedouin would willingly give to a stranger without any previous service. In accordance with the law of the tribes, which still holds good —although it may be a bad law—he was justified in making a raid and in taking whatever property Allah put in his way.

Not long after the transaction with Nabal, David fully realized that his conjecture as to Saul's untrustworthiness was well founded. He had settled down at Hachilah, with the intention of remaining in that wilderness for a time, when the Ziphites discovered him, and reported his whereabouts to Saul. The spiteful envy of the king, like a cancer, crazed him again. With three thousand chosen men he started in search of his enemy. It was not a very long march from Gibeah, Saul's home. It was only about twenty miles away, but there was no night marching. When the red sun sank into the desert, and the shades of evening came, and the after-glow was over, the great king stuck his spear into the gravelly bottom, threw down his bolster against it, and soon fell asleep with his bad counsellor Abner and his people lying around him. Once more David had Saul in his power. He visited the king's camp at night. By his size and armor he soon discovered Saul's whereabouts. Abishai, David's attendant, volunteered with but a single blow of the spear to finish Saul. It was a sore temptation to David, for he was now harassed almost beyond endurance. But his answer was, "Who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed and be guiltless?" Again Saul was spared and David departed, taking

only the kingly spear and a cruise of water from Saul's bolster. The next day a scene similar to the one at the cave of Adullam took place. There was no altercation. "David went on his way and Saul returned to his place."

It was the last time the doomed king "played the fool," as he himself termed it. David continued distrustful, however, and to make himself more secure, again went over to Gath, in the land of the Philistines. Rather than excite his ill-will, Prince Achish, son of Maoch, king of Gath, allowed David to settle in his territory, in the secluded district of Ziklag. By an occasional brush with some of the oldest inhabitants down near the Egyptian border, David sustained himself and his people. He was placed in a rather awkward position once, for Achish invited him to join in an expedition against Saul. He started out with the Philistines, but a way was opened for his release. The Philistine princes objected to the co-operation of Hebrews in their enterprise. Achish made a frank statement to David of the way matters stood, attesting his confidence in his ally, but the slayer of Goliath marched his brave band back to Ziklag. In their absence the Amalekites had visited Ziklag and burned it. They slew no one, however, but took all away, including the wives and children of David and his men. Now another bright bit of Bedouin history followed, such as you may see enacted almost any year if you journey between Petra and Kadesh-Barnea. A spirited report of the affair alluded to is given in 1 Samuel, xxx. David and his six hundred started at once in pursuit of the Amalekites. So fast did they go that, at the brook Besor, two hundred of the eager band fainted and were left behind. After the brook had been forded, they found an Egyptian lying in the field, nearly dead. Like good Samaritans they resuscitated him, and to their surprise found that he was present at the burning of Ziklag, for he was the servant of an Amalekite. On the promise of protection he became guide to David, and led him down to the camp of the Amalekites. Long before it was reached, from a neighboring hill-top, the marauders were seen "spread abroad upon all the earth, eating and drinking, and dancing, because of all the great spoil that they had taken out of the land of the Philistines, and out of the land of Judah." An all-day battle followed, which resulted in the destruction of the entire Amalekite band, except four hundred young men who rode upon camels and fled. All the women and children of David and his men

were recovered, with the spoils which had been taken at various places during a long season of raiding and robbery. It must have been a picturesque scene.

An equally attractive and characteristic one took place when the brook Besor was reached. It was the fight over the spoils. I have seen such many a time on a small scale, over the "blackmail" which I had paid for passing through some territory, or for the privilege of filling my water-skins at the tribal well. One's head is lost over the bluster and disputes started on such occasions, by men who claim a larger share of the service than another because, perhaps, they had lifted a jar of water from the well-curb, when the other had done nothing but lift the jar down from the hands of a camel-man. Similar selfishness and greediness caused the rupture in David's camp now. Some of those who went with him to the Amalekite camp thought it unfair that those who fainted at the brook Besor should receive more than the return of their wives and children. David was the sheikh, and he decided that the shares should be equal, or "part alike." The Bible historian says, "and it was so from that day forward, that he made it a statute and an ordinance for Israel unto this day." This law is broken by the modern Bedouin, however, for I have more than once seen a wily sheikh hide a portion in his garments before the division was made.

Our history now brings us back to the plain of Esdraelon, the great battle-field of Palestine. The disconsolate David, knowing that Saul always refrained from entering the country of the Philistines, concluded that he would have more peace among them than when hiding about among the caves near to his own home, formed an alliance with Achish, the son of Maoch, the king of Gath, and moved his headquarters down to Ziklag. Samuel was dead. Saul had concluded to give up the chase after David, for so long as the Philistines harbored the fugitive, he could hardly do any damage to the king. But Saul's country divided the two strongholds of the Philistines, and they made one more effort to wrench his territory from him. If they succeeded they could control nearly all the low lands in Palestine, from near the borders of Egypt on the south, along the Mediterranean to Mount Carmel, then around its base to the plain of Esdraelon, and thence across it to the Jordan. It was a prize well worth wrestling for. Once more, then, they united their forces and pitched in Shunem.

Their position was admirably chosen. Only a gentle slope closed their rear. In front a level plain, two or three miles broad, was just the place for the free manœuvring of their chariots. It was not long before Saul discovered their presence and gathered his forces on Mount Gilboa. It was part of his usual tactics to choose a height for his headquarters, rather than the low land. From his encampment on Gilboa he could witness the marshalling of the Philistines across the valley. His spies could creep about among the thickets and watch the enemy's every movement. But their reports filled him with trembling and fear. He sought for Divine direction in the matter, but it was not given him. He was forsaken of God and cast down in spirit. In his tribulation, at nightfall, he left his quarters, disguised, and went around to Endor to consult a witch. He obtained no comfort from the necromancer, and was next day forced by the Philistines to stand fight. It was his last battle, and it went hard against him. His three sons, including Jonathan, were killed; many of his men were slain, and the rest of his army fled, leaving their king lying wounded by the arrows of the archers, upon Mount Gilboa. In this dreadful plight Saul pleaded with his armor-bearer to finish the dire work of the enemy, but even that favor was refused him. In his desperation he seized a sword, fell upon it, and died. His armor-bearer immediately followed suit. According to custom, the Philistines returned on the day after the battle to strip the slain. When they found the dead bodies of the king and his sons, they cut off the royal head and carried it to the city of Bethshean, their Jordan stronghold, and hung it to the town wall. Saul's armor was carried to the house of their idol, Ashtaroth. Then fleet messengers were sent to every city of the Philistines. The walls of every idol temple rang with loud huzzas when the victorious news was published to the multitudes who assembled in them, and the tidings spread over the whole land. The cities of Saul, forsaken by the children of Israel, were promptly occupied by the Philistines.

It would seem now, Saul being dead, that the way was clear for David to assume the responsibilities of the glorious position to which he had been anointed, but such was not his opinion. Saul's son Ishbosheth remained to dispute the throne. So, after David had revealed again the sweet elements of his character evinced in his song of lamentation for Saul and Jonathan, saying, among other things, they "were lovely and pleasant in their lives," by divine direction he crossed over

to Hebron with all who were with him, and there established himself. There he was anointed king over the house of Judah. Meanwhile Abner, the one who goaded Saul on to destroy David, established Ish-bosheth as king in Saul's place over the northern countries. A long war between the house of Saul and the house of David ensued. In a weak moment Saul's son offended Abner. Then the wily politician turned color and offered his services to David. But this compact was not allowed to last long. There was a blood feud against Abner. He had cruelly slain the brother of Joab and Abishai in the battle of Gibeon, and they had sworn according to the custom of the country (a custom which is still followed there) to have revenge upon him. The opportunity occurred when Abner came down to Hebron to offer his services to David. Joab had no confidence in the man who had so many times shown his spite against David, and so told the king. David's forgiving spirit was more than Joab could withstand; so, taking Abner aside at the gate, he killed him. Saul's son did not long survive his right-hand man. Thinking to add to the power of their king, Rechab and Baanah visited the house of Ish-bosheth, and while he lay on his bed they slew him, and carried his head to David. David, still true to that one inflexible principle of his, which he would rather die than forego, namely, that no one could "stretch his hand against the Lord's anointed and be guiltless," was horribly shocked at this well-meant act of fealty. He caused the assassins to be slain, their hands and their feet to be cut off, and they hung up over the pool in Hebron. The old pool, where this horrid spectacle took place, yet remains in Hebron (see page 166). It is only a little way from the mosque which covers the tomb of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and their wives.

Comparative quiet reigned for a time now. David was recognized as king by all the elders of Israel. He had certainly experienced an eventful life so far, for so young a man. He was only thirty years of age when he began to reign at Hebron. He remained there seven years and a half. Everything grew and prospered under his hands, except Hebron, which began to be too small for the capital of so great a king. Another must be sought. When watching his flocks and practising on his harp on the higher hills of his native Bethlehem, he had many a time seen the walled city with its stony embattlements which topped one of the highest hills to the northward. Indeed, he was fa-

miliar with all of its surrounding valleys, and had mounted every neighboring rugged height. The dreamy ambition which he had in his early reign, to make himself master of its splendid defences, assumed such shape that he sent word to the Jebusites, who then held the fort, that it was his intention to drive them out and take possession. They sent back his messengers with the polite and confident reply, that in substance amounted to the boast, that they considered their city so impregnable that only the lame and the blind were employed in its defence, and not until David had taken them away could he pass the gates. "Nevertheless, David took the stronghold of Zion . . . . and called it the city of David." His next step was to convey the ark there. His reign continued in Jerusalem over thirty-three years. There is not much remaining there to trace his reign now, except the hill of Zion, upon which the principal portion of his city stood. The splendid old Zion's gate, which opens into the quarter nearest to his tomb, looks as though it might serve as a defence for another thousand years. It may not be the very structure at which David sat awaiting the news from Absalom, while the watchman went up to the roof over the gate, that he might announce quickly the approach of the running messenger who was expected to bring the tidings, good or bad; nor the gate which protected and upheld the chamber where David went after Cushi had announced the death of the rebellious son, and wept, saying, "Oh, my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, oh, Absalom, my son, my son!" Nevertheless, it is situated very near to where the royal palace was, and you may see the same hills and look down or across the same valleys which David saw when undergoing the sad suspense of that fatal day. It overlooks the region of Gihon and the pool near where Solomon was anointed king, and you can almost see down to Rachel's sepulchre when you stand upon its roof. It is one of the most ornamental gates of the city.

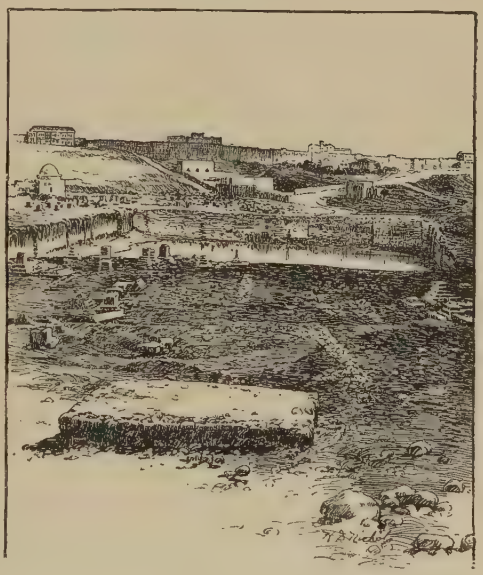
When we study the character of the modern Bedouin we can discover how it might be that Mohammed drew some of the fatalistic elements of his faith from his interpretations of the character of David. Ask a Bedouin shepherd-boy what he would do if he were lost and hungry, and his answer will be, "I would do nothing—I would sit down on a rock and wait until Allah sent me something to eat." If his sheep go astray he does not lose his complacency, but reasons thus: "Allah scattered my sheep; when he wants me to find them he will show me

where they are; Allah be praised." In other words, notwithstanding his vehement nature, as a rule, he will not fret himself about anything. Of course, I only refer to the "very religious" Bedouin. There are plenty who care but little for Allah, who are not so fatalistic in their methods. But David's conduct was led always by his implicit trust in God. Faith was the platform on which he walked. If he sometimes stepped over the edge and fell, he always exhibited more enterprise in getting back upon it than concern about the roughness of the way, or pleasure at its smoothness. Samuel came to him to anoint him; he made no office-seeker's journey to the seer's capital. Saul's people sought him to soothe their demented king by the tender trills of his harp; he did not leave his flocks and minstrel it under the king's window in order to gain a position in the royal household. Jonathan's love, the approval of the populace, the adulation of the women, and the gift of Saul's daughter, Michal, were the result of his brave conduct in behalf of his people, and did not grow out of selfish seeking. When he was an attaché of the king's house he did what was commanded; he showed no resentment when the javelin was sent after him with murderous intent. Royal favor and its withdrawal were accepted with equal trust. If a net of intrigue was set for his feet, he seemed to care only to get out of its way rather than to discover and punish the conspirator. When he saw that his presence was an annoyance to his king, he went away as cheerfully as he came back when reconciliation was offered. He raised no disturbance over trifles. He grieved more over the death of his enemies than he did over their treatment of him. He fled when he heard of Absalom's rebellion, with no plans ahead. It was his own sublime precept, "Fret not thyself because of evil-doers," which gave him the courage to creep up to the sleeping Saul and separate a piece of the royal garment with his sword. It was the "rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him" element in his character which prevented him from accepting immediate accession to the throne, and spared Saul's head at Adullam and in the wilderness of Ziph.

A grateful king now prospered in Jerusalem. Many of the rulers of other nations visited him and declared their allegiance. But as his sons grew up around him and his advisers increased in years and wisdom, the desire for more territory also increased. David assented to effort in this direction, believing that he had not yet done what he could to fulfil the Lord's commands to drive out the ancient occupants

of the country and possess it for Israel. The long series of foreign wars, about which the Bible tells us so little, then followed. The Philistines were destroyed; the Syrians were driven off; the people living on the Euphrates were sent flying to the other side of the great river, and Petra and all the other cities of Edom were conquered. While these brilliant conquests were going on in foreign lands, a conspiracy was brewing in the very home of the triumphant king. This in time resulted in his favorite son, Absalom, organizing an army against him, and in the flight of the king to a hiding-place over the Mount of Olives. The plot of Absalom was to seize the throne and place himself upon it. He had for five years or more been wandering about away from his home, shirking his duties of state as the heir apparent, ignoring all filial duty to the father whose favorite son he was, and currying favor for himself wherever he could. He took special pains to gather the sentiment of the populace as to his father, and learned that no little opposition to David lurked here and there because of his plain way of living. Instead of quieting down to a home life such as David followed at Jerusalem, spending the state's funds for singers and players, they felt that more pomp and display should be indulged in, so that the envy and respect of other nations might be excited universally. Wherever such whisperings were heard, Absalom fanned them into a flame of opposition to the Lord's anointed, and paved the way to the throne for himself. His personal appearance and his insinuating manners helped him on to success. "He stole the hearts of the men of Israel." Then, when his father was depressed and weakened by a sad malady, the heartless son fired the fuses which he had set, excited the populace, and they declared for Absalom as king. David retreated from the strong city gate down to the "King's Dale," and then up through the thickets to the Mount of Olives, on the quick march to the other side of the Jordan. It was a sad day for him. His family and servants were sent to cross near Jericho, over to the other side, but he remained hidden on the mountain. Absalom, meanwhile, held a council of war at which Hushai, one of David's friends, was present. It was determined to follow David and take his life, if possible, without further bloodshed. The news was carried to David, and forces gathered in defence. The crisis came "in the wood of Ephraim," east of the Jordan and not very far from Jericho. There was a great deal more wood there then than there is now, for although the slaugh-

ter at the terrible battle which ensued was dreadful, "the wood devoured more people that day than the sword devoured." Absalom, the conspirator, was among those who were lost in the wood. The mule he rode, frightened at the confusion about him, became uncontrollable and rushed into the thicket. Alas! for Absalom. His splendid hair became the cause of his death. It caught in the boughs of an oak and held him. His mule ran from under him and left the would-be king suspended suddenly, like a victim of modern justice, "between the heaven and the earth." The thrusts which followed from the three spears of Joab, augmented by the earnest smiting of the ten young men who bore Joab's armor, caused the death of the helpless son of King David. There was not much ceremony at his burial. He was thrown into a pit in the wood, near where he fell, and a great heap of stones was laid upon him.



Gihon, where Solomon was Anointed.

Once more restored to power, after the days of mourning for his recreant son were over, David devoted himself to the preparation of his "last words" to his people. His perturbed life had made him long for peace and rest, but it was not to come to him yet. Not only did a hateful plague visit the land, but another rebellion took place in his household. It was part of his plan that Solomon, his youngest son, should succeed to the throne. This raised the ire of Adonijah, the older son, and there was great excitement round about Jerusalem for a time. Adonijah, determined on usurping the kingdom, called a conference of his brethren and others in power. They met down in the valley just south of the present gardens of Siloam, at En-Rogel. A grand feast was given by the ambitious prince, but Solomon was not included in the invitations to be present. The feast was not ended before the good

old-fashioned way of appealing to men through their stomachs began to work, and the sides of the picturesque valley rang with the cry, "God save King Adonijah!" While the feast went on the news was carried to David. Always quick when he felt that he was right, he summoned Zadok, the priest, and Nathan, the prophet, with others, to his side, and ordered preparation made for the immediate crowning of Solomon. The Bible narrative is short and graphic: "The king also said unto them, take with you the servants of your Lord, and cause Solomon, my son, to ride upon mine own mule and bring him down to Gihon. And let Zadok, the priest, and Nathan, the prophet, anoint him there, king over Israel; and blow ye with the trumpets, and say, God save King Solomon."

The king's desires were soon fulfilled. The little party did not have to go far for the ceremony. Gihon, with its lovely gardens, was just in the valley below the royal palace, scarce a stone's throw from the strong gate of Zion. There is a great reservoir there now, which for many centuries has been one of the water-supplies of Jerusalem. Pictured with the western side of the city, it forms one of the most interesting views—so full of history—in the neighborhood. The news of the anointing of Solomon was carried to King David and to "King" Adonijah simultaneously; it soon spread to all quarters. King David was in bed; Adonijah and his friends had just ended their feast when the tidings came. Fear seized the conspirators, and they forsook their chosen "king."

We turn now to the reign of Solomon. It followed through forty years of wonderful prosperity, seven of which were occupied in building the temple. In the beginning "a wise and understanding heart" was given to him, and for many a long year he allowed himself to be guided by it. For the first time in their experience the men of Israel had a king who seemed to fulfil their ideal. The king was the head of the nation, and they wanted to be viewed by other nations with respect and with awe, if possible. Instead of waging war, Solomon turned his attention to travel and merchandise. He gave heart and hand to an Egyptian princess, a daughter of Pharaoh. She must have charmed him during one of his journeys to the Nile country. Hiram, king of Tyre, became his fast friend, and the queen of Sheba made the long journey from her home to Jerusalem, in order to see, and to carry presents to King Solomon. The gold of Ophir and the spices of Arabia

were brought over the seas and across the desert to enrich him. His warriors were supplied with targets of gold; he sate upon a throne of ivory which had six steps, and upon each step stood a lion. All the drinking-vessels of the temple and of the household were of solid gold. Every three years the ships came up from Tarshish laden for him. He became rich, and he was wiser than any king on the face of the earth. Everything seemed to prosper under his hands. But his wisdom forsook him. During his travels in foreign lands he married other wives, and they turned his heart after other gods. On one of the hills southeast of the grand temple which he had dedicated to the Lord, he erected "high places" for the worship of those false gods. Even Moloch was honored thus, and little children were sacrificed to that "abomination of the children of Ammon." The downfall of the great, rich, and wise king quickly followed. Hearing of his weakness, his adversaries began to close in upon him from Damascus, and from Edom, and from Egypt. His kingdom went from his hands, and he was left but the title of a prince "for his father, David's sake." He died, and his son Rehoboam reigned in his stead.



The Eastern Pool of Solomon.

How the mighty have fallen! All the witness that is left of Saul is the time-scarred monolith of Gilboa. Thanks to David's poetic, devout

nature, besides the few doubtful traces of him remaining at Jerusalem, we have the study of a sweet and noble youth; a record of his relations with Saul, abounding in lessons of loveliness and goodness; the story of his reign, which abounded in sufficient that was saintly to make us forgive his humanity. We also inherit the legacy of his immortal songs. The Song of Songs, the warnings of Ecclesiastes, and the Book of Proverbs will always keep the memory of Solomon fresh in the hearts of every Christian, Hebrew, and Mohammedan. Poet, philosopher, mystic, and moralist he was. Even more, he was a public benefactor. Far down in the vale between Jerusalem and Hebron, not far from Rachel's sepulchre, a mile from Bethlehem, in a country familiar to Samuel, Saul, and David, are three characters in deep, clear intaglio, cut in the hills by his hand. There is no Semitic mystery about their conformation. They are plain to all. They are the pools which gave living water to Jerusalem, the city of David, and to Bethlehem, the birthplace of the king of Glory. If they mean any more than that, may it not be that they stand for Solomon the Wise?

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE SOUTH COUNTRY.

Hebron.—The Cave of Machpelah.—The Pool.—Abraham's Oak.—The Vineyards of Eshcol.—The Pools of Solomon.—Bethlehem.—The Birthplace of Jesus.—Bethany.—The Tomb of Lazarus.—The House of Martha and Mary.—The Women of Bethany. The Convent of Mar Saba.—The Dead Sea.—The Jordan.—Pilgrims' Bathing Place.—Decapolis and the Cities of Perea.—The Jordan toward Moab.—Jericho.—The Fountain of Elisha.—The Climb up to Jerusalem.

RETURNING to our journeying, we come once again to the "plain of Mamre," and visit Hebron. Hebron is the oldest town in the world which has maintained a continuous existence. To one coming up from a tiresome wandering in the wilds of the scorched desert, where only an occasional oasis occurs to sustain faith in that stage of creation when God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind," this first sight of Holy Land is an enchanting one, yet one, as was afterward found, where distance lends enchantment to the view. The hills and the valleys alike are clothed with olive-groves, orange-trees, and vineyards; figs, mulberries, almonds, pomegranates, and vegetables like our own melons and cucumbers also abound. Streams of water run hither and thither and murmur music which gladdens the heart of the weary traveller. But the cities and towns have but little of beauty.

It is no wonder that Caleb's heart always turned back to this region after his visit to it as a spy, regardless of the threatening appearance of the children of Anak. Surely Joshua was just when he "blessed him, and gave unto Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, Hebron for an inheritance." Caleb was not afraid, and he revered the place for good reasons. The frugal and industrious husbandman still cares for this historical plain. Seated upon the mountain south of the vale of Eshcol, one can see just where Joshua and "all Israel with him" fought against Hebron; where the fugitives used to run into this city of refuge and fall, panting with fear, at the corner of the great pool, saved as soon as

they touched its wall; doubtless the very route over which the spies came, and undoubtedly the narrow valley through which Abraham hurried his three hundred and eighteen trained servants up toward Dan to rescue his kinsman Lot, who had been captured by the four kings. There, too, on the far left, is Abraham's oak, said to mark the spot where the patriarch's tent was when the angels visited him; on the right, glistening like a gigantic mirror in the sun, is the great pool, upon the farther wall of which David hanged the heads of the kings who had murdered Ish-bosheth, the son of his rival Saul. A wonderful amount of history clusters about this valley and the well-



The Pool in Hebron where David Hung the Murderers of Ish-bosheth.

cultivated inclines which shape it. Adjoining the tents of my party were those of two young sons of the Prince of Wales and their companions. We were told that the streets of Hebron had been cleaned for the princes, yet the passages seemed very filthy after coming from the clean, dry wadies of the Negeb and the stony highways of the wilderness of Kadesh. The bazars of Hebron are dark and damp. Only a small opening in the wall here and there allows the light to come in, and for such a blessing extra rent is charged. The streets are crowded, and the crowds are motley enough. The tawny gypsy, the brown Bedouin of the desert, the spiritless Syrian, and the pale, blue-eyed Jew, with his greasy red lovelocks, provide a gradation of color as well as a variety of types. All of the women do not cover their

faces; but if they were faithful to the cause of beauty and of Mohammed they would. The children are chubby and pretty, but insolent, pert, and dirty. They spit upon the stranger and throw stones at him. The manufacture of glass beads is carried on extensively at Hebron, and the preparation of goat-skins for carrying water is also a principal industry.

Of course the great attraction of the town is the old mosque. It is entered by quite a pretentious stairway, with a fountain on the right-hand side of an arched doorway of red and black and yellow stones. It looks older than the Nile temples. Its walls are of long, bevelled stones, with nearly three inches of cement or mortar between them. As a rule, Christians are not admitted inside, but Jews are permitted to go as far as the inner wall of the cave enclosure, where, near a small hole, they wail and weep as they do at the Haram wall in Jerusalem. From the top of the outer wall, however, reached from the roof of an old mosque, the traveller may look down into the court and see and photograph the door or entrance to the Cave of Machpelah. It is in no way pretentious—only a pointed arch crossed by a wall reaching up about eight feet, and broken by a low, arched entrance in the centre, with a square aperture at each side to admit light. Yet this is the most interesting sepulchre on the face of the earth, for inside are the graves of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Sarah, Rebekah, and Leah. No site in Palestine is more authentic, and none so carefully guarded. And no road in Palestine is more dreadful than the narrow, rocky bridle-path which leads up to Jerusalem. Worse still, the desert traveller bids farewell to his camels at Hebron and takes to the saddle. This involves a change of attendants, too, and that is never pleasant. Besides, for a long journey, I am convinced that camel-riding is easier than horseback riding. As many miles per day are not accomplished, but the traveller is much less wearied at the end of the day. Abraham's Oak and the Vineyards of Eshcol are visited on the way north. Many ruins are passed on the way. On nearly every hill-top old walls, columns, or solid doorways mark the place where once a prosperous city of Judæa must have stood. Our poor horses slipped and stumbled over the slimy stones and bruised their shoulders against the



The Cave of Machpelah.

walls. We were not acquainted with each other very well, and sometimes we dismounted that man and beast might get along better. In three hours the pools of Solomon are reached. These great reservoirs, three in number, lie in a deep ravine, and are fed by neighboring springs. They were built by King Solomon. Aqueducts still exist, which led the useful element to the Garden of Elam and the holy city. The eastern one (see page 163) is 582 feet long, 207 feet wide, and over 50 feet deep. Its neighbors are larger. At the northwest corner of the smaller pool is the old Castle of El-Burak, erected for the protection of Solomon's Pools.

We are now but a few hours' ride from Jerusalem. Impatient though we may be to enter its gates, we must first divert a little from our journey and make a halt at Bethlehem.

The principal point of interest there now, is, of course, the Church of St. Mary, or the Church of the Nativity, as it is usually called. It is a quaint old structure and rather bare inside. Bethlehem is one of the most attractive cities of Palestine. A market-place where sheep and goats are sold is in the foreground of our view of the city, and near by is the Church of Saint Mary. Within the church is the reputed place where Jesus was born. Bethlehem is about as clean a city as there is in Palestine. Its population is largely Christian. The visitor is conducted by a monk through an arched doorway underneath the church, which leads to the spot where it is said Christ was born—"the spot of the nativity." A cave is shown as the place. It is lighted by richly wrought and costly lamps, and attended by monks of three creeds—Latin, Greek, and Armenian. The pile of buildings devoted to their various convents is immense, as is also the difference in their creeds.

After a ride to the field of the shepherds, a visit to Bethany followed. A prettier bit of country than this route includes does not exist in Palestine. As the approach to the town is made one may catch varied glimpses of the Dead Sea on the right. Combined with the surrounding country, it looks like a diamond in an emerald setting, sparkling in the sun. How the heart leaps when one realizes that he is indeed looking upon scenes which fanaticism and over-much zeal cannot change in either location or beauty. This is, indeed, holy ground. Turning the eyes to the left, we see again, this time nearer, a view of the hills about Bethany. Fig and olive orchards abound here, and some pretentious houses are perched upon the rocky terraces. It is a



Bethlehem, from the Church of the Nativity.

fine farm country for Palestine. Within the town are several traditional points of interest, as the "houses" of Martha and Mary (one a Latin site, and another of Greek persuasion), and the tomb of Lazarus. The reputed tomb of Lazarus is far beneath the surface, in the rock, and is easy to enter for a small fee. Twenty-nine steps lead down into the tomb, all hewn out of the rock. The visit thereto is by no means a pleasant experience, especially as we are led by a surly Mohammedan, who keeps counting his beads, lest the "Christian dog" contaminate the dirty dungeon. Up, then, to the air again, through one or two nar-



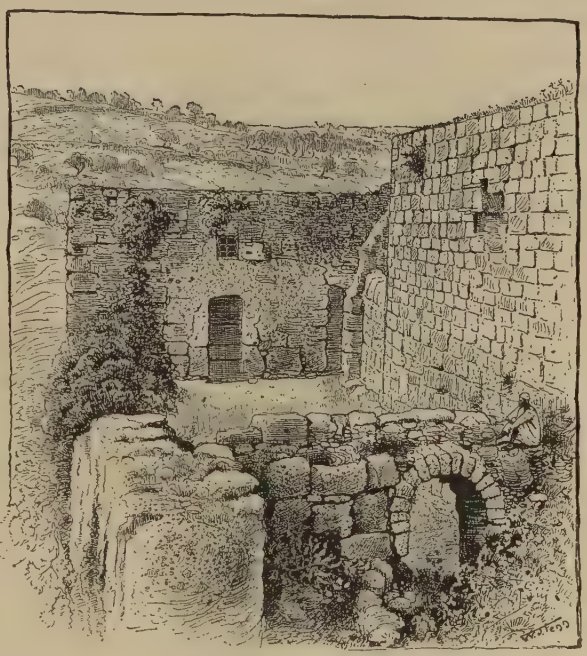
Bethany.

row, dirty streets, when, after waiting a long time for a wide gate to be opened for us by our churlish attendant at the tomb, we enter an enclosure and are shown the ruins of the reputed house of Martha and Mary—according to the Latin persuasion. When the earnest traveller is not satisfied with the traditions and stories of the custodians at these places he can comfort himself with the surroundings of nature. Along yonder pathway Jesus walked daily—and the hills are as he saw them. Not far away was his dwelling-place.

Here, at Bethany, we saw the "father" idea illustrated as prettily as in the Arabian desert. If a child enters an apartment where its father is, it will not sit down or speak until the father notices it and

bids it be seated. Moreover, if children grown up to some size enter and find the father engaged in any labor—beating coffee in the mortar, for example—the youth will assume the work and go on with it.

No one can visit Bethany without being impressed with a sense of its sacredness. It is lovely for situation, and its people are different from the rest of their countrymen. There seems to be a contented community there, in pleasant contrast with the wretches of Jericho. The people politely welcome the stranger; the oldest inhabitant exhibits the few attractions of the town; the women serve fresh buffalo-milk to the visitor; the children are many, pretty, and shy. Their good traits are all the more apparent after one has been stoned by the urchins of Hebron, and hooted at by those of Jerusalem and other places. The women of Bethany are just such as we picture Martha and Mary to have been. Many of them are employed in carrying milk to Jerusalem. Large baskets filled with tiny tin-cans are poised upon their heads, and their babies are carried in sacks upon the maternal backs.



The House of Mary and Martha.

A journey from Bethany to the Dead Sea is full of interest. The convent of Marsaba is visited on the way, for of all the convents in Palestine this is one of the most attractive and picturesque. Here, from A.D. 437 until his death, St. Sabas gathered around him thousands of devoted followers. And devoted they must have been to have come to this place, for it is stern and gloomy to the last degree. It is, however, admirably adapted to the uses of the monks who hold it and

guard it to this day with inhospitable, if holy zeal. The structure presents a curious freak of architecture. It is said to have been built at different periods, its first rooms being hewn out of the rocks, then walls and buttresses added, until it is hard now to tell how much of it is masonry and how much nature. Subterranean passages, long flights of stairs, dark galleries, cells, secret entrances, and hidden recesses, make up a whole that is sufficiently weird and mysterious to excite the imagination and make us easily believe that its history, like the history of most of the holy places in this country, is stained with blood. Once those walls echoed to the groans of dying martyrs, and during the fierce struggles between the Crescent and the Cross, who shall say what tragic scenes, what bloody dramas were enacted within the shadows of that gloomy pile. And even now the wild Bedouins of the desert are watching it, ready at any time to rob it of its treasure, should the vigilance of the monks be for one moment relaxed. The traveller usually leaves the convent by the back door and clambers up the side of the Kidron Valley, which he follows for some time. The scene is a most wild and romantic one. Twice the snowy peaks of Mount Hermon are seen. Flocks of startled partridges fly up from the roadside frequently, and away up against the sky are often seen great lines of vultures and storks playing in the air. It is a beautiful sight to see these great feathery caravans, now their dark parts presented to us, absorbing the light like a wind-cloud, now their white feathers shining like



Women of Bethany.

silver in the sun, else in grand contrast, one against the other. Next they circle round and round, high in air; then falling into line again, they drop like lead until one can almost distinguish their feathers. Thus swinging back and forth and swirling to and fro, their line of travel seemed like a mighty river. Such manœuvring is indescribable, and so are all the scenes presented in this old, old land to the appreciative traveller on his way to the Dead Sea.

This remarkable body of water lies 1,292 feet lower than the ordinary sea-level. It is about forty miles long and nine miles wide. The water is beautifully clear, but bitter and salt. It acts upon the mouth like alum, and upon the hair like vaseline. Instead of fish it sends up masses of bitumen, and its shores are lined with pumice-stone. Great tall figures are seen here and there composed of salt. One of them is called "Lot's wife," and may well be taken for a model of wrecked humanity. Vegetation is unknown here, but small quantities of drift-wood have come down with the Jordan and washed ashore. We may see in the distance the hills over which we have clambered, and the very ravine in which St. Sabas's Convent reposes. Turning about, quite a different aspect is presented, for then the Dead Sea toward Moab is seen. Far across, eastward, are the hills of Moab. Northward, less than a mile, the turbid waters of the Jordan empty into the bitter billows of the sea, while further south the blue waters cover the fated cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. Deut. xxix. 23. A little island seems to invite us to visit it, and the traveller usually determines to make the effort to accept the invitation, though, as a rule, without success. The water is lovely in appearance—quiet and still as death. Not a sound disturbs the Dead Sea, for there are no inhabitants upon its shores except wild Bedouins. Dead, indeed, is everything about this strange body of water, and bitterer than Marah to the taste. Yet, dead though it is, it seemed to be possessed by some lively demon, for, when attempting to float in it, our feet were sent flying up in the air, and our heads would have been submerged had we not been on the alert and sat upright in the water, sinking but a few inches below the surface. Most terribly hot was it here, too. Gathering some broken branches, my companions and I formed a tent frame, and, throwing coats and rugs thereon, crept under their shade while we ate our lunch.

Where the Jordan empties into the Dead Sea a long, muddy line is seen for quite a distance, for the Jordan water is usually anything but

clean. But the luxuriant spring foliage, the blossoms on the trees, and the bright flowers on the banks, were surely more satisfying with all their life than the scene of deadness and death which we had left but so short a time ago. Near here it is said Christ was baptized; here the Israelites crossed from Moab, and here Elijah divided the waters with his mantle. Here, during Easter week, Christian pilgrims from all parts of the world come to bathe.



The Jordan toward Moab.

With noise and pomp, such as only the Arabs can affect, they come, they bathe, they return. At nearly all seasons of the year the water is so turbulent, and the approach thereto so marshy, as to make it almost impossible to reach it, to say nothing of bathing in it. On the opposite side a closer view of the hills of Moab is seen. The Jordan is the most interesting river on earth. One's voice could almost reach from here to the Dead Sea, or over to the Plains of Jericho on the west. It must have been near this place where Jesus crossed when he visited Decapolis and Perea. No strict account is given us of the route of the Divine Teacher. It probably led from Dan, through the coasts of Galilee to the "waters of Merom," and along the Jordan to Capernaum. From there the west shore of the sea may have been followed, but probably the quieter upland country was chosen, and the bases of Mount Tabor and Little Hermon were passed within close range. The Jordan was crossed at Bethshean, the town where the

corpses of Saul and his sons were fastened up to the wall by the Philistines. It is within four miles of the Jordan, and was the only city of Decapolis west of the river. Both ford and bridge are there.

The natural scenery of Perea is lovely. There are forests of old oak-trees among whose gray, moss-covered branches song-birds of tropical beauty dart in and out. Gardens, olive-groves, vineyards, and fertile meadows are numerous, all tipped toward the Jordan and the western sun. Sometimes the buildings of the villages are overrun with climbing vines. Wild flowers, plants, and shrubs grow according to their own sweet will. Almost always one can climb to some adjacent elevation, and see the snow-clad line of Mount Hermon in the north, the blue waters of the Dead Sea in the south, and the long line of overhanging foliage which marks the track of the Jordan. Beyond the river the country from Jerusalem to Carmel is discernible, with the varied prospects of wood and hill, mountain, lake, and sea. In the spring one can, from almost any elevation, count thousands of the black tents of the Arabs, who from north, south, and east herd their flocks here, and as warm weather approaches gradually work their way up the mountain inclines. They are usually friendly with the visitor, but they themselves live in constant dread of the wild wandering Bedouin.

Nineteen hundred years ago Decapolis was not such a pastoral land as it is now. The remains of perhaps as many as twenty cities of the past may be seen from the higher ruins of any one of them. Their massive walls, their noble triumphal arches, their forests of columns still stand, because the wanderer of the country prefers his tent to a dwelling-place among these ruins, and the vandal seldom comes in this direction. A massively constructed triumphal arch or gateway, with a smaller arched passage on each side, gave entrance to Gerasa, which is situated about twenty miles east of the Jordan and twenty-five miles north of Philadelphia, the ancient Rabbath-Ammon. As one enters the main street, the ruined temple is seen on the left—a magnificent pile. It looks like a portion of Baalbec. Its columns were forty feet high and six feet in diameter. A corner pinnacle still stands erect. Close to the temple is a theatre which would seat six thousand people. Near by are the ruins of another theatre, and both show what wealth and taste were expended upon places of amusement. No traces of any wheeled vehicle are ever seen in the majority of the towns of Pales-

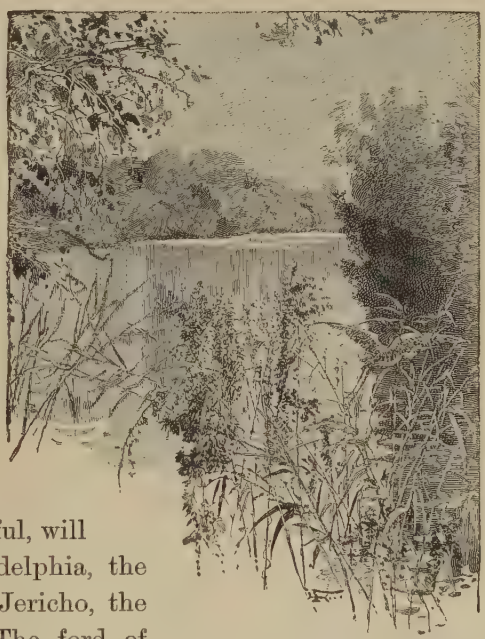
tine; but here, along the paved causeway, the deep-cut ruts of chariot-wheels are as plainly visible as those at Pompeii. Gerasa is almost unknown to history, but we are informed that it was noted for its men of learning, and that it was the "Alexandria of Decapolis."

At Philadelphia the ruins are by no means so extensive or so picturesque, though very important and interesting. The city lies in a valley, and even in old times was famed for its water-supply. It is about twenty-two miles from the Jordan. Even some of the ancient private houses remain in a good state of preservation, for time has been gentle, and there has been no one to destroy them mischievously. Like one of those in Gerasa, the theatre is very large, and is set in a depression in the side of a hill.

The houses of the ancient Jews living in opulence were constructed much as we see them to-day among the ruins of Gerasa and Philadelphia. As a rule, the wealth was not expended upon the exterior; the interior took it all. The walls were plain, the roofs were flat; frequently balconies were attached. The doorway was sometimes ornamented. Passing this, the court was entered. From this court all the various apartments of the house were reached, the upper ones by means of stairways. In the central yard trees, shrubs, and flowers grew; fountains sent up their cooling influence and broke the sun's intruding rays into fragments of rainbows; the walls, the floors, the stairways, and the seats were of marble or of some other stone. Each apartment was raised a little from the court and was reached by steps. When the women of the household came clattering through the court in their wooden "pattens," or shoes, to visit the various apartments, their curious foot-gear was always left outside before entering. The house was made bright by a multitude of lamps. When the stranger came, the table was laden not only with a wealth of service, but with all that could tempt the appetite or please the taste. After the feast, the timbrel, the pipe, and the harp were brought in, and all the members of the household, including the servants, joined in the dance. Those who chose not to take part in the rustic exercises sat upon the roof or balconies, and discussed the topics of the day while they watched the merry-making below.

In all the pleasures of the household the children were allowed to take a moderate share. Moreover, when the noted guest came, he was expected to express his best wishes for the little ones, and impart his

blessing to them. At an early age the child was taken to the synagogue, that he might have the prayers and blessings of the elders. More than usual attention was given to this duty during the times of discussion over the coming of the Messiah; for sectarianism grew apace, and the populace became divided into religious parties. The state of society in Decapolis when its cities were visited by Jesus was anything but peaceful. The first care of their ruler seemed to be to turn the streams of wealth into his own coffers; next into those of Rome, through the appointed Zaccheus of each city and town.



The Jordan—The Pilgrims' Bathing-place.

A camel-back journey of a day, if the camel be fleet and his rider light and merciful, will take the traveller from Philadelphia, the easternmost city of Perea, to Jericho, the easternmost city of Judea. The ford of the Jordan is near the "pilgrims' bathing place." After the upper Zerka, or Jabbok, is crossed, in close succession one passes the spot where John must have ended his mission and entered the shadows of the mountains of Machærus, where he was beheaded. Then Mount Nebo is approached, where Moses died, and close to Attaroth the headless corpse of the Baptist must have been laid. As one descends toward the ford, the sloping plains of Jericho are approached, rising gently from the Dead Sea. The mountains of Moab draw nearer, and the Dead Sea becomes plainly visible from end to end. Sometimes the scene presented is desolate and dreary in the extreme. Here the white rocks force themselves through the parched earth; here are shifting sands, cracked and fissured soil, and deep, dry channels, cut by the torrents which in the rainy season come down from the mountains.

At the ford of the Jordan many generations have trodden down the

earth or pushed their way eagerly through the marshes and the jungle. The luxuriant growth and variety of trees and shrubs remind one of a carefully made collection at some exhibition. The willows dip their yielding branches into the hurrying stream; the tamarisks flutter in the soft breeze; the oleanders stand up stiffly lest their waxen leaves and rose-tinted flowers become contaminated by the muddy water; and the wonderful blossoms and berries of many trees whose names I cannot tell, help to make up a picture of great beauty. Here came the swarming millions of Israel; near here the river was opened for Elijah and Elisha; here Naaman bathed. After Absalom died and David returned to his throne, near here "there went over a ferry-boat to carry over the king's household" (2 Sam. xix. 18). A ride of six miles through a jungle of reeds, thistles, and other plants of rank growth brings the traveller to the most squalid town in all Palestine—the Jericho of to-day. There were, in former times, three Jerichos. The Jericho of Joshua, it is believed, was situated near the lovely Fountain of Elisha—called "Ain es-Sultan" by the Arabs—the place where Elisha healed the waters with salt. This was the Jericho of the Jews, whose history is so full of romance. The Jericho of the Romans—that is, of Herod's or of Christ's day—was more than a mile away, as the old aqueduct beyond Ain es-Sultan and the Roman ruins thereabouts indicate. The ruins of the Jericho of the time of the crusades probably lie beneath the modern village, only a short distance from the Fountain of Elisha. Making a composite of them, we may say that Jericho was situated on a plain nearly three thousand five hundred feet below Jerusalem. Even in the days of Christ, it was surrounded by towers and castles.



Fountain of Elisha.

If you could stand upon the roof of one of those strong structures, toward the Jordan shore, the semi-circular plain would rise up like an amphitheatre. Its swelling slopes, lifted one above the other to the height of seven hundred feet and running back nearly three miles, would well resemble the tiers of seats, the width stretching over eight miles from north to south, in good proportion, while a strip of dividing wilderness, clothed with the richest decorations nature could supply, would serve for the main aisle. Perhaps there is no more torrid place in all Palestine than this sunken hollow wherein the fated city once flourished. It is magnificently fertile. There is scarce a rod unoccupied by some luxuriant growth. It must have been a lovely spot when Cleopatra persuaded the infatuated Antony to make it her private possession. It was then known as "the city of palm-trees." The balm, which so delighted even that fastidious queen, was cultivated here, together with henna, camphor, and other rare commodities. The only structures now standing here are a khan, in charge of Russian monks, and the "house of Zaccheus," a low, tower-like building, doubtless a relic of the crusades. Sixty families, living in extreme degradation, make up the population.



Aqueduct Near Jericho.

Jericho is about thirteen and a half miles north-northeast of Jerusalem, just opposite the opening of the valley of Achor, in which Achan, "the troubler of Israel," was stoned, and through which runs what is supposed by some to be the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens. A fine stone bridge, thirty-five feet high, with pointed arches, crosses

the Cherith here. Standing upon it, one can see several ruined aqueducts, showing how much attention must have been given to the irrigation of the entire plain. Some of these aqueducts have two tiers of arches, and are handsome even in their ruin. Surely the skilful engineering of the Roman Campagna was followed in their construction. Some of them run into and through the hills. Here and there a great reservoir or cistern has been sunk. Even Damascus, "the earthly Paradise," could not have presented a more garden-like



Modern Jericho.

luxuriance than did the plains of Jericho when Jesus came here and halted to heal the blindness of poor Bartimeus. Now its glory is all gone, but the blind are not all gone. It seems true that one in ten of the native people met in the way are either blind or have diseased eyes. They still sit by the wayside, usually in couples, appealing to the charity of the stranger.

The climb from Jericho to Jerusalem is one of the most exasperating in Judea. There are a number of routes, but if any one is chosen, sorrow is sure to follow the preference. The journey is not a long one, and soon after leaving the sunken plain of Jericho, the air becomes more vital. The rolling hills are dotted with olive-trees, and green

fields lined with stone walls appear, between which the tortuous bridle-path ascends. One favorite route is by the brook Cherith, which hurries Jordanward through a deep slit in the earth, cut by some unusually awful blow of Nature. After climbing, say five hundred feet, by turning one may gain an appreciation of the true depression of the site of Jericho and of the Dead Sea. Now the path runs up rocky defiles, amid chalk hills, through stony valleys, and over blighted soil; up, up, in the sun, until the tops of two giddy fragments of masonry are seen. These are in Bethany, and form part of what is called "the house of Martha and Mary." And we shall know the rest of the way, when we follow along history a little further, and read of the triumphal entry of our Saviour into Jerusalem.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

The Triumphal Entry of Jesus Christ.—The Route from Bethany to the Holy City.—Ancient Landmarks.—View from the Bethany Road Southeast.—Mount Zion.—The King's Dale.—Siloam.—The Tomb of Absalom.—In the Valley of Jehoshaphat.—The Kidron Valley.—Views from the Top of the Golden Gate.—The Mount of Olives.—The Temple Site.—The "Court of Omar."—Mount Moriah.—The Temple Area.—The Citadel.—Views from the Citadel Mosque.—From Jerusalem to Gethsemane.—The Turkish Garrison.—The Via Dolorosa.—The Muezzin Call.—The Church of the Holy Sepulchre.—Easter "Services."—The Four Quarters of Jerusalem.—The Christian Quarter from the Pool of Hezekiah.—The Jews' Quarter.—The Jews' Wailing Place.—Ancient "Stones."—The Tower of David, and the Tower of Jesus.—The Tombs of the Kings.—The Stone at the Door of the Sepulchre.

IN one of the narrow streets of Bethany are the walls of an old stone building, the single opening of which is closed by a wooden door painted green. Every visitor is halted at this humble portal, and it opens in answer to the creak of a long, heavy, rusty key manipulated by both hands of the custodian. It is called the house where Lazarus and Martha and Mary lived. The encircling walls seem to be less antique than the old Roman arch which stands within, and their architectural style evidently dates from periods different and widely separated. Upon the walls are trailing vines and scattered flowers. The inclosure is only about twelve feet by fourteen feet in extent, and has no roof. If this is really the place where Jesus was wont to come day by day after his work had been finished in the city, then it was the scene of great excitement on the last Saturday he spent upon the earth. The time for the feast of the Passover was at hand. Every road and byway was swarming with people journeying toward Jerusalem. The number was greater than usual because it was expected that Jesus would attend the feast. No fear of death debarred the faithful son of Israel and true Messiah from undertaking the journey with the rest; so the start was made. From every wall of the roofless apartment the deep-cut, narrow road up which he climbed may be seen dividing the



ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

hill which protects Bethany on the west. It is one of the loveliest spots in all Palestine. Fresh and well-attended is everything, and free from the pestering people one meets in so many localities. The olive-trees are healthier, shapelier, and more fruitful than those near Hebron; the wheat-fields appear more thrifty, and the flowers are surely more abundant. It seems as though nothing had changed since Jesus went by, except that then, perhaps, a village capped the now bare hill, as was the case with almost every hill-top in Palestine when he was a dweller there.

His associates on his journey came from the masses—a motley assemblage, part of whom had followed him from Decapolis and Jericho, their number augmented by friends and followers from the region round about Bethany. Undoubtedly the Galilean disciples, who had joined him during his ministry there, led the enthusiastic procession. When the brow of the hill was reached a second living stream was seen winding down the pathways on the opposite hill and along the deep valley intervening. Palm branches were uplifted in the hands of some, and others broke boughs from the fig- and olive-trees and bore them aloft. Long before the two assemblages met, the crowds from Jerusalem began to carpet the rough mountain road with the verdant boughs, and those from Bethany divested themselves of their garments and spread them in the way before their divine companion. The high, rocky inclines of both Olivet and Mount Moriah echoed and re-echoed the loud hosannas which went forth from that joint multitude. The distance between the two towns is barely two miles. As the advance was made, one section turned back and led the other. Soon a slight descent and turn in the road was reached. As though crystallized from the clouds, suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, the city of Jerusalem appeared in its entire extent, no object whatever intervening to break the glorious view. Mount Moriah stood forth with the Herodian Temple rising far above the supporting and protecting walls; Mount Zion, covered with the glory and glitter of its magnificent palaces, appeared next; the great wall girdling all with its solid towers and outreaching gates, which appeared like strong knots to strengthen it—all presented a panorama of beauty unsurpassed. The tree-clad hills and the surrounding fertile valleys combined to make a glorious setting and brought out the grandeur of the rich city. Even now this view is most imposing. This preliminary glimpse is soon hidden by the shoulder

of Olivet. The terraced sides of the sacred mountain then, as now, were dotted by vineyards with hedges set about them, with places dug for the wine-vats, and with towers built for the watchmen of the vineyards.

As the enthusiastic multitude moved on, the crowds of persons who had been pouring out from the Holy City ever since the gates were opened, fell in and swelled the procession. These people were of every kind and condition—old and young, rich and poor, women and their little ones. Some came to welcome a friend who had been kind to them, or whose friends had shared his healing power, and some came to honor the king who was to redeem them from the cruel grasp of the foreign invader. There were some who served as spies, and only joined in the loud talk and violent gesticulations in order to bring out the real feelings of the earnest followers of Jesus. Hope and Passion trudged along side by side; Desire and Fear followed them. Every looker-on, infected by the contagion, joined the living mass and increased the exulting shout which came up from the rear. The everlasting hills caught the anthems of praise and sent the sound rolling up the valley, until those who thronged the walls and towers of Jerusalem caught the news that Jesus was indeed coming to the feast, and was even then close at hand. At last the little bridge which crosses the Kidron Valley was reached, and the narrowing procession crossed over to the Golden Gate of Jerusalem. The expressions of fealty and devotion then increased, and the waiting multitude prostrated themselves upon the ground in testimony of their reverence and gratitude. It was the desire of everyone to greet Jesus, and it was a marvel to see the apprehensiveness lest he should not come change place with the delight which attended his actual presence. Such complete possession did the thoughts, hopes, and fears concerning this mysterious man take of the people, that even the preparation for the great impending feast was forgotten. The excited populace was uncertain how or what to think of him, much less what to expect. Some were violent, and declared that any such disturber of the peace was liable to bring down the maledictions of Rome, and thereby destroy even what little prosperity there was among the Jews. Others, who had been wearied and harassed almost to insanity by the tumults and indecision of years, stood with open arms, ready and glad to welcome any instructor who could wrestle with the reigning sect and restore the law of Moses to its

wonted place. For one faction had so perverted the religion of their fathers as to drive from it all the spirit and all the hope for a happy future state; while another, even more offensive, by their dead forms and dreadful practices of vice and lust so poisoned the ancient faith as to sicken every sincere heart. As Jesus proceeded to the Temple his enemies were preaching there, trying by every form of statement and argument to turn away the minds of the people from him. He was branded as a disturber of the peace of the city and of the nation. Oftentimes these services were broken up in confusion. Then Jesus himself took the place of the exhorters and overwhelmed the excited assemblages by the recital of his parables, by his questionings, by his utterances of the great commandments, by his gentle admonitions, by his terrible denunciations, and calm predictions. And thus the public pulse went up and down under the governing sway of hope and passion, until that last night, when, while friends were away, the populace at rest, and suspicion asleep, Jesus was seized, tried, and condemned, and before the news could be spread was hurried outside the walls and crucified.

The topography of Jerusalem is an interesting study. "What were the true limits of ancient Jerusalem?" is a query that has not yet been answered as fully and satisfactorily as has "Where was the place called Calvary?" For our present purpose it will not be necessary to go into the depths of the discussion, because the points which now interest us all lie on the east side of the city. Concerning two points there need be no dispute—in fact, there is none. I refer to the locality of the two great valleys of Hinnom and Kidron. Had their rise at the north and west been a little closer to each other, and their wide, deep courses been filled with water, they would have made Jerusalem an island. As it is, it appears between them like a noble, mountainous promontory. Approach it as you will, it rises sublimely above its environments, with its embattled towers, its always picturesque minarets, and its shapely domes standing out against the azure background of the sky. No clear-headed general of the time when balistæ, battering-rams, and catapults were used in besieging a city, could have coveted a more advantageous site than this. There seems to be nothing about Jerusalem to welcome the stranger. On the contrary, its high walls and its guarded gates seem to say, "Halt! you are not welcome here." And yet its history draws us on, and this same wall of two and a half

miles in circumference—a mere apology for a wall compared with its predecessor, and only about half its girth—attracts our attention at once. The materials of which it is constructed represent every age of the city from the time when "Solomon in all his glory" contracted for the Temple building to the day when Baldwin and Richard Cœur de Lion constructed the splendid Muristan. These quarried fragments of the ages, some bevelled, some of porphyry from Arabia, some of the granite of Sinai, are placed with as little idea of unity and conformity as are the postage stamps in a young collector's album. Here and there a broad arch, closed up, is seen, with quantities of indentations and projections, with prominent angles, square towers, loopholes, and threatening battlements. As in Christ's day, so now, a broad pathway, protected by a breastwork, runs around the top of the wall and often serves as the fashionable, and indeed only, promenade of the curious old city. From the eastern wall, near the Golden Gate, close to the top, a fragment of a round porphyry column projects several feet. The makers of Moslem legends have fixed this for the accommodation of their prophet Mohammed, who is to sit astride it and judge the world when the people assemble in the Valley of Jehoshaphat at the last day.

The general conformation of the walls is that of a quadrangle. The Mosque of Omar and the adjacent grounds occupy the southeast angle. A fair map of this most interesting of all the corners (southeast) of Jerusalem, as it appears to-day, is found in the engraving on page 189. This is the summit of Mount Moriah. This one view includes more points of interest, from right to left, than any other in Jerusalem, and takes in more than one-eighth of the modern city. Outside of the platform the area is covered with a grassy lawn, and here and there olive, cypress, and other trees vary the scene. The southwest corner embraces all that part of Mount Zion which is inclosed by the modern wall, and is occupied largely by the Armenian convent with the accessory buildings. Another immense establishment is situated in the northwest quarter of the city, and belongs to the Latin convent. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre lies between the two, and serves as the general fighting-ground of the two creeds, the battles going on under the surveillance of a Turkish guard and American rifles.

The quarter of Jerusalem to which the exasperated visitor may retire when sickened by the turbulence and uncleanness of the others



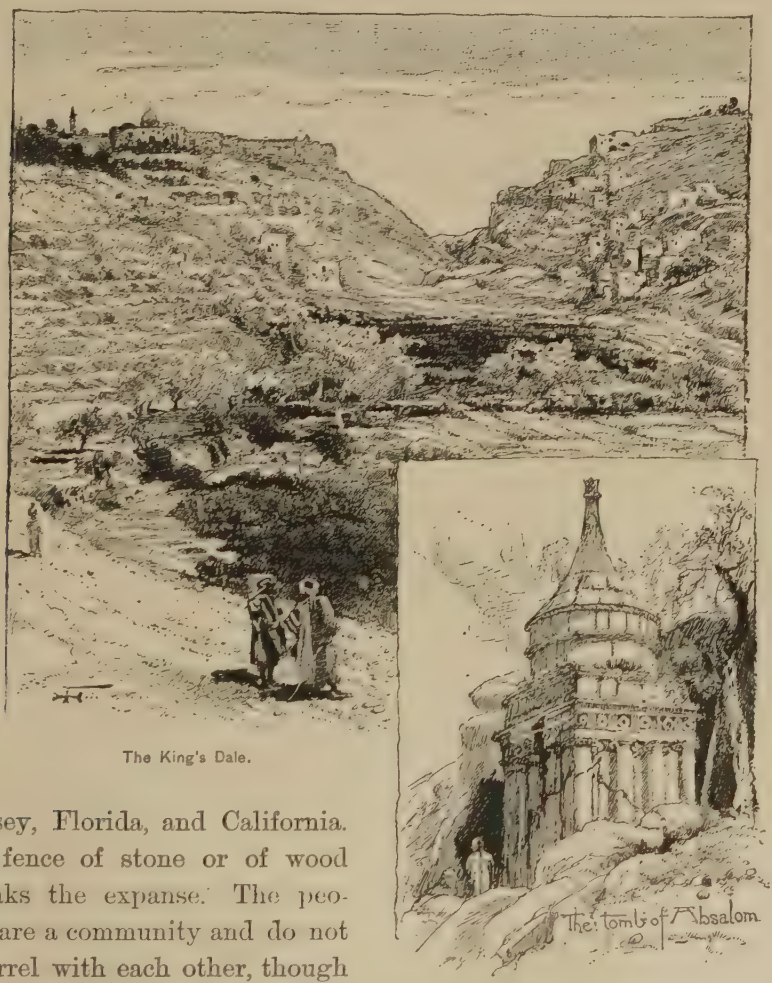
Jerusalem from the Bethany Road Southeast.

is the northeast. It is not largely built up, like the others, but it is beautified by gardens and olive-groves. It is only a question of a little time, however, before these vacant spots will be covered with buildings. Once possession of the land is had by Latin or Greek, occupation will rapidly follow. Within a few years the buildings outside the walls have so increased as to form a new city almost as large as the ancient one within. Superb churches are going up all about Jerusalem, even on the stony incline of the Mount of Olives—many more churches than the whole populace can fill; but their purpose it is not hard to conjecture.

Tradition says that the route from Bethany, on the occasion of the triumphal entry, followed the narrow pathway winding along the side of the Mount of Olives from southeast to northwest, back of the village of Siloam, until the neighborhood of the Garden of Gethsemane was reached, then westward across the valley of the Kidron to the city gate. It is not purposed to dispute tradition now, or even to disturb anyone's peace by arguing the case; but for the better understanding of all or any of the routes from Bethany to Jerusalem, our present journey will lead us down the hills west of the common road of to-day into the valley of the Kidron, where it is joined by the vale of Hinnom. Thus we come at once upon the most sublime and impressive view round about Jerusalem, or indeed in all Palestine. This natural depression is known as the "King's Dale." Through it the brook Kidron flowed once upon a time. No water follows the course now, except in the rainy season of the winter-time, when the torrents from the adjacent hills unite here and follow down to the Dead Sea. The terraces of the eastern shoulder of Mount Zion are detailed here on the left; over the city wall the dome of the Mosque of Omar, situated on Mount Moriah, is visible. Stone stairways are there leading up to Jerusalem. "The Hill of Evil Counsel" is on the extreme left, and the narrow, stony road leading to Siloam beyond, located on the southwestern incline of the Mount of Olives, is plainly observable.

Although the inhabitants of Siloam are as unfriendly a band of robbers as there is in the Orient, they are good husbandmen and have made the neighboring vale a little paradise. The stones have been industriously removed, and the soil has been rendered most productive. The waters of the Pool of Siloam (located on the left) are used for irrigating this garden spot. Plantations of fig- and olive-trees are here;

vineyards and fields of waving grain make a fine color contrast; and the plats devoted to the cultivation of vegetables for the Jerusalem market would excite the envy of the ingenious farmers of our own New



The King's Dale.

Jersey, Florida, and California. No fence of stone or of wood breaks the expanse. The people are a community and do not quarrel with each other, though they scowl at the approach of the stranger. A person can stand on the pathway in the foreground of our camera-map and see, besides the sites named, the "Potter's Field," "Joab's Well," or En-Rogel, the Frank Mountain, the Pool of Gihon, the whole length of the Vale of Hinnom on the left, and the entire eastern and southern walls of Jerusalem.

Following the Siloam road, after the gardens are left behind, the

valley is found to be systematically and extensively terraced, in order that every foot of the precious soil may be utilized. After the village of Siloam is passed, the valley narrows until it amounts to little more than a ravine. A grand perspective view of the eastern wall of Jerusalem is obtained from this point. The entire surface of this portion of Olivet seems to be crowded with the white stone memorials of the dead. On right and left every rock seems to have been excavated, every cave "improved," for sepulchral use. This is largely the case all around Jerusalem. Certainly it is true all the way from Mount Moriah to St. Stephen's Gate, and from Siloam to the Garden of Gethsemane. The humbler Jewish tombs are marked by a slab of rough limestone without emblem or symbol, though many of them bear Hebrew inscriptions. The Mohammedan gravestone is usually upright, set in a base, and the grave is often inclosed on each side and at the top by slabs. There is frequently a footstone as well as a headstone. The study of the excavated tombs is very interesting. There is almost every variety in the neighborhood of Jerusalem. Some of them contain only *loculi*, or troughs, cut laterally in the rock, with an arch or canopy above; and in these troughs the bodies were laid. A second class consists of a central chamber from which rows of *koka*, or rectangular, sloping spaces, run inward, like tunnels, sufficiently high and wide to permit the admission of a corpse. Other tombs have both loculi and koka, together with numerous stone benches around the sides of the chamber, upon which sarcophagi were arranged. The entrance to such a tomb as this is shown on page 221. In some cases there is only one chamber, while in others there are a dozen or more, opening into one another. Occasionally there are two or more stories in one excavation. Masonry tombs are very rare. Stairways lead to some of these chambers of the dead which are found along the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the façades of some of the noted ones have been carved and cut in pretentious styles. Others are isolated—cut from the solid rock—and stand out prominent features in the gloomy prospect. Most prominent among the last named are the alleged sepulchres of Zechariah, St. James, Absalom, and Jehoshaphat. That of Absalom is the most elaborate of all. It is doubtful whether Absalom's remains ever rested anywhere near it, but it always forms a picturesque feature in the landscape, standing as it does upon a well-chosen site. It is quite fifty feet high and twenty-two feet square at the base. All these surrounding sepul-

chres are in harmony with the deadness which pervades the Holy City. With reference to the tomb of Absalom and its pretentious neighbors, Dr. Edward Robinson says, "It is unnecessary to waste words to show that they never had anything to do with the persons whose names they bear." He says further:

"The intermingling of the Greek orders, and a spice of the massive Egyptian taste, which are visible in these monuments, serve also to show that they belong to a late period of the Greek and Roman art, and especially to that style of mingled Greek and Egyptian which prevails in the Oriental provinces of the Roman Empire. The chief seat of this style was perhaps at Petra, where it still appears in much of its pristine character in the very remarkable excavations of Wady Mûsa. When we visited that place, some weeks afterward, we were much struck at finding there several isolated monuments, the counterparts of the monolithic tombs in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The architectural remains of Petra are not held, I believe, to be in general older than the Christian era; nor is there any reason to suppose that the Jewish monuments in question are of an earlier date. Indeed, if they existed prior to the destruction of Jerusalem, they are probably to be referred to the times of the Herods, who themselves were of Idumæan descent, and maintained an intercourse between Petra and Jerusalem. In that age too, as we know, other foreigners of rank repaired to Jerusalem and erected for themselves mansions and sepulchres. It would not, therefore, be difficult to account in this way for the resemblance between these monuments and those of Petra.

"Or, if the entire silence of Josephus and other contemporary writers as to these tombs be regarded as an objection to this hypothesis, why may they not perhaps be referred to the tombs of Adrian? This emperor appears to have been a patron of Petra; he also built up Jerusalem; and both these cities were called after his name. It would therefore not be unnatural that this period should be marked in both places by monuments possessing a similar architectural character."

The view from the east side of Absalom's Tomb northward is an interesting one. It includes the northern section of the Kidron with the hill of Scopus on the far distant right. A portion of the wall surrounding the Garden of Gethsemane is also seen at the right, with the whole roadway reaching therefrom across the valley up to St. Stephen's Gate. Again, we see the entire eastern wall of Jerusalem detailed on the left,

with the Golden Gate rising prominently just beyond the sky-line of the flower-like apex of the Tomb of Absalom. In the immediate foreground we again see quantities of flat, white, time-worn stones. Every one of them marks the last resting-place of some Hebrew who came to



The Golden Gate—Inside.

Jerusalem from a distant land, that he might die in the country of his forefathers and be buried beneath the soil set apart for them by the divine fiat.

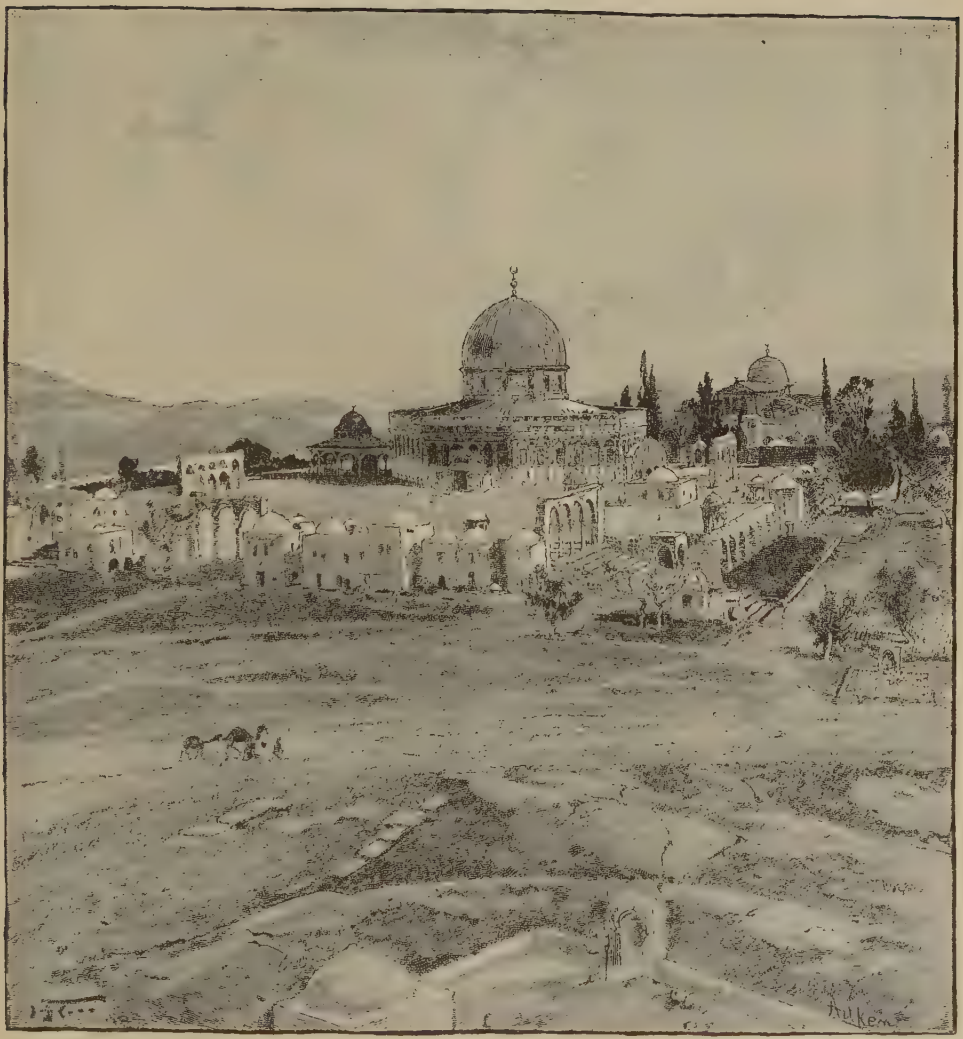
Alas! how the poor pilgrims would have writhed during their last years if they had known that the jackals might be toying with their poor shrivelled remains before the rough limestone placed over them by faithful friends had settled to a comfortable level. But so it is frequently.

Now, if the valley is crossed and the highest point of the Golden Gate is allowed to serve as his Nebo, the explorer, in fact or in imagination, may see almost all that has been described lying outspread at his feet. From that point, too, the best impression may be had of the historical valley lying between the sacred mountains which have held the interest of the world for thousands of years. A few points concerning this valley may not be without interest to the student. Help may be had in the beginning by referring to the excellent map in the following chapter. The Vale of Kidron is the best-known name of this natural depression, yet it is often called the Valley of Jehoshaphat (Jehovah judgeth). Jews, Catholics, and Mohammedans alike believe that the last judgment will take place here. The valley rises, in fact, northwest of the city, a few minutes walk beyond the true site of Calvary. It varies in width and stretches along north of Jerusalem eastward until a turn is made to the south, not far from St. Stephen's Gate. Here the depression is about one hundred feet deep, and a bridge crosses it on the road from the city to the Garden of Gethsemane. The entire roadway between the two places may be seen in the view on page 199. The valley at this point is nearly four hundred and fifty feet wide. After the bridge is passed, the way narrows somewhat and descends. Then its conformation changes continually, until sometimes, as we have already seen, it becomes very narrow and winding in its course. Another bridge is located near the Tomb of Absalom, crossing to a point not far from the Golden Gate. As one descends, the points of interest on each side succeed one another so rapidly as to command constant attention. The enthusiasm increases as the exploration progresses. Once the topography of things is fixed in the mind, it is not readily forgotten. The engraved details which follow will serve to make it all quite familiar to those who are not privileged to go farther than our imaginary Nebo. After passing the gardens of Siloam the valley widens, and then continues its course, south and east, until the Dead Sea is reached.

One more outward view of the east side of the valley from the Golden Gate will complete the series necessary for the localization of the points involved in these descriptions. It reaches from the Garden of Gethsemane, on the right, northward to a point beyond St. Stephen's Gate, and includes the main summit of the Mount of Olives, with all of its western incline. Three paths are seen, all starting at the

garden, and all leading up to the summit. The central one is very narrow, is lined with stone walls, and is used mainly by travellers on foot. The one on the left is the chief highway to the top of the mountain, and is in some parts very steep. The third, on the south, is the longest way up. The road to Bethany diverges from it. Some portions of the side of the mountain are dotted with olive-trees, and here and there grain-fields are found, often inclosed by stone walls. Almost everything hereabouts is of stone. One seldom sees enough of wood to make a cupboard. Not only are there three pathways, but there are in fact three summits. The centre height holds the most interest. Our itinerary will lead us to it presently—page 210.

The consideration of the Temple should interest us next. Alas! that only the area which it occupied, with the buildings which succeeded, are there for us to consider. All these may be seen from the Golden Gate. The camera and the engraver have done what they can toward presenting a view of what there is. The space included is known to Christians as the Haram, or temple area. It is called the "Court of Omar" by the Mohammedans, because of the splendid mosque which graces it near the centre. Far in the distance is the dome and long-pointed roof of another mosque—the Mosque of El Aksa. A long line of cloisters is on the right. Between them and the Mosque, scattered here and there about the area, are stone platforms and minor buildings. All these are occupied by the dervishes as prayer-places, colleges, and public schools. Our photographic map, though showing only the north and the west sides of the mosque, gives the relative positions of the various buildings on Mount Moriah, south. The Golden Gate is on the left, and the shoulder of Olivet is seen in the far distance. The portion of the area which lies in the immediate foreground separates the Mosque of Omar from the site of the Tower of Antonia. The whole platform is four hundred and fifty feet east to west, and five hundred and fifty feet from north to south, and is paved with marble. It is supported by walls on every side. Its crowning beauty is the Mosque of Omar. The structure undoubtedly stands upon the highest point of Mount Moriah, for the "Holy Rock," sixty-five feet long and forty-five feet broad, is inside. A few details concerning this magnificent structure may be helpful. It stands in the centre of the area and upon the supposed site of Solomon's Temple. It was three years in building, and its cost was the result of seven years' taxation of the



Summit of Mount Moriah—The Temple Area.

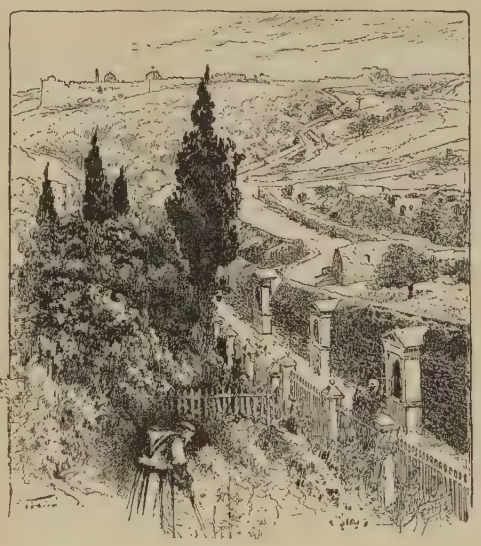
Egyptians. Its eight sides are sixty-seven feet long. The magnificent dome is a masterpiece of Byzantine architecture, and was originally covered with gold. It is built of marble and alabaster, decorated richly with terra-cotta of brilliant colors. Around it are three wide belts of color: the upper one green and white; the centre blue, made of quotations in Arabic from the Koran; the lower dark green, picked out with white—all glistening terra-cotta. The barrel of the dome is striped alternately with green, white, and blue, dotted with yellow. As the mosque is some twenty feet higher than the area proper, it is reached on all sides by marble stairways, some of which we see on the west side, headed by rows of lofty pointed arches. The solemn, quiet interior is like a place of enchantment, so richly decorated is it. The columns are green and yellow porphyry, and the capitals burnished gold. The arches are black and white, and its fifty-six slender windows are decorated with stained glass of great splendor. The octagonal divisions of the ceiling are green, with golden centre, and the borders thereof are gold and green and red. The arches over the golden line are blue and gold. On all sides and in every available space there is a glory and a harmony of color not surpassed in the East.



Zion's Gate, Jerusalem.

In the extreme distance at the right of the picture on the preceding page is the graceful minaret of a mosque. It is situated on the southern brow of Mount Zion. It is one of the landmarks of Jerusalem. The call of the muezzin sent forth from it goes sounding over the hills and tombs southward, until, when the atmosphere is clear, it can be heard at Rachel's sepulchre. A little group of buildings close to this old minaret is erected over the vault said to contain the tomb of David. An "upper room" over the tomb of the renowned psalmist and king is called the "Cœnaculum," because, tradition holds, the Passover Supper was eaten there by Jesus with his disciples. It is a large chamber, thirty feet wide by fifty feet long. Although one must follow an Armenian monk some distance, and climb multitudinous steps, still, after passing the door, there is a descent of several steps before the well-paved floor is reached. The apartment is so clean and so well lighted that one doubts its Oriental character and questions its an-

tiquity. Yet its appearance indicates great age, and its massive construction seems to guarantee its standing firm for many centuries to come. Underneath the first window on the right is a small niche where, it is said, Christ sat at the Passover Feast. The steps on the right lead to the Tomb of David. If all this is true, then this enclosure witnessed the assemblage of the apostles on the day of Pentecost, the miracle of the cloven tongues "like as of fire," the washing of the feet of his disciples by Jesus, the giving of the sop to Judas; and it is the place whence the sad company went down across the Vale of Kidron to Gethsemane on the night of the betrayal. The path which leads to and fro between the city and the Garden of Gethsemane is one of the most authentic localities about Jerusalem, and cannot have changed materially since the first Easter morn. Along its way the brutal band went, led by the betrayer, startling the quiet of the night with the clash of their swords and the clanking of their staves. After the arrest the return was made by the same pathway to the palace of Caiaphas.



From Gethsemane to Jerusalem.

But a short walk from the Tomb of David and the Cœnaculum, and between them and Zion's Gate, is the Church of St. James, with a chapel attached, commemorating the martyrdom, and covering the tomb of the beloved apostle. A lovely garden, the pride of the Armenian monks who have it in charge, surrounds the chapel. It is one of the prettiest spots in the Holy City. About two hundred and fifty feet from the iron gate of the garden, which opens toward Mount Zion, the reputed house of Caiaphas is shown. The massive masonry of the building is in strange contrast to the irregular and gaudy decorations. Scales of pearl and bits of porcelain seem to have been covered on one side with some adhesive material and then thrown at ran-

dom against the walls by hands guided more by a taste for tinsel than by artistic principles. On one side of the apartment is a little cell in which Christ is said to have been confined during the last night of his life. In a niche is an altar with a statue of Christ bound to "the stake of flagellation." The pavement is covered with inscriptions. Close to the altar is the so-called "stone which closed the mouth of the Lord's sepulchre," named by some the "angel stone," because the angel who addressed the Marys after Christ had risen sat upon it during their conversation. The palace of Herod the Great, called by him the Castle or Tower of Antonia, in order to flatter Mark Antony, was looked upon as the pride of Jerusalem. It stood at the northwest corner of the Temple area, and its connecting buildings are supposed to have run along the whole northern limit of the area. Of it Josephus has written as follows:

"The kinds of stone used in its construction were countless. Whatever was rare abounded in it. The roofs astonished everyone by the length of their beams and the beauty of their adornment. Vessels of gold and silver, rich in chasing, shone on every side. The great dining-hall had been constructed to supply table-couches for three hundred guests; others opened in all directions, each with a different style of pillar. The open space before the palace was laid out in broad walks, planted with long avenues of different trees, and bordered by broad, deep canals and great ponds flowing with clear, cool water, set off along the banks with innumerable works of art."

A sorry substitute for so much splendor now occupies the site in the long line of decayed structures used by the Turkish garrison as their headquarters and barracks. By the courtesy of the commandant the view on the opposite page was photographed from his quarters. A mosque, of course, is included in the group of government buildings. Its tall minaret rises high above everything else in the neighborhood. Seen through one of the shapely Saracenic arches facing the northeast approach to the mosque platform, in combination with the little dome of Solomon, erected to mark the spot where the kingly architect stood for prayer after he had completed the Temple, it presents a picturesque combination. But it is in fact dilapidated enough—belonging to a government which never gives any attention to repairs. Some measure of respect is felt for it, nevertheless, by the person whose backsheesh persuades the muezzin crier to permit him to enjoy a view of the sur-



North End of the Temple Area—The Citadel.

rounding country from the gallery of the shaky structure. On a clear day this view is absolutely overpowering and indescribable. It makes one feel like joining the earnest Moslem in the cry to everybody to praise God. Of course there is the dead and alive city, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Temple area, with all their attractions, but they are eclipsed by the natural beauties surrounding. From Bethel on the north to Bethlehem on the south the undulations of the country are presented, as rough and as rugged as the pages of history represented by every foot of the prospect. On the west one can see almost to Joppa; while on the east, after the delighted eyes dwell upon the Mount of Olives a moment and then sink down into the Jordan Valley, they are lifted again to the mountains of Moab, and are tempted southward once more by the glittering surface of the ever-fascinating sea of the dead and its gaudy borders.

What changes have been wrought by time since all this country was full of life and energy! It is true that Jerusalem still lives by the attractions of her great building and its accessories, as she did by her Temple when Christ Jesus preached here. But the crafty tetrarch, the subtle Sadducees, and the "please everybody" king are gone. In their places dervishes strut and the students bow in groups upon the pavement for prayer at each muezzin call. Instead of the countless kinds of stone described by Josephus as forming parts of the palace, only rattling limestone is seen. The richly chased vessels of gold and silver which served the Roman household have been displaced by the canteen and the mess-kettle of the garrison of the Crescent. The great dining-hall which supplied table-couches for three hundred guests has been covered with the armory, which is occupied by the soldiers of the garrison, who shoulder American rifles instead of supporting broad Damascus blades with bejewelled hilts. The open space before the palace, as we have seen, is no longer made attractive by broad, winding walks underneath groves of spices; there are only ablution fountains in place of the broad canals and miniature lakes which were kept fresh from the great reservoirs of Solomon located down near Hebron.

On the right or east side of the group of government buildings is a solidly built tower with an arched doorway. It is the present fortress of the city. It is supposed to stand upon the site of the palace mentioned by Nehemiah, and where Pilate held forth when he adjudged the accused Jesus. Here Paul made his courageous stand for the

Christian faith. Many a time has the old structure faced the brunt of battle for Jew, Christian, and Mohammedan. Immediately on its other side is the Via Dolorosa with the "Arch of Ecce Homo." The Via Dolorosa is a diagonal depression which runs across the city from the Gate of St. Stephen to the Holy Sepulchre; it is one of the principal streets—*Via Dolorosa.* If water ran through it, what with its grated windows, low doorways, narrowness, prison-like walls, and serpentine windings, one might call it a street of Venice. The monks have, through the straining endeavors of ages, located eight "events" here which took place during the last days of our Saviour, and have erected a "station" with an accompanying shrine at each traditional spot. Soon after entering St. Stephen's Gate, the wall of the Temple area is reached. In it are the stones of two ancient arches where stood Pilate's Staircase, leading into the Judgment Hall. A little farther westward is the arch of Ecce Homo, where Pilate exclaimed, "Behold the Man!" Following these are the stations "where the fainting Jesus made an impression with his shoulder in the stone wall when he fell; the house of St. Veronica, who wiped the bleeding brow of Jesus with a handkerchief; where Simon was compelled to bear the cross; where the weeping daughters of Jerusalem were addressed by Jesus, and where his tragical death took place."

Shrewd Greeks are still allowed to go where the Jew is not tolerated; for, near several of these stations, we find their shops for the manufacture and sale of articles made of olive wood.

If the Western visitor comes here during Easter week he will fully understand the blight which has been caused by Moslem fanaticism. A good hour for such a visit is in the afternoon, after the sun has gone down behind the great dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and nearly all the daylight has crept out of the historical area. In one sense it is a rest. There are no sleepy priests, nor gossiping train-bearers, nor censer-swingers, nor beadles begrimed with snuff; neither dripping tapers, though there are beads in plenty. More than likely the broad court is entirely empty of devotees when you enter, and there is time to look up at the minaret and compare it with the old home spire. A turbaned officer makes his appearance upon the gallery and assumes the attitude of prayer; his tenor voice is heard sending forth the muezzin call. The soft winds come from the Jordan over the Mount of Olives, they sweep across the Kidron, leap the ancient wall,

and swirl into the area; as they come they catch the cry and bear it by gusts and by impulses into all parts of the city to those who are waiting the call to prayer with eager expectancy. Faithful listeners miles away may receive the summons too; then, wherever they are, their faces grow serious, they turn their eyes toward the east, and obey that summons. The cry is not, "Joy to the world, the Lord is come," but the same as that which our turbaned friend repeats five times a day, "Hy Ilas Sula! Hy Ilas Sula! Hy ilal felah! La Ila Illulah! Wa Mohammed Rasoul Ullah!" "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet. Come thou to prayer, for prayer is better than eating or drinking." The innumerable gates in the wall and in the kiosks open suddenly and simultaneously, as though moved by magic, then those privileged to pray in the mosque enclosure come slowly in. They have their favorite places. A large number usually gather near the western side of the dome. They are careless of all observers, and are alike indifferent to the architectural splendor about them. First, passages from the Koran are read, standing; then they fall upon their knees, with their hands placed at the sides of their heads, their eyes directed to heaven; next, their bodies are lowered upon their heels and their hands are placed upon their knees with their heads bowed humbly; next the devotees rise, and, placing their hands at their faces, "move them to and fro to gather in the blessings;" finally, they prostrate themselves with their faces to the ground, crying out fervently with a heart-moving "Ullah Akbah! Ullah Akbah!" The process is repeated several times, each time with increased fervor, for the devotees believe that the oftener they pray the more blessings they receive.

I saw a different picture after I went out from that court on that Good Friday evening. Passing out through the arched doorway of the Palace of Antonia into the Arch of Ecce Homo—underneath which, as tradition has it, Pilate scourged Jesus, and handing him over to the infuriated mob, said, "Behold the man"—the Via Dolorosa was followed until the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was reached. The kavass of Colonel Wilson, of Iowa, the then American consul, with baton in hand, awaited at the door. He was accoutred in all the glories of the costume of the Albanians and Syrians. But his apparel was in keeping with the glitter of the silver image of the American eagle which fluttered upon the top of his baton, and they seemed to have their effect, for upon their joint appearance the motley crowd



Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

which thronged the broad court of the church gave way and permitted us to reach the entrance unharmed. Through dark passages and up lofty stairs the glistening Arab led, until at last an upper room was reached, where, to use the words of our consul, "a part of the Crucifixion scene was to be enacted, and sermons preached in the Greek, French, Italian, German, Arabic, and English languages." The chapel was lighted by a hundred gold and silver jewelled lamps, fed with American kerosene, and that was about the only part our great nation took in the service. The exercise was announced to begin at half-past six, but it was eight o'clock before the Coptic monks who opened it made their appearance. The greater part of their share in the performance was sung in the dreary, drony cadence of the Greek Church. Then, by the appearance of the German representatives, the audience was aroused from the semi-comatose state into which it had lapsed. One of these stood by a velvet rug spread upon the floor and delivered a short discourse in a sing-song tone. Before he began, a three-quarter size crucifix was brought in by an assistant and laid upon the rug, the head toward the speaker, and remained there during his sermon. The French deputation followed, consisting of monks, choir-boys singing a funeral dirge, and a fine responding chorus of men. Others followed, some swinging censers, some bearing silver torches, and two carried broad silver platters. On one of the platters was a gaudily trimmed regalia, and on the other an antique hammer and a pair of pincers. The crucifix was now lifted from the velvet rug on the floor and placed upon the altar. The nails were then drawn from the hands and feet of the figure by a monk, who tenderly kissed each bit of iron. It was then laid upon the altar and covered—a mimicry of the "descent from the cross." The empty cross was allowed to remain standing erect. A sermon in the French language followed this ceremony; then the choral exercises were repeated, while the "body" was placed upon a bier, and amid the strains of another dirge was carried down to the vestibule and laid upon the "stone of unction." This marble slab had been kissed smooth and out of true by the myriads of pilgrims who had visited it, although the "real stone" upon which the Lord's body lay when anointed for his burial was underneath and out of sight. The ceremony of anointing was performed in Arabic, then the show was ended by carrying the image to the tomb. While all this went on the hooting and shouting and carousing which took place in the body of

the church, where thousands of pilgrims had come from all parts of the earth to attend the Easter service, was as shameful as it was dreadful. It continued all night, for next day the "miracle of the holy fire" was promised to occur without fail, and this seething mass of humanity had come thus early in order to secure places for that occasion. To prevent a disturbance a detachment of soldiers was sent from the Turkish garrison, and the men were stationed here and there among the "Christians." Every year is made this collection of friars, monks, priests, nuns, consuls, military officers, soldiers, pilgrims, and strangers from all nations—encircled by the Moslem crowd, which gathers to mutter and imprecate so far as it dares without breaking the peace. It was near midnight when the strange procession returned to "Calvary." Then all the lights were turned down, and those who wished to depart found their way the best they could. Jerusalem in Easter week, I imagine, must look somewhat as it did during the feast, when the triumphal entry was made. All around were the pointed white tents of the stranger-pilgrims who had come from every quarter to witness the services which were to ensue. The paths and roads leading to the gates of the city, and crossing the hills and the plain in every direction, were thronged with those who were arriving from the neighboring villages to share in the observances of the holy week. The noise and the confusion at all the city gates converted them into veritable bedlams and babels. The scenes were picturesque beyond all description.

The only gate in use now, on the eastern side, is St. Stephen's Gate. It is nearest to the Mount of Olives, and from its doorway Gethsemane can be plainly seen. The path across leads first down the steep incline of Mount Moriah, and then over the stone bridge which spans the Kidron Valley, and ascends to the walls of Gethsemane. There the three pathways which lead to Bethany join, and thence they separate; one leads to the summit of Olivet, through the little village there, and then down on the eastern side; the second, ascending, skirts the shoulder of Olivet on the south, and joins the first a little time before reaching Bethany; the third, and one most used, wends to the right just outside the wall and east of Gethsemane garden; this, following the base-line of Olivet on the south, leads to Bethany, and thither to Jericho, the land of Moab, Perea, and Decapolis. The summit of Olivet is about 400 feet above the Kidron Valley, and 2,800 feet above the Mediterranean. The ascent from Jerusalem is a steep one. From base



The Garden of Gethsemane—The Tree of Agony.

to summit its broad terraces are devoted to the cultivation of the olive. The top is quite level, and is the site of a small village with an attendant mosque, "to protect," says the Moslem, "the Church of the Ascension and other religious buildings" situated there. My tent, during the greater part of my sojourn in the neighborhood, was pitched in a grain-field beneath the shades of an olive grove just west of the summit of the Mount of Olives. At the joining of the trio of paths described as leading to Bethany, is the Garden of Gethsemane. It is surrounded by a stone wall which is divided by shrines facing inside the garden, all looking strangely new in comparison with the gnarled old trees that they surround. After knocking at the low gate, the visitor is questioned by an old monk and then admitted. The garden is carefully kept by the venerable custodian. The whitewashed fence of paling and the trim flower garden afford another strange contrast with the gnarled and ancient olive-trees. In one corner of the garden is a well of delicious water. A bucket with rope running over a pulley are used. Near this well are the humble quarters of the monk in charge. A marble canopy with an iron gate incloses Canova's bas-relief of "The Agony." A neatly kept walk leads one around the circuit of the garden from shrine to shrine. Parts of the walls are covered with pictures representing scenes which took place during our Lord's last night on earth. Wormwood and the Passion-vine trail about the walls in profusion. It is a lovely spot.

Following on now from the scenes of the Temple and the palace, out of the city gate, across the dry valley, up through the green and gray by any one of the three paths we may choose, we come to the little village of Jebel et Tûr, situated upon the flat central summit of the Mount of Olives. Near the centre of the town is the Church of the Ascension, erected to mark the spot of earth last touched by the feet of Jesus before he ascended to heaven. The church which first stood here was one of the enterprises of the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine. It was followed by the present structure and the little mosque which accompanies it. Indeed, the church or dome of the Ascension is located within the court of the mosque. A Christian edifice is tolerated in this land only when a Moslem structure is placed near at hand. "The last footprint of the Saviour," distorted by the wear of ages and by the kisses of the devout of centuries, is shown upon the rock which forms part of the gloomy interior. Singularly enough the



The Mount of Olives—Garden of Gethsemane.

chapel is entirely empty. Driven from our tents—pitched a few rods away—by a sudden shower one morning, my companions and I were permitted to seek shelter here. A small fire of charcoal was kindled in a brazier. The fumes, with the smell of lime coming from the damp plastered wall, almost stifled us. When the sun came back the obliging custodian, who also cries the hour of prayer, took his place in the minaret and permitted the camera to include him in the view made of the buildings. The prospect from the minaret on every side is not only grand, but embraces some of the most interesting of biblical sites.

A wearisome, hard, seven hours' donkey ride is required to reach the Dead Sea, and no little danger accompanies the route through sunless ravines and over bare and desolate heights, where the merry song of the cascade is heard only when the spring torrents come. The hills are of a singular greenish-gray color until within a mile or so of the Jordan, when they change to a mingling of pink, yellow, and white, and merge into the yellows and greens which cover the nearer flat approach to the verdure-clad river. The pink-topped mountains of Moab rise on the other side quite as high as the Mount of Olives, but they do not look so. They reach south and east as far as the eye can see, their bare peaks numbering and unnumbered like those seen from the Fûrka, but as different in their nature as the whitest snow can be from the most sun-scorched of all the earth's surface. To the north the mountains of Gilead rise, where Jacob separated his flocks into droves lest his unhappy brother Esau run them off into the wilds beyond. In whatever light one sees them, at daytime or by moonlight, these views are grand.

We turn now to the western prospect. In full front and first of all there is "Jerusalem the Golden," with every detail we have just studied clearly and sharply defined, with hundreds of other points of interest, including the encircling walls. A rough-looking country intervenes, but it is full of sacred interest. There is the path up which David fled from his rebellious son Absalom, weeping as he went up, with his head uncovered and his feet bare—where the kingly fugitive held council of war with his faithful adherents; where good Ziba brought refreshments which saved the royal life; where the ark was rested; where Hushai came affrighted, "with his coat rent, and earth upon his head," to tell of the intrigue of Absalom. Pigeons were sold under the trees for temple-offerings of purification, close by the pool where the unclean per-

formed their ablutions before presenting themselves to the Lord. The long incline was submerged by the smoke which came from the burning of the red heifer, the ashes of which were preserved for the purification of the people; the glory of the Lord crowned the summit; upon the bare rocks the watchmen stood eager to catch the first glimmer of the torch-light signal from their fellows stationed upon the mountains of Moab, and quickly repeated the sign to the priests at the Temple that they might know when the new moon made its appearance above the eastern horizon.

And now let us go back to the city. We must pay the usual tribute money before we enter any of the gates, especially if we follow the tide

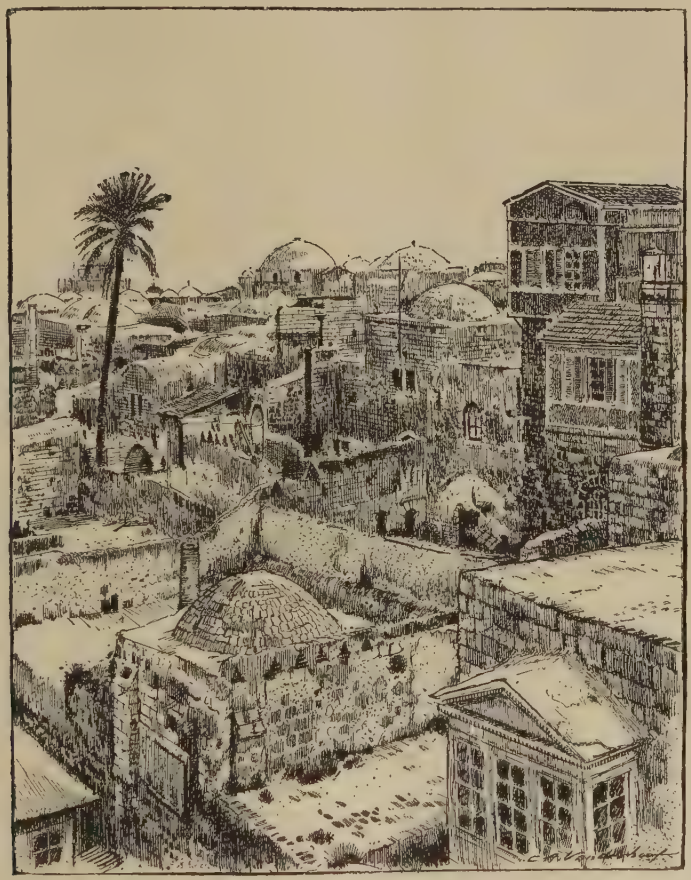


A Group of Lepers and the Lepers' Hospital.

which is always at its flood at the Joppa Gate. The leper is the tax-gatherer this time.

Ever since the time that Naaman, the Syrian leper, came to Samaria to be cured, the horrid woes of leprosy have clung to some parts of Palestine. One day a dozen or more of its poor victims came limping and leaping after me, begging alms. Every one held out a tiny tin vessel to receive the coin, that his offensive person might not be touched by the almsgiver. They were willing to group themselves for the camera backed by the grim accessories of the lepers' hospital. Eyes, noses, fingers, hands, feet, faces, and even throats were gone in some cases. Their cry was pitiful and strangely varied as well—"Bak-

sees!" "Bah-heez!" "Back-siz!" "Ba-ish!" "Bah-ee!" "'Zees, how-adji!" they wailed. Some of them would have been puzzled to pronounce either the "shibboleth" of the Gileadites or the "sibboleth"



The Jews' Quarter.

of the Ephraimites had they been challenged after the battle at the passage of the Jordan. It seemed as though pebbles were rattling down their dried bronchial tubes, or else that their throats were torn anew at every utterance. One is glad enough to purchase release from such a loathsome sight by a liberal backsheesh. It is not a wonder that a man so afflicted should dare the law by entering the synagogue in order to reach the Healer with his cry of faith, "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Nor was it strange that Jesus, moved with

compassion, set aside Judaism by touching the leper and saying, "I will; be thou clean."

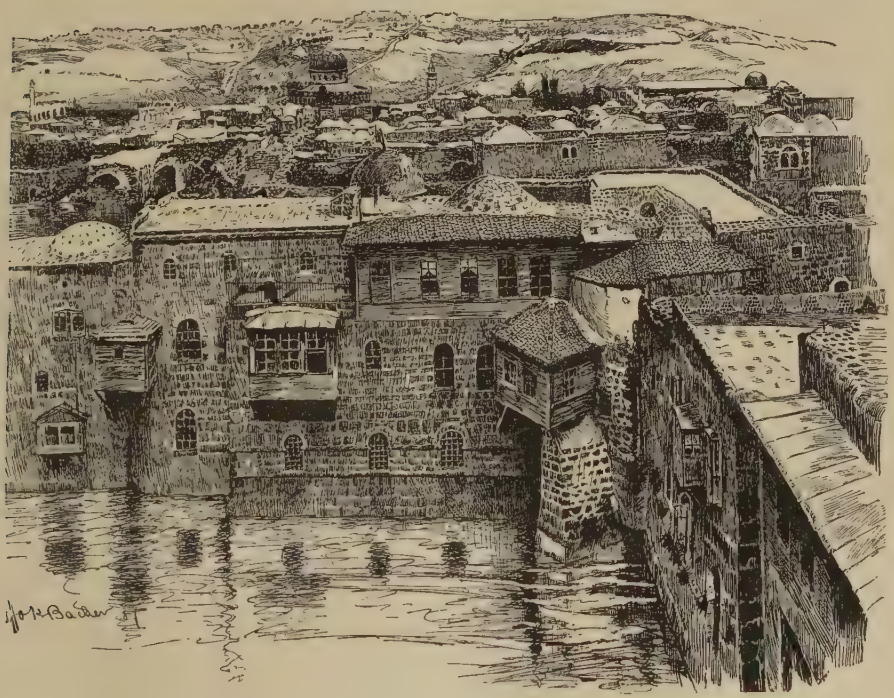
Jerusalem is divided into four quarters: namely, the Mohammedan, the Jewish, the Greek, and the Latin, or "Christian," quarter. The tall minarets of the Moslem enable him to keep an eye over all. The muezzin call is heard everywhere; but the sale of crucifixes and rosaries, together with chromos of the Virgin and prints of Raphael's Madonnas, is restricted to the Christian quarter. So rigidly are the Jews enjoined from visiting the more prominent parts of Jerusalem, that, as in Tyre and Sidon two thousand years ago, so here, they find no freedom from insult, except in the Jews' quarter. There the new synagogue is situated among the curious old houses with modern attachments. The building is reached by narrow streets. Its locality is close to one of the five or six palm-trees that now remain in the city.

Most of the houses are in a dizzy state of dilapidation and ruin. The Oriental, as a rule, will not make repairs so long as his domicile affords him shelter and protects him from the burglar. If one apartment startles him with its collapse, he digs his properties out from the ruin, moves into another, and leaves his late quarters to the vermin. Distance lends enchantment to such a view as this. Go and look into its details and you will see tottering stairways shored up to prevent them from utterly going to pieces; walls through which dust and air have their own sweet way; apartments too wretched for human habitation; filth the "king." And yet the squalid city presents a picturesque side and the people are attached to it. Everyone there seems to be waiting for something. Whether it is for Messias, or for a windfall from the members of the faith who send them annual donations from Europe, or for freedom from oppression, or for more business to come, or for more energy, you cannot guess until you proceed to move away from their dark and narrow streets, and then the plaintive "backsheesh howadji" explains the riddle and casts a new sadness over the whole scene. All this misery is seen on the very spot where David composed his songs of thanksgiving, and where the walls of Zion caught the sweet refrains which the royal fingers started from the harp.

The Christian quarter includes the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Greek and the Latin convents. The Pool of Hezekiah is one of the authentic places of the past, and lies back of "Christian Street."

On one side of the passage-way we see a fair example of those places so dear to the heart of every Oriental—the coffee-house, the barber-shop, and the Turkish bath. There is no palm-tree in this quarter, but there is as fine an old oak as the groves of Bashan can boast.

There are three sabbaths in Jerusalem—Friday for the Moslem, Saturday for the Hebrew, and Sunday is shared by the Greek and Latin and the Protestant sojourners together. During Passion week the



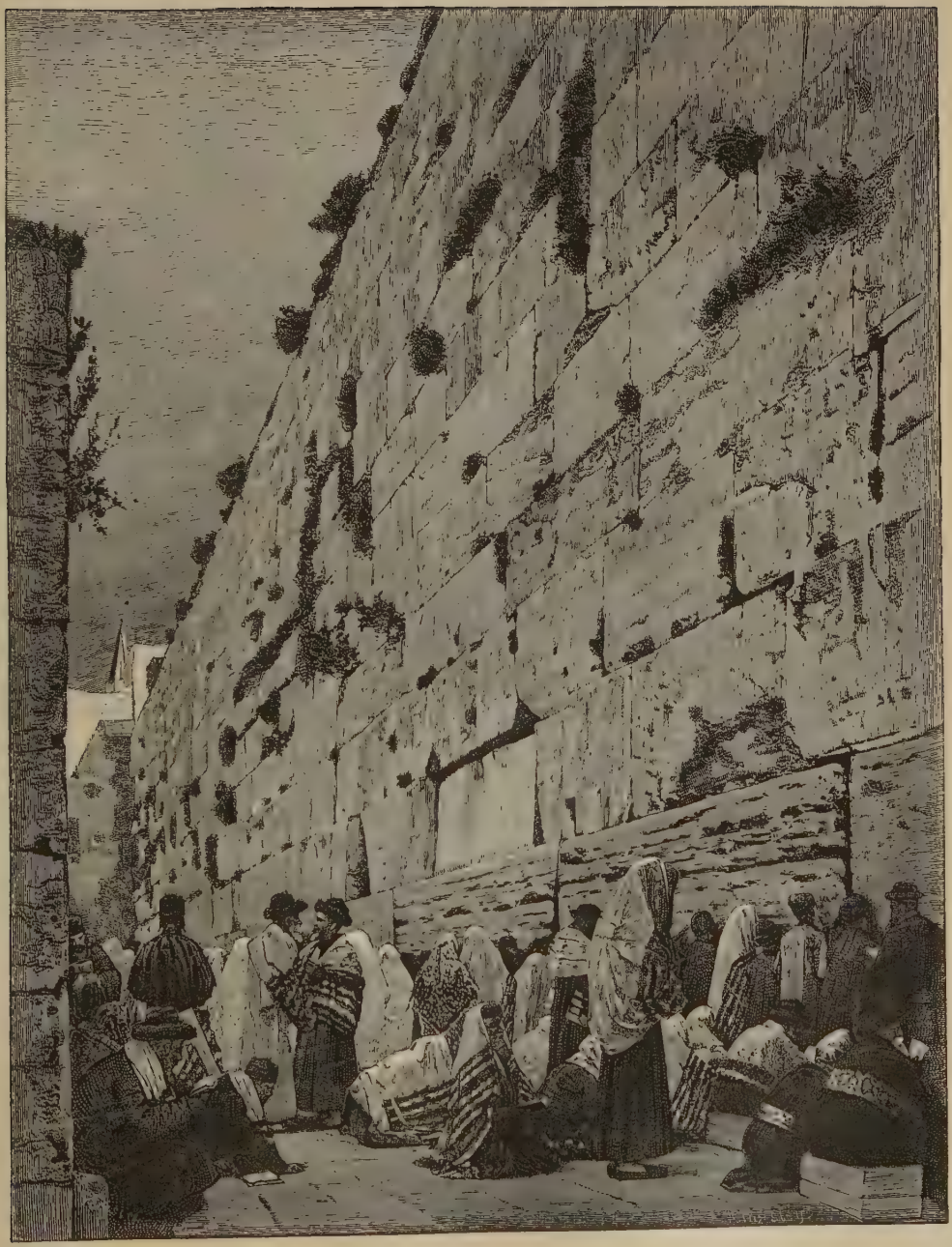
The Christian Quarter. From the Pool of Hezekiah, looking toward the Mount of Olives.

area in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is turned into a regular mart for the sale of carved beads, shell-work, pressed flowers, crosses, and articles fashioned from olive-wood. The salesmen are dreary and indifferent, and the general appearance of things is dull and depressing.

There are perhaps three places where one may see "stones" that were here when Jesus was crucified. One of these is near the southwest corner of the Temple area, and is known as the "Jews' Wailing-Place." There are five courses of stones, one above the other, with the

bevelled joints of Solomon's day forming part of the wall. Here every Friday the resident Hebrews come to mourn the destruction of the Temple and the fall of the city of their fathers. Earthquake has slightly displaced the stones, and the kisses of the pilgrims of many centuries have worn away the quarrymen's chisel-marks, yet they look as though they might serve for many ages to come. At the extreme southwest angle of the Haram wall is a stone measuring thirty-one feet in length, seven feet in width, and five feet in height. It is the chief corner-stone, and is undoubtedly the one placed there by the order of Solomon to help inclose his Temple. Scant forty feet north of this, half hidden by bushes, which had to be partly cut away to make room for the camera, is another place where we may believe the handiwork of Solomon's masons is to be seen. There are three courses of huge stones in such curious position that they seem to have been fired out from the inside through a breach in the wall, and there caught and wedged fast, instead of falling to the ground. A careful view leaves no doubt that they formed the segment of an arch, for their outer surfaces are hewn to a true curve. Each one measures from twenty to twenty-four feet in length and from five to six feet in height. They must indeed have formed part of one of the arches of the great bridge, more than three hundred and fifty feet in length, over which Solomon, attended by his splendid retinue, must have often passed. Centuries later Jesus, too, passed over this public way. This strangely interesting relic of the past is known as "Robinson's Arch," so called after Dr. Edward Robinson, who discovered it. In his own account the distinguished traveller says:

"The existence of these remains of the ancient bridge seems to remove all doubt as to the identity of this part of the inclosure of the mosque with that of the ancient Temple. How they can have remained for so many ages unseen or unnoticed by any writer or traveller is a problem which I would not undertake fully to solve. . . . Here we have indisputable remains of Jewish antiquity, consisting of an important portion of the western wall of the Temple area. They are probably to be referred to a period long antecedent to the days of Herod; for the labors of this splendor-loving tyrant appear to have been confined to the body of the Temple and the porticos around the court. The magnitude of the stones also and the workmanship as compared with other remaining monuments of Herod seem to point to



Wailing-place of the Jews. (From a photograph by W. Kurtz of the painting by Verestchagin.)

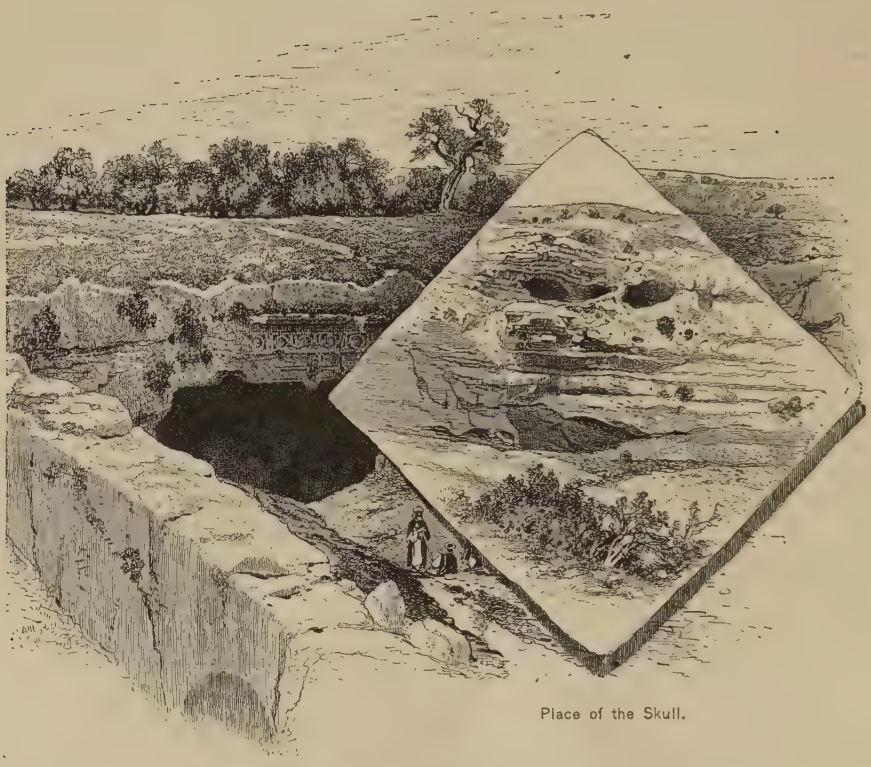
an earlier origin. . . . Proceeding to the southeast corner, we find its character to be precisely similar to that of the southwest; the same immense stones as already described, both toward the east and the south, on the brink of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the line of the southern wall at this point corresponding with that at the southwest corner. We have, then, the two extremities of the ancient southern



The Towers of David and of Jesus.

wall, which, as Josephus informs us, extended from the eastern to the western valley, and could not be prolonged further. Thus we are led irresistibly to the conclusion that the area of the Jewish Temple was identical on its western, eastern, and southern sides with the present inclosure of the Haram."

The fourth and last point to be considered, as supplying a construction which must have been familiar to our Saviour, is the Tower of Hippicus, or the Tower of David, so called. When Herod built his



Place of the Skull.

Tombs of the Kings.

great wall about Jerusalem, he built three strong towers toward the northwest. One of these was Hippicus; the second was Phasælus, named after his friend; and the third was called Mariamne, after his favorite wife. These strongholds were connected with one another and with the royal palace. The first named seems to have been spared at every siege, and may be looked upon now as a splendid example of the masonry of antiquity. It is situated near to Zion's Gate and a little south of the Joppa Gate and still serves—or its adjacent buildings serve—as the citadel of Jerusalem. The sturdy, sloping bulwark is said to be solid. No entrance has ever been discovered, and the stones are quarried like those of the Jews' Wailing Place. From its summit one has fine views of the city. From one point an interesting combination view is afforded—of David's Tower and the humble bell-tower of the English Church close at hand—the tower of David, the anointed of the Lord and of the Saviour anointed—of David the King of Israel, and of Jesus Christ the Son of David and the King of Glory!

A ride to the rock-hewn sepulchres known as the "Tombs of the Kings" will reveal some "stone" studies which are valuable. The entrance to one of these subterranean villages of the dead is closed by a "rolling-stone"—a rudely cut disk, perhaps a yard in diameter, standing on edge in an inclined groove which runs, deep cut, from one side of the doorway to the other. When the tombs are open, the stone is rolled to the left, and a small wedge is placed under it to keep it from returning. When the wedge is removed, the rolling-stone immediately follows the incline to the right until it reaches a slightly deeper depression, into which it rolls; thus it closes the entrance of the tomb. Considerable strength is required to displace it. At the southeast corner of the Temple area there are also a number of courses of immense stones, with their edges bevelled after the Jewish fashion, undoubtedly by the quarrymen of Solomon. Under them is found a beautiful and substantial illustration of the expression in which our Lord is called "the head of the corner," and of Matt. xvi. 18—"Upon this rock I will build my church."



A Tomb with a Rolling Stone-door.

Returning to the summit of the Golden Gate on Good Friday, a last review was had of the country round about. The sun had just sunk behind the domes of the old church. The crimson glow left the heights and the broad shadows fell. The moon arose beyond Olivet as red as blood. Soon its gentle influence was felt in the wild gorges and rocky glens which run down Olivet to the Vale of Kidron; the olive-trees glistened more than they do in the sunshine. The languid air was made fresher by the breeze which blew from the Sea of Galilee. How the wind wailed among the tombs below! What a strange unison

between this placid hour and the sacred associations on every side! It must have been just such a night when the three wise men sat watching for "his star in the east."

A land of "sorrows and acquainted with grief," surely this has been. Here are some of the most splendid ruins in the world—Phœnician, Jewish, Roman, Grecian, and Crusaders'. Earthquake, war, and Islam have all shattered the land and broken the spirits of the people, until now there is just as much room for missionary effort as there was when Jesus and "the twelve" travelled the route over which we have tried to follow them. The legends, the sepulchres, the wells, the caves, the mountains, the rivers, the climate, the "land with milk and honey blest," with all its seclusion and its history, will remain. But there is room for more conquest and more history.

CHAPTER IX.

WHERE WAS THE PLACE CALLED CALVARY?

A Survey from the Mount of Olives.—The Personal Account of Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D.D.—"Oriental and Sacred Scenes," by Dr. Fisher Howe.—The Bible Record.—A Map of Jerusalem.—The Grotto of Jeremiah.—"Golgotha" Discussed.—"The Place of a Skull."—Where was the Place Called Calvary?—The "Place" Discovered and its Location Determined.—Jerusalem from Mount Calvary.—The Damascus Gate near "the True Site of Calvary."

NO earnest traveller will visit Jerusalem without trying to obtain a satisfactory answer to the query: "Where was the place called Calvary?" I was not derelict in this direction and caused my camera to secure views which I thought would help solve the question. By the generosity of Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D.D., of New York, I am enabled to add an article from his pen on this interesting subject. The pictures alluded to are incorporated therein.

"In the morning of the first day that our party spent in Jerusalem, as soon as the tents were pitched out upon the hill near the Russian convent, and a home thus established for the week's sojourn, three of us set forth for a walk around the city, with but a small sense of the force of hot sunshine falling upon white paths and glowing walls when the full strength of a Syrian noontide should be attained. We entered the town by the Damascus gate and pursued our way along the narrow and tortuous streets until we came out through St. Stephen's gate upon the slope leading down across the Kidron valley: we followed the path that passes the Tomb of the Virgin Mary and the Garden of Gethsemane, working our steps up the middle road to the very top of Mount Olivet. The story of this trip appears quite simple, and one would hardly suppose that we should find its accomplishment so fatiguing. It is a surprise to most tourists to discover the steepness of some of these paths; that which runs down from the spot where one tradition

says that Stephen was stoned is actually precipitous; the track for horses is cut in angular zigzags with acute turnings so as to render it possible for the animals to climb up, or to keep from slipping headlong on the descent.

"We were conducted in this instance by a young man from the mission of the English Church, an Armenian by birth, but a Protestant by belief and experience, being one of the converts God has given for the fidelity of those laborers in the Gospel who so long have been working in Jerusalem. He wore his usual costume—a long worsted robe of a maroon color, girt around the waist, and edged with a variegated border. He could understand and speak our language readily, and was constantly of help to us in giving us the names of localities and buildings along the course. His strength was terribly tested by the sinewy impetuosity and tirelessness of our enthusiasm; and long before we relaxed that zeal of exploration which only Americans exercise, we discovered pitifully that his lagging limbs sought rest at every chance pause for conversation and debate. He was cheerful on every demand; but, like Eastern people generally in that region, enervate and weak in his muscles.

"Our little trio was made up of Professor John A. Paine, of Robert College in Constantinople, Mr. Alfred H. Hall, then a student in preparation for the ministry, and, since, the able and well-known pastor of one of the Congregational churches in Connecticut, in company with the writer of this article. At last we reached the small church building planted professedly—quite mistakenly as to locality, however—to mark the spot of Christ's ascension to heaven. We mounted the dirty staircase, and worried ourselves along into a little chairless room in the steeple, where a quiet old man gave us an awkward welcome to a seat on the floor. I pulled up a piece of straw matting for our seat, and so we ranged ourselves close to a narrow window looking down on the entire city. An inimitably fine view is that spread out before one who is studying details of streets, walls, domes, minarets, public edifices, hills, and valleys.

"Directly in front lay 'the joy of the whole earth.' The exclamation which one first makes concerning this pathetic old town has only wonder in it—Where are the suburbs? The buildings run up to the wall in most places, though in one or two of the corners they do not appear to reach it quite. Outside of the inclosure there are no houses

to be seen at all; the slopes of Zion, Ophel, Bezetha, are really attractive as sites, but no such thing as a villa has been erected upon them. It looks as if all the people had, from time immemorial, lived on the inside of a stone line of masonry; in literal as well as scriptural language, 'Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.'

"And now, for a small space in this article, the narration has to become somewhat personal—more so than pleases the writer. But I must put myself in the place of a witness for the object I have in view. I confessed afterward to my companions that I had purposely brought them to this outlook, and that I now led the conversation with the utmost semblance of artlessness, for a single reason. We talked a little while about the points of compass, the lay of the land, the elevations of the surrounding hills, the towers and walls, the gates and sites; and so, in the sweep of our eyes we came around to the north side of the parallelogram on the plan of which the place is outlined. Suddenly, in a tranquil sort of comment, as if a conceit had struck his fancy, Mr. Hall said, 'That is a very curious conformation of rocks off there beyond the Damascus gate.' We turned our eyes in the direction he indicated. 'It looks as much like a skull as anything I ever saw,' continued he. Professor Paine, alert and eager as ever after, in the days when he identified Mount Nebo, sprang to his feet, straining his gaze with amazement, and positively quivering with the passionate thought that he had made a new discovery.

"What we all saw was this: in the immediate vicinity of that gate he mentioned, the yellow wall of the city appeared to have been built steeply up over what seemed a quarried cliff, through the strata of which was cut a path, leading on the outside around to the main road crossing from east to west along the north frontier, down out of vision from where we sat. We had to look over the corner of the city, across the angle formed by the east wall and the north, in order to see it. A deep excavation had been made, the bottom of which, levelled for the use of men and beasts, we could not reach; we could only trace the lines of cutting on the stone. The bare face of the precipice opposite the entrance was distinctly exposed; and the top—that is, the original surface of the hill—was rounded so as to present against the sky the almost exact outline of a human skull. Moreover, there were visible two cavities or holes in the rock; these served as eyeless sockets. Thus a sort of side view, the forehead fronting southwest, was offered.

The name of Golgotha came at once to our remembrance. This must have been "the place of a skull," if likeness to a skull was enough to prove it.

"So startling was this resemblance that it made a deep impression on the minds of all of us. I had noticed the same thing some years before, on the occasion of my first visit to Jerusalem, in 1867. And this was just my purpose in bringing those intelligent observers out on the hill-side that clear morning, without warning or explanation. I intended to test their accuracy and quickness in discovering for themselves the configuration and markings of that singular spot, without the prompting of any suggestion of my own. I said to Professor Paine: 'Sit down and quiet yourself now. This is what I gave you your tough walk for; I had a letter just before I left home in Paris, which I want to read to you.'

"This communication had been addressed to me by an old friend in the city of Brooklyn, Mr. Fisher Howe. He had been known and loved for many years as an elder in the First Presbyterian Church of that place, of which I was the pastor at the time. Sir J. William Dawson has referred to Mr. Howe with merited commendation, and evidently with sincere respect. But that he does not know just who he was, a mere mention of his name reveals; twice he calls him 'Dr. Fisher Howe.' My good and dear friend had cultivation and education, and some erudite acquisitions that were worth having; but he never bore anything like a literary or professional title growing out of an advanced college honor or degree. But, practically, he was a good scholar in New Testament Greek, and could manage Hebrew as well as some clergymen who have misused better chances. He read widely in the best sorts of reading, and what he read he generally kept where it was available. He died several years ago, having done what he could for his generation in all such ways of usefulness as are open to genuine zeal. But he never expected to be put into literature by the President of the British Association. He was simply a gentleman of wealth, high social position, real intellectual force, self-educated in the matters of advanced scholarship he loved to study, refined in manners, enthusiastic in Oriental travel—as anyone grows to be who has journeyed through the countries of the Bible—and has given to the world a book full of his gains and his wistful wishes. As I write now there lies before me a copy of a volume he issued in 1853, entitled "Oriental

and Sacred Scenes." It was published by M. W. Dodd, of New York City, and was welcomed as a good book. A notable fact is this in the present discussion; for that work shows he then was eagerly planning and studying about the true site of Calvary. Still, he was an active business man through his life, and was honored in the City of Churches as one of the best citizens it claimed for worth and public spirit. But in literature he was only a layman.

"That letter which I referred to, and which now I read to my companions, was written to me with a definite purpose by Mr. Howe; he desired me to make some observations and report to him the results. The subject that interested him most was the identification of Calvary as the place of our Lord's crucifixion. We had talked it over more than a hundred times together during the three or four years previous to this journey I was then making in the East. The paragraph explains itself. He says:

"'I may have mentioned to you, previous to your first visit to Jerusalem, a lingering thought in regard to the *place of crucifixion*. When we lodged on Acra, we had from the roof of our house a full view of the rocky eminence near the Damascus gate; it is known by designation as the Grotto of Jeremiah. I believe it lies outside of what was the line of the second wall, but "nigh" unto it; and that it may not have been materially changed during the last eighteen centuries. As seen from a distance, the elevation is a *kranion* in shape, and might well, in common parlance, have the cognomen of "a skull."

"'Now, all this may seem childish as seen by you, for I am not certain when the thought got into my head. I did examine the locality of the Damascus gate in regard to the evidences of the second wall, and well remember to have noted the wide and deep excavations between the present wall and the knoll referred to, and to have marked the curvatures of the strata of limestone rock; and came to the conclusion that the excavation dated back to the Christian era. The curvatures are marked on either side, showing the same original formation; and with the evidence then before me, I believed that the present wall at the place in question occupied the line of the second wall.'

"This is all that needs quoting from that particular letter. But as we read it over up there on the hill-side, we could not forbear surprise and compliment at the evidence of careful observation and tenacious memory in his thus giving minute details of a visit that had been made

so many years before. The reply which I sent to this letter when the conclusions of our little party had been reached, was embodied partly in the book that Mr. Howe published the next year. This was called 'The True Site of Calvary.' It was a thin octavo of sixty-eight pages, issued by A. D. F. Randolph, New York City, 1871. So modest was it in look and size that it raised no popular enthusiasm in the notice taken of it, and after the first edition was exhausted it fell out of print. Of late it has been called for again; for now the site seems to be actually accepted, and there is a sort of competition among explorers as to the credit of having first suggested the knoll by the Damascus gate as being probably the exact place where our Lord was crucified.

"Mr. Howe's object in his publication was to set forth the plainest arguments for his conjecture in the plainest way. No one can make light of his work; he writes calmly, and attempts nothing eloquent—is, indeed, rather too terse and dry for popular rhetoric. But Sir J. William Dawson testifies to his having summed up the Scripture proofs for his purpose 'with great care,' and calls his argument 'able.' If real students choose to read what he has said, they will go with him to his conclusions now; but when he wrote that volume all the world seemed afraid to challenge the absurd tradition which fixed the crucifixion up in the air over a graded hill, under the roof of an old structure that contains everything, and the burial-place of Jesus not far from it, beneath the same dome. Mr. Howe was in Jerusalem in 1853. For eighteen years thereafter he was occupied with studying all the authorities that he could find upon the subject; his mind was full of the theme. In 1870 he writes that he does not know how long ago the thoughts got into his mind; and within a twelvemonth he lays his book before the public. It is simply candid to assert that he was first in the field with his orderly proofs, seven or eight years before any of those who now seek to pass his volume by had given their slow adhesion to his arguments and begun to claim the credit of having supplied them to the public. The necessity of this case required in the outset that he should state what the evangelists have to say, and what other allusions found in the New Testament demand in reference to the site. He makes, with a conspicuous italicizing of his words, six points in their turn:

First. That the place of the crucifixion was outside the walls of Jerusalem; and he adduces Hebrews xiii. 12; Matthew xxvii. 31, 32;

John xix. 16, 17, with parallel passages from other gospels saying the same.

Second. That this place was nigh to the city. (John xix. 20.)

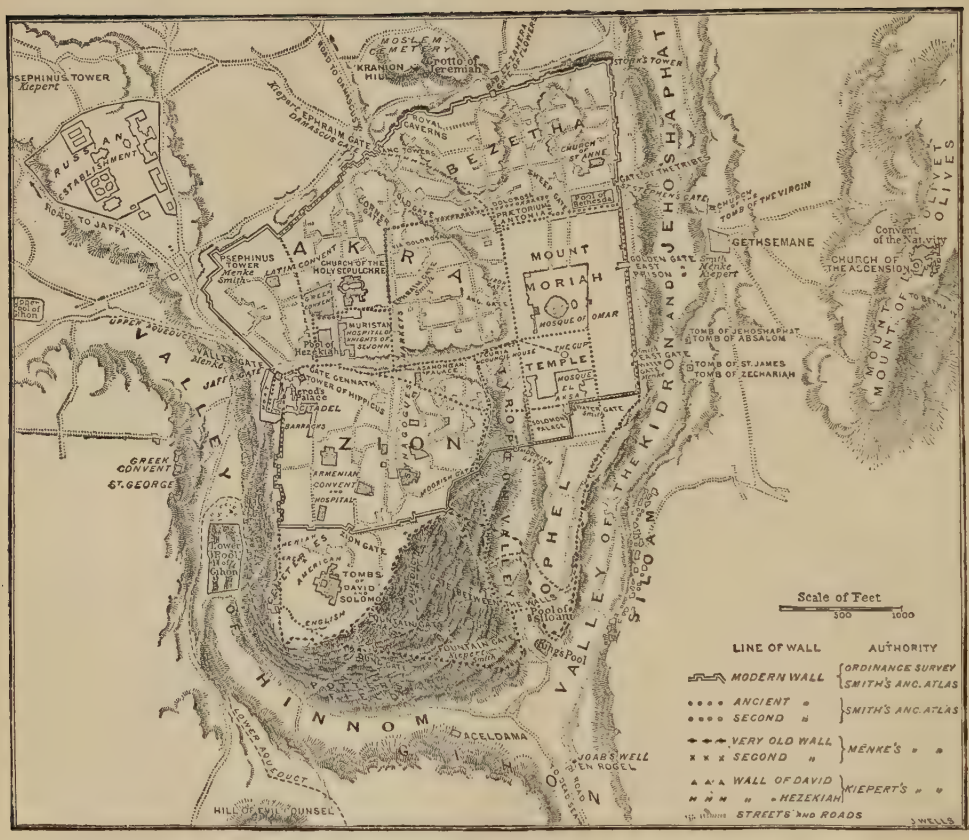
Third. That it was popularly known under the general designation of *Kranion.* He notes the meaning of *Golgotha* and of *Calvary,* and then he quotes Matthew xxvii. 33; Luke xxiii. 33; and John xix. 20.

Fourth. That it was obviously nigh to one of the leading thoroughfares to and from Jerusalem. (Matthew xxvii. 39; Mark xv. 29.)

Fifth. That this spot was very conspicuous; that is, it could be seen by those at a distance. (Matthew xxvii. 55; Luke xxiii. 35; John xix. 20.)

Sixth. That it was nigh to, not only sepulchres, but also gardens. (John xix. 38–42.) Then to these enumerations of proofs he adds his entire conclusion: "No sophistry, or interposed traditional authority or belief, can be allowed to evade these plain demands of the written word of God. Failure to meet one of them is proper ground for suspicion; failure in all is good cause for rejecting any site, traditional or hypothetical." With these propositions he proceeds to apply his tests.

"Of course, therefore, the earliest thing this author was obliged to set himself definitely to accomplish was to destroy the force of an established tradition in favor of the so-called Church of the Holy Sepulchre. He marshalled his proofs to show that this building could not be reckoned as ever having been outside of the city. Hence he entered into the controversy about the walls of that historic old capital with a map and a Bible in his hands. The map which accompanies this sketch of Mr. Howe's process of reasoning is a great deal better than the one he copied from a guide-book of his time. It will do its own work in exhibiting how utterly impossible it is to twist Jerusalem into a straggling figure of awkwardness sufficiently wretched to allow of that rambling and mysterious piece of architecture being considered outside the wall. If one would take his stand upon the knoll by the Damascus gate and look over on the city, finding the domes and towers of the church conspicuous in the grouping almost at the centre of the town, he would own the difficulty instantly. Mr. Howe discusses this in his 'Oriental and Sacred Scenes,' and throws all his force against that traditional theory even from the beginning. It is useless here to waste space in argument; it is enough to say that nobody has ever answered the objections of such scholars as Dr. Edward Robinson,



Map of Jerusalem.

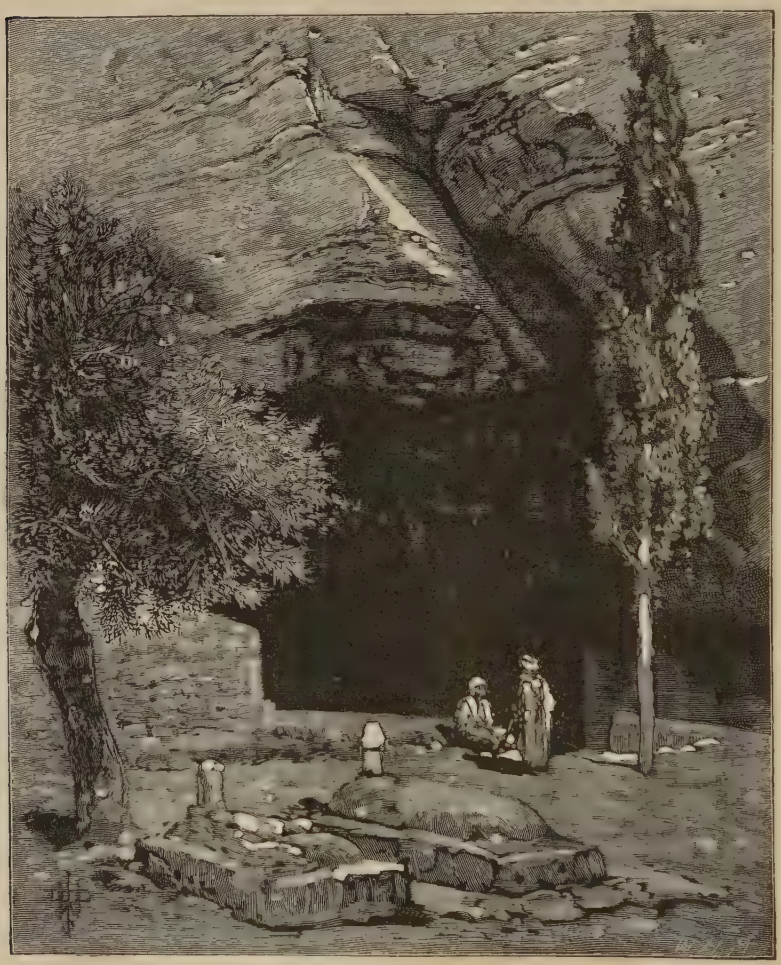
Dr. William M. Thomson, and scores of other writers of more or less repute. It is impossible to meet the scriptural conditions with that locality; and there is no other in Jerusalem which will meet them except that by the Grotto of Jeremiah.

"The only representative site for Calvary now offered pilgrims in Jerusalem is found in a couple of rooms inside the old edifice; one is owned and exhibited by the Greeks, another by the Latins. These share the same disability; both—since the church is already so full of traditions on the ground floor—had to go up a flight of stairs into free space nearer the roof. And there it is, amidst tawdry curtains and gilt bedizenments of candles and altar-shrines, that this ancient spot upon which the cross of Jesus Christ rested is pointed out, and the veritable hole is shown in which it was planted. And the thieves' crosses—a decorous but rather inadequate distance of five feet between them on the right and left of the middle one—are ranged alongside. And down underneath, far below across some intervening space left by grading away the actual soil of the hill, so we are sagely told, is the grave of Adam! Tradition has related that at the crucifixion of Jesus some drops of blood fell through upon Adam's skull and raised him suddenly to life; and there are commentators who declare that so the prophecy quoted by the apostle Paul (Ephesians v. 14) was well fulfilled: "Awake, thou Adam that sleepest [for thus the former versions read in the text], and arise from the dead, for Christ shall touch thee." The art-people say that this is the origin of the fact that in those early rude representations of the death of our Lord a skull is introduced.

"Can any man of sensibility be blamed if he makes an imperious demand that something more—something else at least—shall greet him in answer to his question, Where was our Lord crucified? If there should be no other advantage gained by the acceptance of a new site as now proposed, this would be enough: it would put an end to the awkward and offensive impostures daily exhibited under the roof of that filthy old church. They are a standing mockery of the claims of the Christianity they profess to uphold. Those ceremonies of Easter at the tomb where our Lord is declared to have been buried are a caricature of an event so glad and holy. The struggle around the flames that are chemically forced out of the smoky hole in the sepulchre, so that devotees in frantic zeal may light their lamps, brings death from the trampling of thousands, fills the house with howls that

put heathenism to shame, and sends true believers away with an infinite disgust and horror deep in their hearts. How long must such a scandal be patiently endured?

"Mr. James Fergusson, certainly one of the highest authorities on



The Grotto of Jeremiah.

all architectural subjects, says plainly he thinks that the idea of an interior building like that of the Church of the Sepulchre containing the site of the crucifixion and burial is too absurd to merit serious refutation; and he does not believe it would require it but for the open admission in all opposing arguments of the lack of anyone's being able

to say, or even to hint, where the true site is. To this remark he is willing to add his conviction that the present traditional notion will never be broken up until this practical want is supplied. Here is the real flaw in the logic: 'Men will twist and torment facts and evidence until they make it quite clear, to their own minds, that what they wish to be true must be so.' It is not necessary to accept this conclusion as absolute; some delusions concerning sites have been surrendered, and still the places emptied of them in the popular folly have not been as yet authentically filled. There is a positive advantage always in the settlement which common sense makes in putting down an imposture, just for its own sake; and we hope this has become possible, in these later times, with that church of Helena's building in the city of Jerusalem. But there is still greater gain in putting down an imposture and erecting in the place of it a truth and a fact. In his bright book of letters from Palestine entitled 'Haifa,' Mr. Laurence Oliphant offers the results of modern observation and discussion with swift and intelligible words that are very welcome; especially in this instance it is worth our while to find and note the present posture of thought. He says:

"'Every indication goes to show that Golgotha, or Calvary, was a knoll outside the Damascus gate, exactly in the opposite direction to that affixed by Christian tradition, and which would do away with the *Via Dolorosa* as a sacred thoroughfare, the street shown as that along which Christ bore his cross on his way to execution. It is only probable that Calvary was the ordinary execution ground of Jerusalem, which is called in the Talmud "the House of Stoning" about A.D. 150, and which current tradition among the Jews identifies with this knoll —a tradition borne out by the account of it contained in the *Mishnah*, or text of the Talmud, which describes a cliff over which the condemned was thrown by the first witness. If he was not killed by the fall, the second witness cast a stone upon him, and the crowd on the cliff, or beneath it, completed his execution. It was outside the gate, at some distance from the judgment-hall. The knoll in question is just outside the gate, with a cliff about fifty feet high. Moreover, we are informed that sometimes they sunk a beam in the ground, and a cross-beam extended from it, and they bound his hands one over the other, and hung him up. Thus the "House of Stoning" was a recognized place of crucifixion. It is curious that an early Christian tradition pointed to this

site as the place of stoning of Stephen, the proto-martyr. The vicinity has apparently always been considered unlucky. An Arab writer in the Middle Ages pronounces a barren tract adjoining accursed and haunted, so that the traveller should not pass at night.'

"Many modern explorers have accepted the conclusion noted above; most of those who have written on the theme have marshalled their arguments to give it proof. And what is remarkable beyond anything else is the fact that these arguments are the same as those used by my old and dear friend, Mr. Fisher Howe, more than a quarter of a century ago. The spot has been named the 'Grotto of Jeremiah' for no reason that has any sense in it. The story was that the old prophet lived inside of the strange cavern at the base, as a hermit would live in some cleft of the hill-side; that he penned his commentaries there and composed his prophetic book, and sang his melancholy Lamentations. Still, this proves nothing; and history says that this prophet lived in Egypt for the latter years of his career, and wrote his messages back to his loved people who exiled him, dwelling in Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes.

"But the cave is wonderfully extensive; some say it is a hundred feet deep. Indeed, the excavations under the entire hill must have been the work of ages, and would be considered a wonder anywhere else than in the vicinity of Jerusalem. The cliff is shorn sheer down, as if cut with a chisel, and presents a perpendicular façade fifty feet high. Close by it are many graves, and underneath the so-called grotto are vast cisterns of pure water. The whole hill-side is venerable and majestic. It looks like one of the oldest and most imperishable landmarks of that suburb, and could not fail to have been from time immemorial a notable place to all who went out or in by the gate leading toward the north.

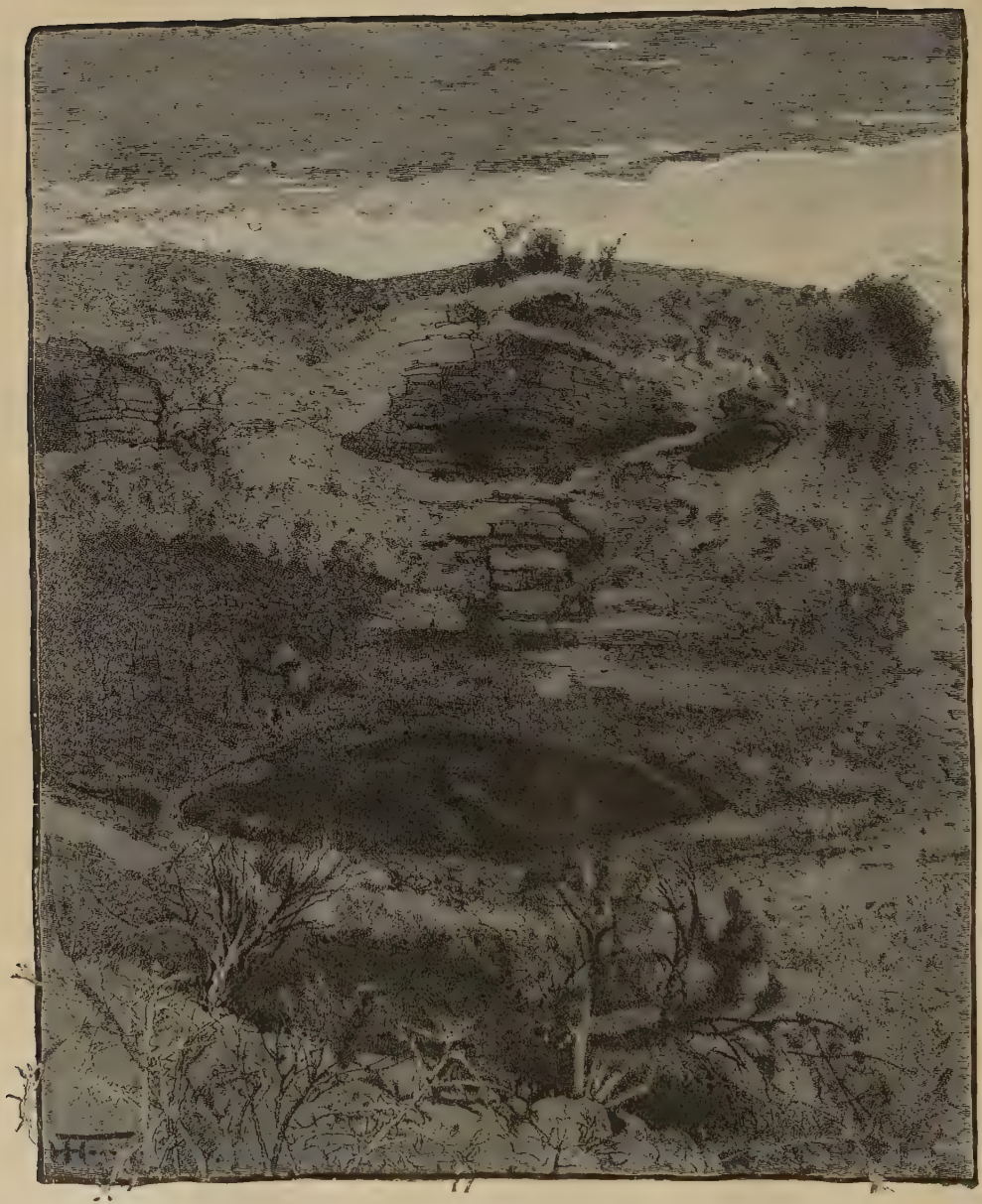
"Among those who have written most ably and most recently on this subject is Dr. Selah Merrill, for some time the American consul at Jerusalem. He there enjoyed very rare opportunities for his study, and whatever he offers is worthy of profound respect. This testimony is from his pen: 'For some years past there has been a growing conviction that the hill in which Jeremiah's Grotto is shown, situated a little to the northeast of the Damascus gate, satisfied the conditions as to the site of Calvary better than any other spot in or around Jerusalem. Indeed, a large number of competent scholars have already accepted

this hill as Golgotha. From the Mount of Olives and Scopus, from the road leading north past the Russian buildings west of the city, from many points north of the town, and from many of the house-tops within Jerusalem itself, this hill attracts the eye by its prominence. On the north slope of the hill the slaughter-house of Jerusalem stood until two years since (1883), when it was removed to a more suitable locality northeast of the town. In its place two buildings have been erected, one of which is used as a residence. From these a high wall has been constructed, running past the large "Meis" tree still standing there, which many will remember, and on toward the foot of the hill on the west. The western slope is composed of barren earth and broken rock, but at the bottom on this side there is a large garden, where, some feet below the surface of the ground, ruins have been found which are marked in the maps as an "asnerie"—a term, however, which conveys no adequate idea of the extent and character of the ruins. The south face is vertical, and has in it the so-called "Grotto of Jeremiah." Farther along in this southern face, which does not run in a straight line, great quantities of stone have been quarried within the past few years. Toward the east the hill does not fall in a single slope, but, as it were, in two terraces. The hill may be said to be prolonged in this direction, the eastern knoll or second terrace being a little lower than the other. The entire summit of the hill is covered with Moslem graves. This fact has no doubt prevented the hill from being bought up and built upon hitherto, and this alone still prevents the ground from passing into the hands of foreigners. This graveyard is an old one; and who can say that the hand of Providence is not specially visible in the preservation of this spot, in this strange manner, from the disgusting and degrading monkish traditions which would otherwise have sprung up about it?'

"The brisk rehearsal of Mr. Howe's argument is, therefore, all that at present is needed to complete the exhibition I have been trying to make of what he has done in the direction of establishment and proofs.

"*First.* This spot is certainly outside the walls of the city. No one will ever have to make crooked pictures, and distort circumvallations, in order with such a site to meet this text: 'Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate.'

"*Second.* The place of the crucifixion was nigh to the city. No time



Place of the Skull.

needs to be lost in saying that this knoll is close beside the gate on the north, which has for unreckoned years been unchanged and changeless in location. All the lay of the land there is as old as any part of Jerusalem can be. Historic proof can be offered that this wide chasm was fashioned by the engineers of King Hezekiah himself long and long before Jesus Christ was born. The conformation of that "skull shape" must have existed just so for ages. All scholars are agreed that the rock, cut through at that time for the path, is the original base of the wall. So lofty are the parapets in this direction that besiegers never have ventured an attack on the northern side. The structures, therefore, are almost unbroken. Wall and hill together form a perpendicular face seventy or eighty feet high. Hence armies, in all the fitful fortunes of Jerusalem, have chosen easier places for undertaking breaches of entrance. And the cliff directly facing the wall, with its rounded cranium and its black sockets, suggesting a skull now so plainly, has been there in all the years to make the same suggestion.

"*Third.* The hill is noticeably skull-shaped, so that in popular habit it may have been called by the name. It is well enough to say just at this point that the revisers of the New Testament have done, of their own accord, what Mr. Howe used often to tell me ought to have been done before. They have changed the Latin designation for the proper English in the gospel of Luke (xxiii. 33): 'And when they came unto the place which is called The Skull, there they crucified him.' So in Matthew's story (xxvii. 33): 'And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha,' the article is changed to definite instead of indefinite —'*the* place called Golgotha.' It was a known spot—'in the place was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre,'—as if close by and familiar.

"I choose to touch this point with a single illustration. We are all acquainted with these curious freaks of nature that after long ages become landmarks just because of their singularity. Who will ever forget the 'Profile' in the White Mountains? One has to go to the exact spot, however, in order to see it, or it will evade his observation in every case, and he will have to join the innumerable throng of incredulous tourists who insist that there is no semblance of a face in the cliff, or anywhere else outside of the imagination of some young people. The portrait of the 'White Horse' across the Saco River, in front of the fine Intervale House in North Conway, affords another example. It

is visible and intelligible to everybody; and yet it has to be looked for and looked at when the sunlight strikes it at a particular angle. For unreckoned years these two landmarks have been there in the rocks, and they will stay there until doomsday, for all we know. Because they are so odd, popular imagination takes them up, and makes use of them forever. There is nothing more certain and unalterable than the 'Pulpit,' or the 'Cathedral,' or the 'Old Man of the Mountain,' to fix a site and a name.

"So Mr. Howe used to consider this shape of a *kranion*, there in an elevated conspicuousness beside the Damascus gate, one of his strongest arguments for the spot he preferred. I might perhaps add that the only way to catch the whole effect is to choose a position of some reach of distance away to the southeast. Afterward, on another walk, with the rest of our company to give further witness, we found that the observation was more successful from near the point where our Lord looked down upon Jerusalem when he wept over the prospect of its destruction. There are three roads that appear on the map as leading across the summit of the Mount of Olives: the southern one goes around rather than over the ridge, taking a sharp bend almost like a right angle; it is just there that the full view of Jerusalem bursts most gloriously on the sight. We thought the appearance of the skull shape was more distinct at this point than even at the belfry of the Church of the Ascension.

"Now, it is freely admitted by everybody that there is no documentary or historic proof that this place bore such a name at the time when Jesus was crucified. But some place there was close by and just outside of Jerusalem which did bear that name then. Where was it? Our Sunday-school teachers are all told in the popular commentaries to answer the children, when they ask why the spot where Jesus was crucified was called *Golgotha*, that it was either because the place was shaped like a skull, or because—being the ordinary place of execution or burial of criminals—skulls might be discovered there. Both of these may have been true; and both of these are true of this knoll of the Damascus gate, so far as the shape and graves are concerned.

"*Fourth.* This place must have been nigh to one of the leading thoroughfares of Jerusalem. The passers-by 'railed on him.' These persons, in all likelihood, were the ordinary traffic-people, or the villagers coming in and out, or the sojourners who were in the suburbs in

tents or booths, having journeyed up to the feast. The northern road, reaching out over the country toward Shechem, Tyre, and Damascus, was one of the oldest and most fixed in Palestine. The Damascus gate was named after it.

"*Fifth.* The site of the crucifixion must have been very conspicuous. 'And the people stood beholding.' Some of these were females,



Jerusalem from Mount Calvary.

to whom it would have been perilous to force their way through the crowds of soldiers and coarse creatures present at crucifixions. Possibly an anxious few of such as had been helped and healed by the Lord were desiring to keep watch of the sad spectacle: 'There were also women looking on afar off.' There is an excellent diorama now upon exhibition in New York showing, in the modern form of half-picture and half-figure, the crucifixion scene; and the most striking feature of the representation, so far as the populace is concerned, is the crowd upon the long reach of wall, gazing off at those crosses on the knoll. The unusually elevated portion of the fortifications at the Damascus gate affords an outlook to be found nowhere else in the city. Indeed, this spot satisfies all the needs of the sacred narrative. It is a high, conspicuous place, at no very great distance from the governor's house. The way to it would be along the streets of the city, where the crowds would be met, the daughters of Jerusalem thronging Jesus as he passed. It is situated precisely where he, sinking under his cross, would most need help. The hill in front of the Damascus gate is so steep that the path winds in order to get up to the top of the knoll;

and there is where the countryman, Simon the Cyrenean, would be caught, just as he was entering, and forced to aid in carrying the cross up the slope.

"*Sixth.* The place of crucifixion must have been nigh to gardens and sepulchres. Sir J. William Dawson says he visited the vicinity in the company of Dr. Selah Merrill, and found that to this day small gardens occupy the level ground at the foot of the skull-shaped knoll, and upon the borders of such gardens are tombs. This same writer, in common with others, dwells forcibly upon the fact that, when Jesus



The Damascus Gate.

was raised, two angels appeared standing at the head and foot of the sepulchre, so as to be visible to those who came to the place; moreover, the door of the opening was low, so that one had to stoop to look into it, and the great stone which kept the mouth closed was rolled along in grooves to fall into its position. Such structures, it is claimed, are not to be found anywhere else in the suburbs of Jerusalem; but some have been in later times found on that hill beside the Damascus gate. The customary manner of building the places of interment was to fashion a series of long, narrow receptacles, not dissimilar to our own way in vaults of cemeteries—chambers into which the bodies were slid with the head far back in utter darkness, and only the feet seen

when the door was opened. Much importance is attached to this statement; and it is generally accepted as quite true as a matter of fact by those who know best.

"With this rehearsal it is well enough to leave the argument just where Mr. Fisher Howe left it. One characteristic of his unpretending volume will be noticeable upon each page of it—the author was devoted to his task, and emboldened by his enthusiasm to deliver a little book in its behalf; but he was personally diffident, and almost painfully a modest man in literature. He tried his hardest, from the beginning to the end of the volume, to commit somebody or anybody responsibly to an indorsement of his conviction. He never wished to make a sensation in such a matter; what he desired was that people should give up the former absurdities as to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and accept this sane and sensible conclusion that Jesus Christ was crucified on that elevated spot beside the Damascus gate. If only he could have forced words out of old Dr. Edward Robinson's tomes declaring the truth of what the heart of hearts within him believed, he would have given over the matter gladly to him. This will explain some crude allusions to authors and public men of repute that appear among his quotations. Dr. Selah Merrill has published this little paragraph in an excellent article:

"'As regards the question, Who first suggested the hill above Jeremiah's Grotto as the probable site of the crucifixion? it may be that this honor belongs to an American who was distinguished in quite another department than that of biblical geography, namely, to the eminent Rev. Rufus Anderson, D.D., who, when walking out of the Damascus gate, in the year 1845, in company with his friend Dr. Eli Smith, pointed to this hill, and spoke of it to his companion as in his judgment the site of the true Calvary.'

"It would be a matter of interest to know how he became acquainted with such a fact. All the authority that is in existence, I think, is in Mr. Fisher Howe's volume. The reference is so peculiar that one grows interested to know the whole of it. Mr. Howe wrote to Dr. Rufus Anderson, as he wrote to me, and to many others, doubtless, seeking an understanding with them, sympathy and information; communicating recklessly and exhaustively everything he knew, and asking for some pleasant interchange. And I knew him well enough to be sure, now as I write these words, that he told his correspondents tenfold more than

he ever got back. I have an affectionate appreciation of the delight he felt when he had put this brilliant testimonial and corroboration into type on his final page, and linked together two names he so truly honored. But I say unhesitatingly that Dr. Anderson knew what he was then writing when he said, 'I thank you for *your suggestions* with regard to the true Calvary.' Mr. Howe had been writing and studying for enthusiastic years before he received the knowledge of Dr. Anderson's tentative remark to Dr. Smith; he did not know that anyone had ever spoken even casually about such a thing; and he was glad to have it published that so great a man had made the remark to another man so great.

"I end this notice of a very valuable small book, and this affectionate reminiscence of a beloved friend, by saying in all simplicity that, since Dr. Anderson died without the sign, and Dr. Eli Smith died without the sign, and Mr. Fisher Howe, having made the best sign he could, then died (*nulli flebilior quam mihi*), I sometimes have had a wish that before he died he might have known a little of the grateful gladness with which the world is now mentioning his name as the one who first gave out the orderly argument to establish what good men now believe is 'The True Site of Calvary.'"

CHAPTER X.

FROM JUDEA TO SAMARIA.

Places not yet Visited.—Some Notes on Samaria and on Galilee.—The Departure from Jerusalem via Jericho.—Scopus-"Mizpeh."—Bethel.—Shiloh.—In Samuel's Time.—At Jacob's Well.—Joseph's Sepulchre.—Shechem.—Mount Ebal.—Mount Gerizim.—The Pentateuch of the Samaritans.—A "very Religious People."—The Houses of Shechem.—The Olive Groves.—Lepers.—On the Road to Samaria.—A Grand Prospect.—The Wandering Bedouin.—Beggars by the Roadside.—Blood Feuds.—Samaria in Sight.—Old History and new Experiences.—In Herod's Day.—The "Good Samaritan" of our Day.—The Church of St. John.—Inquiring the Way. Scripture Illustrations Abound.—The Parable of the Sower.—A Picturesque Land.—At the Roadside Fountain.—Jenin, the Border City of Samaria.—"Arguing Religion" at the Mosque.—The Glories of Galilee in Sight.

THE student of the Gospel according to St. Luke gathers the impression that in the time of Christ Palestine must have had a large number of thickly settled cities and villages. Such, indeed, was the fact. The district of Galilee alone, says Josephus, contained two hundred and four places, with an average of fifteen thousand inhabitants. That would give the two thousand square miles of Galilee a population of quite three millions. What a quantity of people Jesus must have reached, then, in his short ministry, aided by "the twelve" and the chosen "seventy;" for Luke declares "that he went throughout every city and village preaching and shewing the glad tidings of the Kingdom of God." A large audience always attended upon him. At Capernaum they "pressed" so he had to take to the boat; at the mountain he had to seek an elevated position in order to make his voice reach the thousands who gathered about him; on another occasion "the people were gathered thick together," and at still another time "there were gathered together an innumerable multitude of people, insomuch that they trode one upon another."

The modern visitor finds no little difficulty in verifying this record by means of the present proofs. The most I can hope to do, therefore, is to follow the explorations and determinations of those who have pre-

ceded me, and give such as will help in the study of places which have not had attention. One cluster of such places lies between Judea and the old-time district of Samaria, and includes the latter.

Samaria, in the time of Christ, as near as we can find out, formed the southern border of the plain of Esdraelon, all the way from the Carmel hills on the west to the Jordan depression on the east. It was limited on the south by the borders of Benjamin. It suffered many a battle in the olden time, and between 750 B.C. and 677 B.C. the Assyrian kings cut off all the branches of the Jew-Samaritan houses and grafted their own people in the land. Thus the Assyrian-Samaritan nation grew up in the Vale of Shechem and beyond. To this day the natives appear to be different in many ways from the people one meets in Jerusalem and Galilee, and to be of a seemingly superior race. Their color is lighter, their hair is wavy, and they dress differently. The king whom historians hold responsible for this shrewd method of squelching rebellion and taking possession of the land of the enemy was "Esar-Haddon, King of Assur." The little handful which remains claim to be the descendants of those ancient colonizers, and they have maintained their distinctive government and religious faith. The latter is about as hard to define as the creed of the Druses on Mount Lebanon. The ancient Samaritans "feared the Lord," and yet "they served their graven images," the sacred historian avers. They did everything in their power to annoy the Jews, and followed the wily spirit of the woman of Samaria who, when she met our Lord at the well, asked, "Art thou greater than our father Jacob, who gave us the well?" Such vacillation, of course, caused antagonism on the part of the Jews, and such hatred that Jesus was almost despised for speaking to a Samaritan woman, and his apostles wanted to call down fire from heaven upon the people of a Samaritan village who refused ordinary hospitality to their master.

The district of Galilee which borders Samaria on the north, in the time of our Lord, covered all of that portion of the land which was apportioned to the tribes of Issachar, Zebulon, Asher, and Naphtali. It was divided into two sections—Upper and Lower Galilee. The latter included the Plain of Esdraelon and its branches, which ran down to the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee, and all of that lovely hill country which bounds the plain on the north. El-Gannin, the modern Jenin, was the border town on the south, and the Plain of Akka was the western limit.

The general character of the two districts named is, in many respects, similar to that of some of our New England and Middle States. There are winding vales and rolling hills, springs, rivulets, and rivers like ours. South of them the climate resembles that of our own southern boundaries, while in the north, long ranges of snow-capped mountains loom up, as grandly picturesque as our own New Hampshire domes. Both of these have their influence upon the middle-lands of Samaria and Lower Galilee; so that the most lovely days possible come to the husbandmen of both districts, and the richest fruits and grains abound, while the sunlit hills are, in season, bedecked by a glorious growth of flowers and shaded by luxuriant foliage. But now the resemblance to our own favored land dies out. No country in the world is such a land of ruins as Palestine. Of course this is not true on the scale prevailing in Italy or in Greece or in Egypt, but the shapeless masses which lie scattered over almost every hill-top bear a frightful proportion to the cities and villages which remain inhabited. In some quarters you may ride your horse for miles without seeing more of humanity than a shepherd boy, or hearing more of a sound than is awakened by the tiny landslide started by a goat or sheep as the frightened creature tries to escape from you up some bare incline. The ruins at Pompeii and Herculaneum, and at some places along the Nile, are comparatively well preserved because the death-dealing scoriæ and lava, or the suffocating sand which covered them for centuries preserved them from the merciless destructiveness of the elements and from the vandal's hand. But here the destroyed architectural glories of Saracen, Crusader, Roman, Greek, Jew, and even of the Canaanites whom Joshua drove out, may be found intermixed in a composite mass which results in nothing but the flattest, driest, most time-worn, and expressionless ruin possible to conceive. But then there is yet some life, some beauty, and some "milk and honey" left, over which most sacred interest continues to hover.

The horseback journey from Jerusalem via Jericho to Shechem takes over two days, and affords an interesting journey. The road is a very rough one, and must have been so when Joshua made his conquests; for when his spies "went up and viewed Ai . . . they returned to Joshua, and said unto him, Let not all the people go up; but let about two or three thousand men go up and smite Ai; and make not all the people to labor thither; for they are but few" (Joshua vii.

2, 3). Nevertheless the journey is one of the most enjoyable in all Palestine. The start should be made long before sunrise, for it is a rare privilege to see the sun awaken such a drowsy country. When the first glimmer of light comes darting down from the Moabite hills, it trembles a moment among the top leaves of Jordan's verdant side-screens, and then dances hither and thither across the dewy plains of Jericho. The scene is one which would gladden the heart of any husbandman. Toward the south the view is interrupted by a great fog, the rosy high lights of which hover over the Dead Sea. Its left wing hangs drooping over the bosom of the Jordan for a mile or two. The Fountain of Elisha looks almost black at that early hour, and the little stream scarcely seems awake.

Now we turn westward. A short race with the sunbeams across the plain brings us squarely in front of Mount Quarantania, into whose yawning caves the early light affords the best view of all the day, for then only can the genial rays creep into them. For an hour before sunrise everything looks dismal enough; but when the sun rises, the scene grows more beautiful every foot of the way. When one of the highest points is gained, a vast prospect is presented, that reaches from the great sea on the west, with the hills of Benjamin, overtopped by those of Gilead and Moab (the Jordan between them), on the east. The rolling battle-fields of Gibeon lie in full view. Every rod of ground represents a page in Israelitish history. In less than two hours a near approach to Scopus hill—the supposed site of Mizpeh—is made.

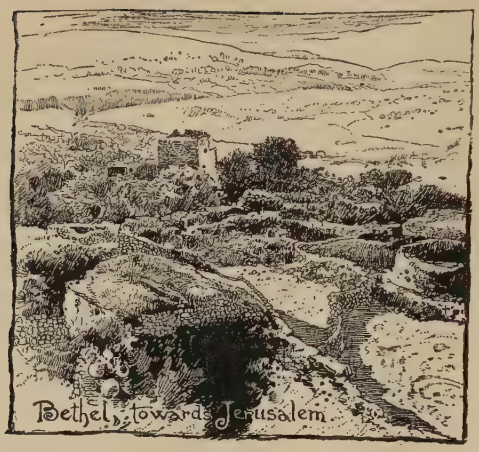
The Bible does not define the location of Mizpeh so exactly as it does that of Shiloh. Nevertheless it is generally agreed that the long ridge called Scopus, which continues northward from the Mount of Olives, is the spot where Samuel took the oath of allegiance from the wandering people, and that not far from there he set up the stone of Ebenezer. You can go from the Garden of Gethsemane to the top of Scopus in less than an hour. It is not a picturesque excursion; therefore but few make it. It well repays the trouble, however, for it not only affords a magnificent view of Jerusalem and its surroundings, but gives one of the best typical views of the land there is to be had. On all sides are the indisputable evidences of the populousness of a former age. The main highway winding up the hill was once a splendid specimen of Roman road engineering. But as the fallen walls which lined it were time and again restored somewhat to shape, century after

century, the great stones which composed them were at each reconstruction carried closer and closer to each other, until, now, but a narrow bridle-path is there. Some attempt is made here and there to define property lines or to separate the olive-groves by other walls. If your eyes are practised you may also discover, in more or less ruin, the peasant's cottage, the vineyard-tower, the oil-press, the wine-vat, the sheep-fold, water-tanks and reservoirs, crumbling terraces and deserted villages, all presenting an aspect of desolation, when separated from the view of Jerusalem, which is as pitiable as any view along the Nile or in the Desert of the Wandering. But how marvellous is the prospect from the hill of Scopus. Better than from any other point, one can see how much higher is the hill on which the Holy city is situated than any of the surrounding heights. The descent of the valley of the Kidron and its depression appear much greater than when you are standing near it. The roofs of the houses of Siloam look like dice, and the olive-trees of Olivet appear as black and flat as dominoes. Then there are the tall minarets, the broad domes, and the old gray walls of the city of David, with all of which we are familiar. A few minutes after the feet are turned descending toward Shiloh the long mountain ridge, like a curtain, hides the historical theatre from view, and the aspect presented by nature is desolate enough. The final battle with the Philistines occurred thereabouts. Samuel rode over the country annually when making his "circuit" as "Judge of Israel," and visited Mizpeh, Gilgal, and Bethel in turn, although his home was in Ramah, where he built an altar.



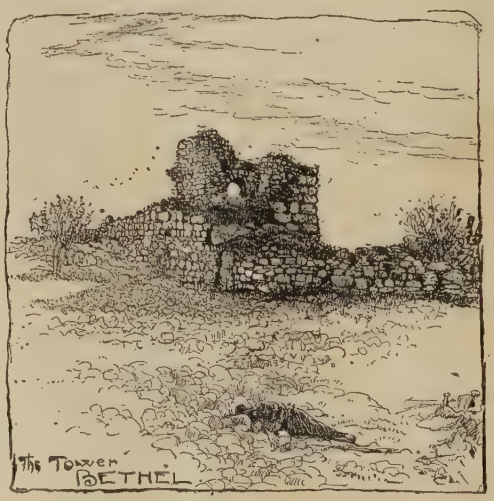
Scopus from the Mount of Olives.

Bound for a special place, however, we must avoid detail and hurry on to Bethel, and east of Bethel to Ai. As the sun journeys on, the air



grows hot, and the climb becomes irksome. The Bethel of to-day does not inspire very Jacob-like dreams. The prophecy that "Bethel shall come to naught" has been fully realized. Part of an old pool forms the usual camping-ground of the traveller. The people of the modern village are cleanly and hospitable. The city wall is constructed of immensely tall plants of the prickly pear. They are easier to keep in order than the walls of stone, though stones and "pillars of stone" undoubtedly abound in every field about Bethel. Jerusalem and "the place of Jacob's dream" present the points of interest in the outlook toward the south. The Dead Sea and the Jordan may again be seen south and east; but Ai is no more to be seen. Its site "is on the east side of Bethel," not so very far from Abraham's camping-ground. The story of its assault and capture is recorded with such detail as to make it one of the most interesting events in all the Jewish narrative.

It seems as if one of those great wide-spreading oaks which stand to-day on the sides of the hills near Bethel must be the one upon which the King of Ai was hanged, and that any "great heap of stones," so numerous close by, may cover the kingly carcass. There still is the rocky glen where the ambush lay; there the barren ridge where Joshua and his attendants took up their position, north of the city; there the deep valley between them, where he first attracted the attention of Ai;



there the wild ravine through which they fled with Ai after them, down toward Jericho. But it is all desolation and ruin now, and the country is not worth the attention of the modern invader.

The neighboring highways are about the roughest over which anyone travelling in Palestine ever rode a horse. Indeed, sometimes the traveller is obliged to dismount to help and encourage his poor, bewildered horse to follow him. The rougher climbs over, however, the remainder of the journey to Shechem is one of the most varied and enjoyable in all the land. Instead of the small, compressed, ground-down sort of appearance which generally pervades Southern Palestine, every prospect pleases. Thriving olive-groves, rich grain-fields, myriads of gaudy flowers, hills covered with growing crops, and the long inclines, terraced now with stone walls, now by the natural formation of the rock, vary the prospect. Farmers are seen ploughing, the women are plucking the tares from the wheat, and the children are helping. Ascending and descending, every foot of the way shows the care and attention of an industrious people. Perhaps it is the fresher air that gives them more vigor than have those who inhabit the white chalk-hills and the almost bare valleys of the south country. Even the flowers look fresher, newer, and happier. Every step taken by the horses starts a gossipy wagging of heads and a widening of eyes among the daisies which line the narrow roadway. At the right, spreading eastward for nearly a mile and a half, and from north to south for seven miles or more, is a glorious valley, broken up into sections of green and gold and pink, with not a line of fence or wall to disturb it, and only the groves of olives, the trunks of which, twisted and braided together, relieve the uniformity of the expanse. Away over on its eastern side is a line of hills, as dark as a row of olive-trees. On the left Gerizim and Ebal stand out majestically against the blue sky, with the wide vale between them, in the midst of which lies Shechem. Then, far in the northwest, rising like a



great white screen, as though outstretched for the whole grand evening spectacle to be projected upon it, is snowy Mount Hermon. At Bethel the good people sent huge bouquets of lovely pink roses to our tents.

In the twenty-first chapter of Judges, a Jewish city is located with unusual exactitude. "On the north side of Bethel, on the east of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah." The Bible name of that city is Shiloh. The modern Arab calls it Seilun. It was the chief resort of the Israelites for a long time before the gates of Jerusalem were opened to them. No health-giving spa drew the people there; no cooling breezes of the sea cajoled; the air which came from the neighboring hills was not so cool as that of Lebanon; neither did close proximity to the Jordan attract the hosts who came to Shiloh. Nevertheless, every year, a great feast was held there, when the young women danced and won the hearts of the swains who came from the neighboring tribes.

A number of other things made Shiloh a centre of interest. After the battle of Ai, Joshua moved the Tabernacle from Gilgal to Shiloh, and made it his headquarters until his death; at Shiloh the division of the land took place; Eli lived at Shiloh; Samuel spent his boyhood there, and was "established to be a prophet of the Lord" at Shiloh. Thus Shiloh became the place of the annual feasts, and was a resort well known to all the tribes of Israel.

Let us try to understand a little concerning that old-time resort of the Israelites. To find it, we need only to follow the directions given in the most ancient guide-book. The route from Bethel is exceedingly rough. You are obliged to dismount and help your horse over the rocks. It is cruel to ride. The struggle over the black basaltic rocks is an anxious one. When that is over, the large olive-orchards, the rich grain-fields, and the millions of wild flowers which come into view, compensate for the compulsory work you have done. More than these, as the journey is proceeded with, the scenery grows more sublime. The mountains rise higher, come more closely to each other and narrow the valleys; then, for a time they are lower and farther apart, and the widening valleys present a picturesque and busy scene. The brown-armed peasants are ploughing; the girls, clad in gay attire, are pulling tares from the grain, and children, laughing merrily, are helping them. Luxurious vineyards bedeck the terraced hills. Frequently the tinkling of a bell attracts attention to the pathways which wind

around the cliffs on either side, when a tall Bedouin, with a striped abba and a long fowling-piece slung across his shoulders, is discovered guiding his flocks of sheep and goats; thence comes the familiar sound. A long caravan of camels and donkeys laden with American kerosene may often be seen trailing slowly and demurely along the narrow, zigzag mountain-paths. It is one of the busiest neighborhoods in Palestine. The cultivated fields line both sides of the "highway"—



At Shiloh.

only a narrow bridle-path—until the ruins of the old, crushed city are made out. What remains of Shiloh is located on a knoll a little higher than its neighbors. As soon as this is reached, the light seems to go out of the picture, for you so quickly climb up from the delightful to the desolate. When you ascend one of our own Appalachians, as you emerge suddenly from the clotted, stunted tree-line, you meet the bare rocks, and although the transition is sudden and great, only the one incline is visible. But at Shiloh there are many hills adjoining, which, with the valleys between them, are stony, desolate, and forbidding, while close at hand are only the scattered remains of the city of Samuel

and the ruins of a more modern town. Some walls of an old castle are standing. They are quite four feet thick. Several sturdy buttresses brace them up; broken columns, capitals, and here and there a doorway, tell how Shiloh was built, strongly, to bear the brunt of battle; but they also tell what the Almighty "did to it for the wickedness of . . . Israel." At the southern base of the hill is a low, square building which the Bedouins call a mosque. In it, now, the cattle gather to escape the fierce rays of the sun when the shade of the splendid old terebinth which stands close by cannot accommodate all. The camera has done its best with such rough material, to secure a representative view of Shiloh. Part of the walls of the ancient city are in the foreground, while on the side of a second hill, beyond, are the ruins of the old building whose thick walls have been alluded to. The prospect is not a familiar one; and yet almost every Christian child on the face of the earth is told the story of the youth who became the great prophet of Shiloh, before it can lisp its own name. Probably Hophni and Phineas, the renegade sons of Eli, descended this very pictured hill, when, bearing the sacred ark between them, they went forth to the fatal battle of Ebenezer, where they lost their lives, and where the Ark of God was taken. Not very far away "Eli sat upon a seat by the wayside watching, for his heart trembled for the Ark of God"—it may have been very near this "that he fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake and he died." Down in the glen, at the right, two hundred sons of Benjamin, counselled by the elders of the congregation, laid in wait in the vineyard until the daughters of Shiloh came out to dance in the dances at the feast; then rising suddenly, and, still following the license of the elders, the determined bachelors proceeded to "catch every man his wife of the daughters of Shiloh . . . and returned unto their inheritance." But "in those days there was no king in Israel; every man did that which was right in his own eyes."

Matters did not move on so prosperously at Shiloh, however. There was the usual human variety of conscience in Israel; so that "that which was right in his own eyes" to one, did not seem altogether the correct thing to his neighbor. Consequently, on all sides, the opinion grew that some of the neighboring nations were managed better. A loud and persistent clamor arose for Reform. The Israelites had good reason to understand the one-man power, for they had long been in the grip of the Philistines, and it was tightened every year. Among

other sore grievances forced upon them was the necessity of carrying their ploughs and other farming implements to the Philistine blacksmiths for repairs, because no Israelite was allowed to swell the bellows or swing the sledge lest he forge spears and armor, to say nothing of making iron chariots such as some of the invaders had. While this caused every warlike young patriot of Israel to blush and burn with rage, the hearts of the older and more serious ones were broken by seeing the masses forsake the God of Egypt—the God of Sinai—the God of the wilderness of Kadesh—the God of Eli, for the degrading worship of Baal and Ashtaroth. For twenty years after the ark was taken, no priest offered sacrifice at the ark, and but few were reverent enough to visit it while it rested quietly at Kirjath-jearim. The only ray of sunshine in all this moral and physical darkness was the devout Samuel. It was he who kept alive what little grace there was left. His work was a personal one for a time, for he did not dare at first to call a public assemblage. But when the Philistines found that it was an injury to them and to their gods to hold the stolen ark, they concluded to restore it, and did indeed with great pomp send commissioners with it to Beth-shemesh. Samuel, with keen insight, understood their fear and grew more bold. He called the famous assemblage of Mizpeh: prayed for the people; sacrificed a lamb at the altar "wholly unto the Lord" . . . "and the Lord heard him." The battle of Mizpeh followed, the Philistines were defeated, and so subdued that no more trouble came from that quarter while Samuel lived.

Coming up from Shiloh you soon cross the line which separates Judea from Samaria. After a good, invigorating climb along the shoulder of Mount Gerizim, a descending bridle-path appears which leads down to the most sacred spot in all the Vale of Shechem—to Jacob's Well. You will not always feel satisfied with the "sacred spots" indicated by the guide-books, nor will your views always accord with the persuasive associations draped around possible sites by the simpering monk who serves as your guide. But here is a site which seems to satisfy the desire to stand very near to some place hallowed by the sacred presence of our Saviour. It is Jacob's Well. Not very far away, surely, must be the very spot where He held that marvellous conversation with the Samaritan woman. Beneath one of the ruined arches of the church which once stood here, some feet below the surface and reached by a few rude steps, is the mouth of the well. The sides of

the well are splendidly walled as far as one can see, and at the depth of sixty or seventy feet you can see your face reflected in the water. The original depth was over a hundred feet, and the well is seven and a half feet in diameter. A person not acquainted with the oriental character might wonder why so much expense of time and money was undertaken in order to provide such a well, when a grand abundance of water is supplied to the neighboring valley by Mountains Ebal and Gerizim. Question a native on the subject, and he will answer that "it was the custom of the country," but the real truth is it was done as a safeguard against marauders. It is also true that the custom of sinking wells on an estate began as far back as the time of Abraham and Isaac, if not further, and they were guarded with the most jealous care. In our land the generous husbandman says to the wayfarer, "Take as much of my fruit as you can eat, but do not break my trees." The patriarchal husbandman went deeper, and said to his nomadic kinsmen, "Pasture your flocks on my hills and plains, but let my wells alone." His descendants are too indolent to follow his example by digging more wells, but they guard their water-supply with the same jealous care their fathers did. My old Samaritan guide, Jacob-es-Shellaby, sat by the old broken arch which covers the well while the photograph was made, and then led me down to the great flat stone which lies over the mouth of the well. Through a circular hole in the stone the natives pass down their skin vessels and bring up the water, which flows alike from the deeply sunken arteries of the Mount of Cursing—Ebal—across the valley—and from the Mount of Blessing—Gerizim—near to the base of which it is. It has been a blessing to the land for many a long century. The Jew, the Samaritan, the Christian, and the Moham-



Jacob's Well.

medan alike reverence it, and it is no uncommon thing to find them praying together near at hand—one with his face turned religiously toward Gerizim, another as punctiliously facing the east; a third gesticulating in the direction of the vale between the mountains; while the fourth is bowed with his face meekly turned toward the scattered ruins of the church which the crusaders erected over the sacred site. Many changes have taken place in the historical valley since Jacob superintended the construction of the noted public work which bears his name —many since his divine descendant argued his own case with the despised and wily Samaritans; but nature has not changed very much. The exuberant stream comes tumbling and singing down the fertile valley and keeps going its tender strains of cheery music, just as it did when the dazed woman of Samaria heard the voice of Jesus say, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again." The mountains are there just as Jacob, Joseph, Joshua, and Jesus saw them—Ebal northward with its high terraces of prickly pear; on the south Gerizim rises from its rich grain-fields and groves of walnut and sycamore. The same soft air pervades the Vale of Shechem which caught the prophetic warnings of Jesus as they fell from his lips and started an evolution which has gone on and on ever since "from the rivers unto the ends of the earth," as ceaselessly as the waves of the sea.

About an eighth of a mile across the valley from Jacob's Well, and near the base of Mount Ebal, is the traditional tomb of Joseph. It is marked by a rude enclosure twenty feet square and twelve feet high. The interior of the structure is divided into two sections, of which the one to the south is the tomb. It is about six feet long and four feet high. It resembles the common tombs erected in memory of the Moslem saints in all parts of the country. No more lovely spot could have been chosen for the honored resting-place of the beloved dead of any nation. I do not remember any more enchanting walk in Palestine than the descent from Shechem, along the valley, to where it begins to widen, and then northward to Joseph's sepulchre. Early morning affords the best time to make the visit. If you go in time to greet the sun as he makes his first appearance over the hills of Ephraim, you will have a rare sight. Each particular dew-drop is transformed into an individual jewel and sparkles with the glories of the prism. The line of splendor formed by them widens with the ascending orb, and the shadow as gradually sinks out of the picture. The unnumbered songs-

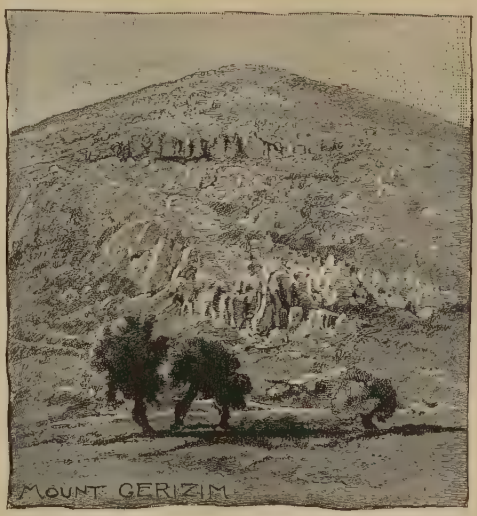
ters, startled from their dewy nests, rise and mix their matin-songs with the rosy glow which melts away their drowsiness and warms them into life. The rugged peaks of Moab puncture the hanging mist, catch their share of color, and look like islands of fire in a billowy sea. Foot by foot the broad expanse becomes a lake of glory. The gnawings and



Joseph's Sepulchre.

scranchings of time have not done so much to keep up appearances, but their relentless treatment of the rocky face of Ebal supplies a fine contrast with the highly cultivated fields of the valley and with the splendid olive-groves. Three large springs in this delightful vale unite in forming the broad stream already alluded to, and send more water Jordan-ward than all the sources as far down as Hebron do, combined. The deep-cut, solemn pools of Solomon have never ceased to do good

service, but there is none of the life about them which is carried along wherever it goes by such a merry, bounding stream as the one which courses the vale of Shechem.



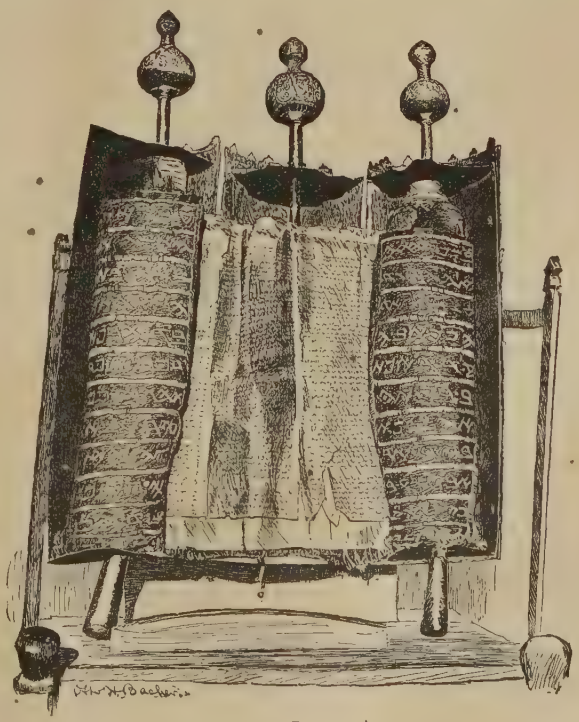
Jacob, with his usual shrewdness, knowing well the value of such a tract of land by water blest, made the best bargain he could for it with Hamor, the father of Shechem, and then hastened to secure it to his son Joseph lest an added hundred pieces of silver should tempt him to part with it. Joseph, too, held a warm affection for it and made request that his body should be buried there. Many curious scenes are enacted about this tomb. On the roof, while a venerable Arab, with face turned toward Mecca, may be seen praying with fervor almost bordering upon fury, a gray-bearded son of Israel, on bended knee, instructs a little modern Joseph in the history of his ancient namesake. There seems to be a fascination about the spot to all sorts of people. The sun creeps well upward before you are willing to leave the place again. Only a little of the dew remains when you return, and the birds seem to have all disappeared in the mountains for food. Now you may see Shechem in a fine light. For the best view, Shechem should be approached from the south, and just at the close of day. Then the long, wide shadows of Mount Gerizim, projected upon the plain, are welcomed by the husbandman who has been toiling all day under the cloudless sky. The first lowering of the temperature is the signal for the flocks to break away from their flower-besprinkled pasture and to turn themselves toward their folds; the men and the women, often laden with some product of the field, also turn homeward. A great finger seems to have been placed across the lips of Nature, so still and so quiet all becomes with the departure of the sun and the advance of the twilight. It must have been at that same hour when "all the congregation of Israel, with the women and the little ones, and the strangers



that were conversant among them," congregated, "half of them over against Mount Gerizim, and half of them over against Mount Ebal," while Joshua read all the words of the law, the blessings and the cursings. And it must have been so silent, too, when a quarter of a century after this a solemn renewal of the covenant took place, and Joshua "set them a statute and an ordinance in Shechem."

It is a strange experience to pass through the lovely vale of Shechem and, gazing at Ebal on the right and at Gerizim on the left, to think of how many noted people journeyed likewise long before Christ came. The list of sojourners and travellers includes Abraham, Jacob, Simeon, Levi, Joseph (buried here), Joshua, Abimelech, and Rehoboam. Jesus was a visitor here, and Shechem was the birthplace of Justin Martyr. The Roman sceptre, the Christian cross, and the crescent of Islam have all held sway in Shechem. The garrison whose bugle awakens the echoes of Ebal and Gerizim to-day recalls memories of blessing and cursing, and with American-made rifles, though under command of Ottoman officers, keeps peace among the turbulent people. Shechem is a cosmopolitan place, and some of her people represent the oldest races. For example, about all the Samaritans that are left congregate there. Within the whitewashed walls of their tiny synagogue is the inscribed "original" of their Pentateuch. This document varies in many particulars from the Pentateuch of the Jews, and is under careful watch. They hold that it was written by Abishua, the son of Phineas, the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron. The officiating priest is a young man who claims to be a direct descendant of Aaron. After the proper persuasion of backsheesh, he consented to exhibit the antique document and to stand beside it in the synagogue court while its photograph was made. Its great silver case and the rods of the scroll make it very heavy, so that an assistant was required to help the priest

carry it. After placing it upon a chair, they very carefully unfolded the embroidered scarf of crimson satin which covered it, and thus displayed the engraved silver case. In time the doors of this were thrown open, and the precious document was made visible. It was rolled like a Jewish scroll upon two metal rods that are much longer than the scroll. These rods protrude at each end for the protection of the parchment. The letters are Samaritan, but they are written in the Hebrew language. The engraved scenes upon the case are said to represent the ground plan of the Tabernacle. In their ceremonies they follow the injunctions of Exodus xxviii. and Leviticus viii. Once a year the Samaritans hold their religious feasts upon the summit of Mount Gerizim, "the mountain of blessing." It is their Moriah. As we move up the highway now, we may see above the tapering minarets and the swelling domes, the golden crescent sparkling in the sunlight. Further on, rising from a great mass of olive-trees, is the picturesque old tower half covered by clinging vines, called "Jacob's Tower." It is said to have been the home of the patriarch when he sent Joseph over to Dothan to look after his brethren. The nearer you approach it the higher it seems to reach up the side of Mount Gerizim, near to which it stands, and the great trees are dwarfed by it. Within a short distance is the "station" used by the dragomen for the sojourner. Lepers congregate there and make one hide beneath the shadows of the olive-groves to escape the repulsive creatures.



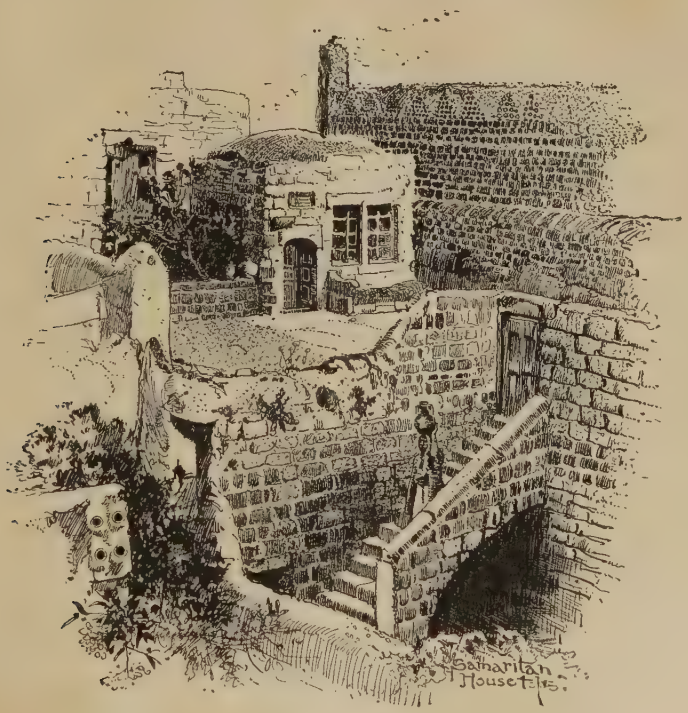
The Samaritan Pentateuch.

The present in-

habitants of Shechem devote a great deal of time to their "religion." It is the most frequent topic of conversation, and even in the coarse talk of those who, in their hearts, care very little about it there is a religious tone which is quite noticeable. If you ask a man if he will go to the mosque after dinner or complete a bargain for a rug, his answer always is "inshallah"—God willing. A blessing comes with every salutation and a curse follows every Christian, for it must not be understood that religion in this valley is by any manner of means synonymous with morality. It is not. This "very religious" people, however, influences a great many religious gatherings in Shechem, and you may often see great multitudes there which give a holiday appearance to the town. They are often in a tumult. One experience with an Arab crowd whose words you cannot understand, and whose gestures and imprecations are a riddle to you, is enough to cause you to avoid them ever after. It is interesting and picturesque, however, to see such an assemblage form on a "religious day." The people come in from the neighborhood in companies. A beautiful scene is presented by the forms of the young and the old dressed in every variety of gay clothing, moving along without much apparent purpose through the shade of the splendid trees. Many stop at the wells and quench their thirst, while others lave in the stream or rest upon the rocks and grass. Then the scattered groups of the highway thicken gradually into a numerous throng and press onward to some designated place. As the multitude increases the excitement grows, and animated conversation often leads to a stoppage in the ranks, while in all directions heated debates go on. At last a low building, flat-roofed, with a great open space near it, is reached and the people halt. On the house-top, wearing a green turban, stands the "holy man." He works his audience up to a frenzied condition and then sends them away, ready for any violence their fanaticism may lead them to. Shechem is not a pleasant place for Christians.

The men, as a rule, are fine-looking, pleasant in manners, and superior to the average Syrian. The women are lighter in color than their sisters in Bethlehem and Jerusalem, and seem to be of a very different race. Their hair is black and wavy, and their dress is unlike that of the Mohammedans and Jews. They seem to be happy, and are devoted to their creed. Their strange little family numbers less than two hundred. The situation of Shechem is delightful. The whole vale, running

east and west, is alive with gushing cascades and bounding streams, fed partly by the twin mountains Ebal, on the north, and Gerizim, on the south. Luxuriant olive-groves and fig-orchards, interspersed with fruit-trees of various kinds, are dotted hither and thither, everywhere. But the city itself is not so attractive. Many of its streets are cavern-like, for they run under the houses. They would afford an excellent opportunity for the trial of some rapid-transit scheme, were it not that



Houses in Shechem.

they are so very narrow and continually thronged with the noisy, hurrying multitude. The better view of life is had from the house-tops. They are reached from the streets by stone stairways. There the people take their leisure, do a great deal of their trading and much of their work. Thus the houses seem to be, as indeed many are, hoisted a story or two in the air. There is no regularity of style about them, and it is all one's life is worth to try to find the way among them without a guide and a torch. Only from a height can the real beauties of Shechem be seen. Then the broad domes of the mosques and their

graceful minarets stand out finely; the variety of houses shows forth, and the open streets are indicated, first by the sound which comes up from the multitude, and then by the gay bazars which line them. Fine views are had from "Jacob's Tower." Strangely enough, amid all the buzz and noise of the town comes the clatter of the cotton-gin, for Shechem is the great cotton centre of Palestine. It is also headquarters for the best olive-oil soap. All along the side of Mount Ebal, when the new covenant was made, Joshua mustered the tribes of Reuben and Gad, of Asher and Zebulon, of Dan and Naphtali. On the other side, against Gerizim, the tribes of Simeon and Levi, of Judah and Issachar, of Joseph and Benjamin were gathered. As one stands looking from the top of "Jacob's Tower" the present seems to vanish and the past arises again with a strange reality. Not a single feature of nature appears to have been touched out by the wizard pencil of time. Every light and every shade is accentuated by the long perspective of history. The pages recorded here must face those of Sinai. The vale of Shechem is the consonant of the plain of Er Raha. Somewhere and somehow, running through the intervening pages, are the threads we have tried to gather up and follow, guided by the entanglements of tradition and persuaded by the reasonings of the modern explorer. The sounds of idolatry were left at Aaron's Hill, and the blast of the trumpets cheered the desolation of Wady es Sheik; then the departing hosts followed across the wilderness, where the manna and the quail were provided, through the enclosure of Hazeroth to the wandering-place of Kadesh-Barnea, where the provision of good water was followed by the long tarrying. On they went until, climbing the flinty ridges of the border, the place was reached where denuded nature grew more consistent and the long inclines were found clothed with lovely flowers. There the land, "with milk and honey blest," was seen as the spies had seen it. On and on, by the way of the desert wilds again, to Nebo, to the sacred river, and across it to where all intrusion of barrenness ceased and the Promised Land was reached. Just so we may see it to-day.

The pride of Shechem is its olive-groves. The olive, no matter how young, always looks old and careworn when it stands alone. When cultivated in orchards or groves, however, nothing in the country is more beautiful. The bark seems to granulate and crust as soon as it becomes of any thickness, and the short stems hopelessly twist before they have

any girth; but Nature averages her favors, even with the olive, for abundant foliage is supplied to hide all deformities. When the cool breeze disturbs the leaves they turn first their green side and then their gray to the light, with the steady movement of the palm branch, and present an enchanting dissolving view. At the centre of the town the water-shed ceases to flow Jordanward and begins to meander westward on its journey to the Mediterranean. Soon after the mountains are left behind, a wide basin opens to view which presents a veritable terrestrial elysium. On either side the terraced hills incline gently like the banks of the lower Rhine. They are surpassingly lovely. The sounds of running waters and the songs of birds salute you as you ride on. The foliage is so luxuriant as almost to create a jungle, and though you are allured by the bewildering scene, your passage through is disputed by the hanging limbs and trailing creepers. Long lines of aqueducts, and now and then vine-covered Roman arches, rise up and remind you of the Campagna. As though the bounding streams were insufficient to give life to the wondrous growth, the water oozes out from the sides of the old-time conduits and gives a helping hand. The clatter of mills is heard and the sound of voices comes up from the jungle with harsh incongruity. The tingling of their bells announces the near presence of the flocks, and repeatedly you see an adventurous sheep or goat stationed on a protruding rock, lowering his head with threatening aspect and stamping his fore-foot in anger at your audacious approach. Yet you push your horse on through the wild herbage. Your senses become involved, so suggestive is everything, and but little imagination is required to transport you to the days when Pan, who was once worshipped at the base of Mount Hermon, only a few miles away, slept in the heat of the noon-tide, and goatherds and wayfaring men laid down to slumber by the roadside under the welcoming olive-boughs. You look up every shady glen you pass for the remnant of some pagan altar hung with wreaths of flowers as of old, and shaded by lemon-groves where Nature was worshipped. Everything is basking in sunlight and glittering with exceeding brilliancy of hue. Your excitement again leads you to peer through the shades expectantly, lest you escape the ruins of some sequestered chapel of the crusade days. You are startled every time you hear the decayed branches crackle under the tread of the strolling flocks, lest the mirth-making dancers of the olden-time worship pass by without your seeing them. Then, as you plunge

into the thicket and some of the light goes out, the coolness of twilight pervades and you watch for withered old women and age-bowed pilgrims telling their rosaries, and belated shepherds crossing themselves while they intone their blessings upon Godfrey and Baldwin and call down curses upon Saladin. Secluded cloisters are suggested by the narrow pathways which lead in every direction. The echoes come down



Beggars by the Roadside.

from the hills like the crashing of organs and the solemn resonance of distant bells. In the midst of nature's splendor your mind is led again and again to the Spirit which is above nature. The olive-trees lead you to Olivet; the garden and the broken reeds and the lilies of the field turn your mind repeatedly to the gentle One whose visit here made the whole neighborhood hallowed. He must have passed this very place. The white flowers abounding are called the "Star of Bethlehem." Only the beggars by the roadside annoy. But the wandering people who watch their flocks here now have no sympathy with us, and we

leave them benighted, in possession of one of the loveliest spots on earth. After an advance of about a mile and a half westward, the glen narrows and the inclines on either side grow more precipitous. In a little time the dragoman leads northward, up a steep and stony road. The sound of the merry water is left behind, and the lovely trees and flowers are exchanged for the obtruding stones and rank thorn-bushes which dispute the way. Thrice repulsive are the faces of some of the fellahin you meet. Not a "good Samaritan" of the old school is discoverable in the whole posse of them. They are entirely out of harmony with the character of the land. They have only a sojourner's place, however. They are permitted by national custom to come with their flocks during the season of pasturage, but they are not welcomed by the husbandmen. They are against everybody, and nobody befriends them. Every single one holds a feud against some one in particular. It may be the hereditary foe of his tribe for generations, or it may be the newly made enemy of his latest marauding expedition. But in any case, if he kills his enemy fairly, after due notification of his intention to do so, he is held by his people to have rather performed a duty than to have committed a crime. But he finds it most prudent, after such a maintenance of his honor, to spend his future as much as possible in the dense tangles which have been described. There is scarcely an Arab family hereabout without a "blood-feud," as they term it. From the parable of our Lord, so familiar to us all, it would appear that His day was not free from such tribulations as attended the poor man who was waylaid. Journeying on, after a tough grapple with a bare, bold ridge, the fertile valley and the babbling brook again greet the delighted traveller. The sides of the hills in all directions are dotted by families of fig and sycamore and olive trees. Apples, pomegranates, and apricots abound. Every knoll is crowned with a village, and life and prosperity are indicated by the sounds which come from them. The city of Samaria may soon be made out, though yet as much as three miles away. The narrow bridle-path, for such it is, is never wide enough to pass a single carriage. It follows the valley, descends through splendid groves, to the north still for a while, and then turning to the west abruptly, leads upward, say five hundred feet from the valley, to the summit of the oval hill upon which historic Samaria is located. Its surroundings fill all the requirements of war and of peace. Only the eastern side is approachable.

It rises gently from the direction of Mount Ebal. In other directions the inclines are so regularly terraced and so thickly clad with verdure, that they have the appearance of being under a high state of cultivation. The hills encircling Samaria cause the elevation on which the place stands to look like a cone rising from a great crater. Herod made a glorious choice of location on account of its natural surroundings. Toward the sea, the top of Mount Carmel, and toward Galilee Mount Tabor, toward the Jordan, Hermon, Little Hermon, and Gerizim are visible, while in the north, like the clouds that are above, betimes, the snowy peaks of Mount Lebanon rise. How glorious it must have been when the glittering rays of the sun fell upon the columns and pinnacles of Herod's temples and palaces, and sent the long lines of shadows through the splendid colonnade. Herod obeyed here, as he did whenever he undertook any work for the people, from whom his favorite tax-gatherer was expected to extract the funds, his passion for magnificence; for palaces, markets, temples, and porticos were erected according to his royal humor. Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, and Arabians were his guests from time to time, and it was the boast of the "Idumean slave" that he could always invite them to rest beneath the shade of their native trees; to set before them at table such fruits as tempted them most when they ate under their own vines and fig-trees, and to adorn their apartments with their native flowers; for he caused all kinds to be brought from every part of the world. A busy multitude of slaves found employment in caring for the grounds and buildings of the tyrant king.

The usual camping-place of the sojourner now is at the top of the hill, near some fruit-trees and but a short distance from the ruins of the old church of St. John. A requisition was made upon the camera there one morning, which resulted in a curious picture showing examples of architecture representative of three periods in the checkered history of Samaria. The first is the black tent of the Arab, in no respect different, probably, from the ones inhabited by the patriarchs when they watched their flocks in the adjoining pasture-fields; the second is the squalid stone domicile of the permanent dweller in Samaria —architecturally superior to the tent of the Bedouin, probably, but by no means so from a sanitary view; third, is a picturesque portion of the old church of St. John—the remarkable memorial of the indomitable energy and genius of the crusader, joined perhaps with suggestions

from the Saracen. Every one of the trio suggests the ruined glory of the past, as does the entire neighborhood. The tragic story of Samaria began with its purchase of Shemer by King Omri for two talents of silver, about 900 B.C. Ahab succeeded his father and erected an idol temple at Samaria. The King of Damascus tried repeatedly to gain possession by siege, but was as often driven off. Elisha lived there for a long time, when some of the most marvellous events in his history were enacted. Again the city was besieged, and during the famine which followed the crazed and starving women boiled and ate their children, that hunger might be appeased. At that sore hour, when the stricken people wavered, the good prophet announced that on the morrow, notwithstanding the terror then reigning, the price of food should be reduced to a nominal sum. Four lepers who had been cast out of the city, not caring in what garb death met them, resolved to risk a visit to the camp of the besiegers and beg for food. When they carried their resolve into execution they found the besiegers had fled panic-stricken, and had left their camp rich with the spoils of war. How these lepers gloated then, and began to hide of the plenty for themselves; until, conscience-stricken, they returned to the city and spread the glad news to their fellow-citizens. There was food for all, and the prophet's prediction was fulfilled the next day. For many a long century after that, history seems to have gathered nothing important concerning Samaria. But when Augustus came into power he gave that lovely site to Herod the Great. This vainglorious ruler enlarged and beautified it until some of his Roman guests declared that it outrivalled Baalbec and Palmyra. But it did not withstand the varied risks of time as have its rivals, for there are no such glorious ruins here as Baalbec and Palmyra have preserved to them. Herod made the summit of the picturesque hill on which his new accession stood more glorious by the erection of a magnificent temple in honor of Augustus. He enclosed the base of the hill by two rows of columns placed fifty feet apart and extending three thousand feet in length. Many of these splendid monoliths have been carried away, but a number of them, with capitals gone, are seen standing here and there in the surrounding fields. They serve as part of a fence at the edge of a grove near the ruins of the church of St. John, and show rough treatment from the teeth of time. Jesus and Philip, and Peter and John, saw Samaria in all its splendor, and the voice of Simon the sorcerer rang across the val-

leys when he harangued the people from the Temple platform. The sixty squalid homes which top the noble site now are made of mud and stone, and a number of them are supported by columns whose polish was paid for by Herod the Great. The superstitious inhabitants claim that the spirits of the royal dwellers in Sebaste are seen o' nights caprioling through the ruins of the broken colonnade, keeping time with the siren strains and the dance music which come down with the wind from the hill of Omri. Luxuriant trees and clustering vines have taken the place of exquisite statuary; the tesselated marble pavements, quarried from the Italian hills, are now so far buried beneath the Samaritan soil as to put the patience of the enthusiastic excavator who would find them to a crucial test. I know of no more captivating views of the same extent than those which must have met the eyes and delighted the senses of King, Prophet, and Evangelist alike here in the early years of the first century. The same sea-tempered breezes which came from the west to cool the domiciles of wealth and power then, still come, but they are only met by the desolation which was promised in return for continued rebellion. All this can be easily reconciled; but it is a parallelism harder to understand, that substituted the dark and degenerating influence of the Saracen for that of the Crusader, as exemplified by the ruins of the old church of St. John. It looks as odd here as the Russian church on the Mount of Olives. Separated from its surroundings, it recalls some of the English and Scotch cathedral ruins. It was built in the form of a Greek cross. It is one hundred and fifty-three feet long and seventy-five feet wide. Its well-proportioned nave and its two grand aisles, though lined now by broken columns only, show much beauty of construction. The order is Corinthian, although here and there some Saracen feeling is discovered. It is hardly possible that the natives can tell why, but there, erected inside the walls, is a rude mosque. From the door of this one can see, set in the opposite wall, the great white tablets on which are the sculptured crosses of the Order of the Knights of St. John. Twenty-one steps lead down from the mosque to a tiny chamber excavated in the rock. Here, says tradition, is where the mourning friends of the forerunner of Christ brought his headless body from the castle of Machaerus, on the other side of the Jordan, where he was executed. Elisha and Abdias were his sepulchre companions, one on either side. But the dust of even such men as John was not respected by the apostate Romans, for when Julian

came into power he caused the remains of John to be exhumed, his bones to be burned, and his ashes to be scattered to the winds. One finger, however, was left unburned—the one that had pointed to "the Lamb of God." It was preserved and became the nucleus of a church.

Sir John Mandeville, that most quaint and ancient of Palestine travellers, records that "there were many other churches there, but they are all beaten down. There was wont to be the head of St. John the Baptist, inclosed in the wall; but the Emperor Theodosius had it drawn out and found it wrapped in a little cloth and all bloody; and so he carried it to Constantinople; and the hinder part of the head is still at Constantinople; and the fore part of the head, to under the chin, is at Rome, under the Church of St. Sylvester, where are nuns; and it is yet all broiled as though it were half burnt; for the Emperor Julian above mentioned, for his wickedness and malice, burnt that part with the other bones, as may still be seen; and this thing hath been proved both by popes and emperors. And the jaws beneath, which hold to the chin, and a part of the ashes, and the platter on which the head was laid when it was smitten off, are at Genoa, and the Genoese make a great feast in honor of it, and so do the Saracens also. And some men say that the head of St. John is at Amiens, in Picardy; and other men say it is the head of St. John the bishop. I know not which is correct, but God knows; but, however men worship it, the blessed St. John is satisfied."

In the grand mosque of Damascus (see Chap. XIV.), which has been in time a heathen temple, a Christian church, and is now the religious home of the Moslem, breaking the monotony of the magnificent tesselated marble floor, is a building of great beauty topped by a cupola of exquisite symmetry. It is carved and inlaid outside and in, and is continually lighted by gaudily painted wax candles. Underneath this gorgeous canopy, in a cave, is a jewelled casket, containing, it is claimed, the head of St. John the Baptist, which, say the disciples of Mohammed, will be joined to the body of the murdered forerunner at the last day, when he and Mohammed and Jesus Christ shall sit in the "Minaret of Jesus" [one of the three of this Mosque] and judge the world." The mystery is, then, how Julian could have done so much damage to the head of St. John when it was never brought to Samaria. But the traveller who seeks information in the Orient must not be too persistent in his efforts to reconcile tradition, if he would not become per-

plexed. Again, we are told that the precious relics were carefully guarded at Samaria, or in the neighborhood, until the Crusade power was crushed and the Moslem again held sway and then brought them back. The cowled monks still come there to pray underneath the gothic roof, but they are pilgrims, and not protectors. Many an alert horseman still halts to do homage, but he is only an humble citizen from a foreign land, and not a mail-clad knight with a plume rising above his metal visor. Only the relics of Herod and of John are to be seen in Sebaste now. The rest of the dead past lies underneath Sebaste's soil. I am free to confess that I did not meet the proverbial "good Samaritan" as I journeyed through this much favored country. On the contrary, I felt all the time as if I too had fallen "among thieves" none too conscientious to strip me of my raiment, none too tender-hearted to wound me, nor a bit careful as to whether they left me "half dead" or wholly defunct. It was difficult to get them to act the "neighbor," even so much as to tell one the way. If you meet a tiller of the soil he will sidle off from you as far as the narrow way will allow and scowlingly watch your approach. Salute him with "Salaam-ah-laykoom" [Peace be with you], and he will encroach upon the field while he tries to get still further away from you, scowling still more. Try "marhubba" [May your road be easy and smooth], and yet no show of the "neighbor" will appear. The offer of a piastre will bring him to a standstill, and while he takes it he will look upon you with holy horror. Now despatch your business—How far is it to Nain? "God knows," comes the fervent answer. How long will it take to go there? [With a shrug of the shoulder, a shiver in his voice, and a pull at his pipe.] "As long as God pleases." [Smokes slowly.] Shall I reach there by the noon Muezzin? "If God permit." [Smokes.] But, may I hope to make the distance in an hour? "As God may direct." [Walks away.] Is Nain distant, or is it very near? "There!" [Sending his smoke in the direction of his pointed finger, which he moves in a segment from right to left.] If you extract a more neighborly spirit than this from a Samaritan you must have the mysterious power of a dervish. And yet these are the people who say that they are "the right sons of God, and that above all others they are the best beloved of God, and that to them belongs the heritage that God promised to his best beloved children." We are often told that the customs of the people in this land have remained unchanged since the days of

Abraham, but it is indeed true that the "good Samaritan" we read about lived in a different dispensation from that of the present. His descendants may have inherited some of his traits and a good deal of his religion, but as a rule, contact with them generally tends to excite a feverish condition of mind rather than soothe like the medicine which heals the distempered body. Nature, however, comforts and sustains as of old, and both in the solitude of her deep shadows and amid her cheerful lights, one may always find consolation. Everything moves on in peace, in order, and in silence. Man seems to prosper only upon the ruin of his fellow-man. The trees and the plants increase in stature and in girth so noiselessly that one cannot detect them. The sun and the moon and the stars perform their convolutions without a single sound or clash. As has been said, it is inspiriting to be left alone here to be taught and swayed by the beautiful circumstance of Palestine travelling—by the clime and the land and the name of the land in all its mighty import—by the glittering freshness of the sward, and the abounding masses of flowers that furnish the sumptuous pathway—by the bracing and fragrant air that seems to poise you in your saddle, and to lift you along as a planet appointed to glide through space. And did not Jesus himself strive to blend his own teachings with those of his natural surroundings, and to illustrate the spiritual truths which make wise unto salvation by means of the pictures which he drew from the scenes and objects of nature around about? So, when you travel in the land which gave him birth, and become tried and baffled by your inability to make the manners and customs of the people coalesce with your ideals of the past, you can turn to nature and bring the days of the Divine Teacher very near to you. On all sides the parable of the Sower is illustrated. The trees, the leaves, the corn, the vine and its branches, the root out of dry ground, the seed which has fallen in all sorts of ground, the reed shaken with the wind, and the mustard-seed are all abundant, and all mean just as much as they did nineteen hundred years ago.

It was just at sunset that my path led me across a plain and then up the hill on which Jenin stands, at the southern border of the plain of Esdraelon. When the sun gave its last touch of color, the Moslem attendants were all down upon their knees with their faces toward Mecca. Then the village fell asleep meekly under the shades of the evening. The only light came somehow from the broad dome of the


SOME FELL BY THE WAY SIDE
SOME FELL UPON STONY PLACES
AND SOME FELL AMONG THORNS
BUT OTHER FELL INTO GOOD GROUND
The PARABLE of the SOWER.

little mosque which overtops the palm-trees. The narrow gallery of the mosque minaret was put to other use than its constructor planned it for, next morning, for it became an observation tower. The views from it are as widely different, north and south, as can be, but equally grand and imposing. A world in miniature seems provided here in the circle possible to cover with the naked eye; far seaboard, plain, and mountain are all included, with suggestions of all climates, from that which the palm seeks to the frigid region necessary to hold the perennial snow upon the summit of Mount Hermon, far to the north. Northward and from east to west is the great plain of Esdraelon, wherein we must find our cluster of Galilean towns. The bright sky and the balmy air give you an immense appreciation for the thousand forms of beauty which are there, and you need only to search to find where sparkling fountains are unsealed, where impetuous brooks go murmuring by, where the wild cascades leap from their rocky heights, come dashing down the mountain side, and, scattering the rays of light which dispute their passage, break up into innumerable rainbows in quick succession. The valleys and the hills we know all about, for we have just enjoyed fair examples of them with all the elements of husbandry which attend them. The surrounding glens, too, offer you a rich reward if you have the constitution to plunge into them and partake, for they, with the vast plains, hold such rich stores of flowers that when you are among them you are sure that you have been brought to a land transformed into an Eden of color. Then are you convinced that the inspired descriptions of the promised land have been none too enthusiastically painted. Just such pictures may be sketched from the little minaret of Jenin, and you have but to go down and fill in the details to your heart's content. Toward the last of April, heavy dews come hereabouts and make the nights and mornings chilly. I was reminded of this by my good Nubian body-guard, Abdullah, when he ventured to suggest an extra covering for my little iron bedstead the night we encamped at Jenin. Perhaps the careful man, with a vein of superstition running in his mind, had another purpose, for he was sure now that my sleep would not be disturbed by any ghost of Saul or Jonathan, or by the fumes coming over the plain from the potions of the witch of Endor. Neither would the shouts of Jehu and Joram, the death-rattle of Josiah, the noise from Gideon's band, the war-cry of Deborah, or the clash of arms between Barak and Sisera awaken, nor

the noise of the iron chariots or the yell of the Midianites make afraid, because "the warm covering would head off the bad dreams." It excites your enthusiasm to go into a battle, and you do not think very much of the consequences if someone else assumes the responsibility of giving you the order to advance. But even the bravest soldier will not voluntarily select the border of a great battle-field, where nightmare hovers like a miasma and every fog hides an army—of superstitions—as a resting-place after a day of hard horseback riding. If he does he will need to protect himself from the chill

But in Palestine you have no choice except as to route. Your conductors have their "stations" where "it is the custom to halt at night," and they do not willingly depart from their "custom." Jenin is not a large town, but it is rather more attractive than the majority of its neighbors, not only on account of the beauty of its natural surroundings, but owing to the abundant water-supply which is brought by a covered aqueduct from the hills back of the town, and empties into a public fountain. Just as in the olden time, so now a good water-supply is of the highest consideration in this land of comparatively few trees, besides adding much to the attractiveness of the country or the village. One of the first things that impress you when you ride out from Jenin northward and overlook the vast plain, is, that not a single tree appears to break the landscape. Imagine fifteen miles of the valley of the Genesee, or of the Connecticut, or of the Susquehanna without a tree, and you will understand how bare of foliage the usual Palestine valley appears.

I had an experience at Jenin which brought very clearly to my mind the incidents related by Luke, when Jesus was met by the presumptuous arguments of those who considered themselves well versed in the law, and especially the last part of Chapter XVI. The scene was near the village mosque. It is the purpose of every mosque, not only to lead the mind of the beholder to God when he first catches a glimpse of its minaret shining in the sun, but to lead the wayfarer to a place of refuge without money and without price. Therefore the mosque becomes not only a place for prayer, but there, all who have hearts, whether heathen, Moslem, or Christian, without respect of person, may find a religious home in the widest sense. Thus the vast courts of the mosque are often found inhabited not only by homeless tailors, shoemakers, sewing-women, and others, but their number is

often doubled by beggars who laze and lounge there day in and day out. Some of these last only awaken when hunger compels, and accept "whatever Allah sends," uncomplainingly. Others are the brightest kind of dervishes, never modest about pushing their claims



"Without purse and scrip."

upon the superstitious and charitable, and always ready to "argue about religion." The "five brethren" whom the rich man in hell pleaded Abraham to warn, could not have presented a more hopeless condition than they. But the group I caught were pilgrims, going from Mecca to Jerusalem. They were travelling "without purse and scrip." No Lazarus could have been more forlorn. They would never arouse to the earning of an honest living, but were always ready to "argue" if three out of their four were allowed to slumber, while the fourth attended to the duties of religion. They would not "be persuaded though one rose from the dead." What farcical postulation

must have led these fanatical dervishes, who are by no manner of means illiterate men, to have so mistaken the purposes of life as to think they are doing Allah the best service possible by this degraded manner, which they consider a "godly example," entitling them to the charity and reverence of the faithful!

It is true that to both mind and body, to the eye loving beauty alone, and to the soul seeking God in beauty as in all things, there is much hereabouts that imparts consolation and help; to the spirit which loves to dwell upon the future and unseen, this land supplies nourishment which no other can; but these creatures do not enjoy such refinement of feeling. In their arguments they never allude to the many times, through the long line of centuries covered by their creed, that the spirit of the Universe, while hiding himself from other nations, has here made himself visible, because the propylon of their faith is their prophet Mohammed, and they have nothing to ask from the infinite and incomprehensible energy which they should acknowledge as their main strength. They try to excite awe by telling how their "prophet," though hiding himself from other nations in a darkness and silence never disturbed, was here present in person, here gave them the warrant for "the only faith, and with ringing voice sent forth the truth which must reclaim the world." They evince no pleasure in their faith. When they see a leaf tremble they declare it has been shaken by the will of Mohammed. They declare that his presence may be felt in every dark wood and amidst the silence of every grotto. How strange it is that such men should exist in this land, over the whole face of which, and in the very air which overhangs it, in the murmuring of the waters which flow through it, in the beams of light which come down upon it, there seems brooding the spirit of Him who is indeed the creator of all, is the Father of all, and who as Saviour of all visited the cities and villages adjacent on his errand of mercy. How strange that such beggars should have the power to catch up every rumor of what is strange, and magnify it until their deluded adherents are excited to frenzy—and give them "backsheesh." By some manner of means they manage to secure funds to enable them to make the pilgrimage to Mecca. Entitled by such wondrous sacrifice to wear a turban of "holy green," they migrate to some obscure town or village, where the deluded inhabitants are willing to regard them with holy awe and terror and contribute to their sustenance, while they laze

in the mosque or "make pilgrimages" under the pressure of theological priggism. They look as lifeless as a desert herb, lazing there among their filthy rags, and are shameless and indifferent until they are approached on the subject of religion, when they arouse to a power which is astonishing, and protrude arguments against the creed of the "Christian dog" which, from such a source, intelligent though it may be, can be safely looked upon as a species of sublime impudence. Were not those who argued with Jesus Christ just such characters?

CHAPTER XI.

ROUND ABOUT GALILEE.

The Departure from Samaria.—A Wedding Journey.—A Fountain by the Wayside.—Where is the road ?—The Plain of Dothan.—The Plain of Jezreel or Esdraelon.—The Great Battle-field of Palestine.—The Splendid Scenery.—Jezreel.—Mount Gilboa.—The Fountain of Jezreel.—Endor.—Looking toward the Jordan.—Shunem.—Little Hermon.—Nain.—Saluting by the Wayside.—Pilgrims and Dervishes.—At the Convent.—An Arab Funeral.—The Little Children.—A Ride over to Cana.—Mount Tabor.

It was a glorious morning in April when we made our departure from Jenin. The air was too crisp and cool to allow even the oratory of a dervish to heat the blood. And then, why feel cross at a dervish ? All thoughts of them aside, for now we are in sight of Galilee. Galilee ! that region of all others most hallowed. For there our blessed Example *lived* during the greater portion of his stay on earth. We are now to look upon scenes which were familiar to him. As I rode away from the Samaritan's country I wondered if the savage-looking people who dwell there now were capable of any fine sentiment or feeling like—human beings. Then, suddenly I heard the firing of guns and some sort of rude music close at hand. It turned out that a wedding-feast had been going on in the valley below, and that the bride and groom, with an attendant procession, were coming toward us. A whole crowd of young people accompanied the happy twain with the intention of fulfilling the Bedouin idea of " hospitality " by " seeing the guest a half day's journey on his way." The groom was the " guest." He had come over from Shechem for his bride, and was going back there with her. He was a tall, well-built swain, but very awkward, and hardly seemed to know what to do with himself. Sometimes he would walk and at others he jumped up behind his wife, who rode cross-legged on a mule. She was a pretty little creature with merry, bright eyes. With her still more merry attendants, she gave me a good op-

portunity of studying the faces of the Samaritan women, for their faces were not veiled. All were in holiday costume and a lot of singing went on, varied by the responsive verses sung by the young men in front and at the rear. None seemed to enjoy the occasion more than the pack-mules on whose broad backs the paniers and bundles and boxes were roped which contained the bride's "outfit." Among other things I saw two or three very comfortable-looking coverlets which will undoubtedly be needed when Ebal and Gerizim send down their frosty air into the new house of the bride and groom during the short winter which comes to them. The scene was as merry and as picturesque as a Neapolitan one, and seemed to be heartily enjoyed by the whole procession. The tambourine led the music. When I asked one of my Syrian attendants why they fired the guns, he answered, "Oh! these stupid people don't know what else to do." As the merry-makers and their music vanished I quickened my splendid Syrian stallion, for there were many wayside views to gather in, and we wanted to reach our first camp in Lower Galilee before nightfall. The distant views presented the same kind of country as that below Shechem, and the narrow road wound up and down, through and along. It was a region very full of beauty of every sort. The lower ridges of the Apennines, seen by the European traveller as he passes down through Italy, shooting out on either side toward the Adriatic and the Tuscan seas, are no more beautiful than the hills which rise on right and left as you ride down from Jenin. Some of them are of considerable height, and some are bare and rocky. Some of them are verdure-clad and seem to take pride in upholding the villages which you see perched far above your pathway. The surroundings of these mountain homes are sometimes very attractive, for the people have a way, all their own, of winning their vineyards to grow where, to a stranger's eye, there seems but little soil to sustain the adventurous vines. As surely, however, as you discover a spot where the ground opens and the hills draw back, there you will find the homes of the peasantry clustered beneath the foliage of rich fruit-bearing trees, or environed by fields covered with the best product of the season, or by plantations of the olive and the fig. The tall and majestic date-tree, too, is much more plenty here than it is either south or north, and always gives a sure sign of the neighboring habitation. As in Italy, so here, the vines are led from tree to tree and shrub to shrub wherever such natural



The Plain of Esdraelon and Little Hermon.

supports are at hand, so forming many a welcome retreat from the heat of the sun. The people who dwell here seem to be happy. Their simple habits cause no wants but what the fruitful earth abundantly supplies; yet they are slaves to the tax-gatherer. Every olive and every palm must win a tribute for the relentless Cæsar who presides at the Ottoman gate. Near a group of the mulberry-trees and some lofty palms a roadside fountain was found. Congregated around it, some beating their laundry with olive-wood clubs upon the stony water-troughs, and some filling their water-pitchers, was a large number of girls. The faces of some of them were very pretty and bright. It was not surprising, in these days of numerous photographs, that they should know the use of the camera and appreciate their own value as models. No sooner had a chance shot been made at them than each particular water-jar stood on end and the unfortunate disciple of Daguerre was beset and almost belabored by the black-eyed water-carriers for backsheesh. Quite fifty pounds do some of these water-jars weigh when filled, yet they are tossed up into position and carried off as easily and as gracefully as a queen bears her crown. One poor little girl I saw had no jar, and had substituted a square tin can which had served originally to carry American kerosene. It made quite enough load for her. I am not sure but what she considered herself far better off than her companions, but I would have exchanged a dozen tin cans for one of their picturesque water-jars, for my bric-à-brac collection.

Toward ten o'clock, the mist having all disappeared, a topographical map of the country which was to occupy us for the two days following was outspread far below us. Our poor dragoman was now beset with innumerable queries: Where is Nain? Where is the plain of Dothan? Which is the road to Endor Hedaiyah? until he became so bewildered that all he could do was to wave his uplifted arm from right to left and answer, "The road is coming, gentlemen!" The plain of Dothan was, in fact, on our left, but its similarity to the plain of Esdraelon, and the fact that there were no interesting villages there, caused us to be contented with a distant view of the place where poor little Joseph was sold into slavery by his brothers; and so we trotted on toward the plain of Esdraelon with Mount Gilboa in full view as our guiding star. Beginning at the Mediterranean just north of Mount Carmel and reaching in and up, like the arm of some great giant submerged in the sea, to the mountains which line the west side of the

Jordan, and then reaching between the ranges to the very shores of the sacred river, is a vast plain. If you could obtain a topographical view of it from a balloon, the Jordan side would present the appearance of a mutilated hand. The mountain ridges would appear to you like fingers; their highest peaks as knuckles, and the narrow valleys, to carry out the simile, the spaces between the fingers reaching to the Jordan. This lovely expanse is the plain of Jezreel, or, in softer Greek, the plain of Esdraelon.

The highest point of the Gilboa Mountains serves as the second knuckle. The third is supplied by the topmost peak of the Little Hermon range; Mount Tabor must come in as the fourth; and if the hand is spread enough, it will not stretch your imagination very much to consider the range behind which Nazareth lies secluded, as the knuckle of the little finger. The first high point, or the knuckle of the thumb, is the hill on which Jenin is perched. The mountains of Galilee are on the north. No matter what point you choose for your lookout, you will see a richly cultivated country. The whole region is hilly. The rocks protrude from the sides of the hills on every side. Nevertheless every spot of ground from the bases to the summits presents such testimony to the thrift of the husbandman, that you may reasonably suspect that it is only a question of time when each hill-top will shoot forth some great aloe stalk with a wondrous plumage at its head, and every protruding rock prove to be a bulb from which some new glory will start forth to add fresh beauty to the delectable land. How glorious it must have been in Herod's day, when villages were located on the terraced hillsides, not only, but on every picturesque rise, while others were half buried in the dense foliage which then adorned the land. Every valley has its stream even now. The tiniest of these are made to drive the wheels of some primitive flour-mill, when one would think they would do the country more service if they were just allowed to sing their way down to the sea. You may see the long line of the Mediterranean on the left. Once in a while you will separate your delighted vision to a section where the fields of golden grain, the flocks of sheep, and the people busied in the fields, make you think of our own New England or Middle States. We turn now and face the north and west. Besides the mountains already named, far beyond are the spurs of the Anti-Lebanon range, with the snowy peaks of Mount Hermon looking like the light surrounding clouds. The east-

ern slopes of Gilboa and Little Hermon lead your mind down to the long, dark, and narrow depression which marks the course of the winding Jordan, and another depth of shadow, at that distance looking almost as round as a well, discloses the location of the Sea of Galilee. At your feet, beginning as soon as you look beyond the borders, is the most lovely plain you ever saw. It has been well called the Colosseum of Galilee. It is a nobler than Augustus ever planned. The rich carpeting supplied by nature is indescribable. There are no fences between the vast undulating plats of green and gold and pink and gray; but the narrow roads, with soil as red as the shale of Northern New Jersey, mark out the party lines for the Bedouin husbandman. A silvery stream, whose starting-point cannot be made out, may be discerned, finding its way down from west to east. It is the river Kishon, on whose borders Sisera was defeated; where, while he was awearied and asleep Jael drove the tent-pin through his head and fastened it to the ground; and where Elijah slew the priests of Baal. This view in the spring time looks like one glorious garden under the highest state of cultivation. The position of the plain supplies the key to its bloody record. It is a broad avenue, and has drawn into its narrow limits the Philistines of the western coast, the Israelites of the eastern, and the Syrians from the north. Later on the armies of the Assyrians and of the Egyptians passed and repassed, rested and manœuvred, previous to the awful struggles which followed. Even Napoleon here pitted his handful against the Mussulman horde which outnumbered him ten times or more. It has always been the main avenue for ingress and egress of the nomadic as well as the civilized peoples, who combated each other that they might possess the rich land surrounding. Each neighboring height has harbored some bloodthirsty band, every rocky summit has borne a beacon which cheered, worried, or set to flight some wild invading force. How grand must have been the sight when iron chariots came thundering in from the direction of Mount Carmel, up through the valley of the Kishon, until, in the midst of the broad arena, the armies clashed; when spears and javelins and arrows sounded again and again upon the glittering brass armor and as often fell broken to the ground, unless those who wielded them, like David, knew how to strike the unprotected spot. There was no smoke of battle then. It was all bloody hand to hand conflict. But it was not always the bravest who won, the battle was not always to the strong.

Men were not always in command either. The rocky sides of Mount Tabor, down which the silvery sounds of the monastery bell now roll into the plain, carried the courageous "Up!" of Deborah to her general Barak, as she followed on to lead their army to combat with Sisera, whose nine hundred chariots of iron and all the people that were with him were spread over the plain.

It was across this plain that Jael, as wild and fanatical as Saul when in pursuit of David, drove so furiously when on the search for King Joram. Here the wounded king's inquiring courtiers, sent out from Jezreel one after the other, were met with, "What hast thou to do with peace? turn thee behind me;" here Jehu drew a bow with his full strength and slew Jehoram as the king rode toward him in the royal chariot. Once upon a time Pharaoh-Necho, king of Egypt, organized an expedition against the king of Assyria. The plain of Esdraelon offered the easiest access across Palestine from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates. Josiah, the then king of Judah, indignant at this act of trespass, opposed the invader and was slain. Pharaoh made Josiah's son his vassal and levied tribute upon the fair land of Judah. Next the king of Babylon came with his rod of iron. Since those days, Saracen and Crusader—the man of Destiny and the man of Fate, have clashed arms on the soil of Esdraelon. As though the bloody flow must of necessity be perennial, each year the husbandman makes calculation, when he tremblingly sows his seed, to share his harvest and his flocks with the outlaw who comes from beyond the Jordan. But let us return from the sad recital of carnage and once more contemplate the glories of Nature—glories which neither war nor time have deprived of one whit of their inheritance. The mountains and the towns which come within the broad encirclement of the eastern half of the plain are what interest us first. Even your horse seems to feel inspired at the prospect he sees of nibbling at the luxuriant growth which lines the bridle-paths beyond. But a hard pull comes before he can reach the great plain of Esdraelon, for we have a purpose in climbing to the top of Mount Gilboa and crossing over it, rather than going around it. Its summit is almost bare. On the western incline, every few rods there is a square well or pit sunk into the solid rock. It is said that Joseph's brethren hid him in one of these pits, for the plain of Dothan is only a short distance away from the base of the mountain. Such pits are plenty in Palestine, and have

been sunk to catch water when the winter torrents come rolling down. They have been provided by some kindly Jacob, so that the thirsty traveller may find refreshment on the way.

The range of mountains known as Little Hermon, the Fountain of Jezreel, and the villages of Jezreel, Shunem, and Endor are the points of interest near here. They are all within an hour or so of the summit of Mount Gilboa — all within the borders of the plain of Esdraelon. There are only about twenty houses at Jezreel now, and the people are very squalid. Yet they support an ancient castle where they insist upon entertaining strangers at their own expense. Their hospitality does not create a desire to remain with them during the season, but the view from the castle tower compensates one for all the loss of appetite caused by their curdled goat's milk and unleavened bread. It affords a most comprehensive and satisfactory general prospect of the plain and its surroundings. Westward the Carmel ridge may be followed until it terminates at the sea; in the distant east the Jordan line is made out easily; Gilboa seems near enough for you to so strike it with a stone that the missile would rebound and reach Little Hermon before it fell. The great mountain walls of Bashan and of Eglon rise in the far east and seem to forbid any search beyond them.



The Castle of Jezreel.

Jezreel must also have received a Divine visit. Its location is central, and its position as a military stronghold admirable. Its approach is from the east. On the northeast there is a steep cliff, quite a hundred feet in height, from the top of which the view is grand. The

Arabs call the town Zerin. Their houses are dreadfully humble and comfortless, and all the wealth of the town seems to have been used for the preservation of the ancient castle which stands among the houses. No one seems to know its history. It must be very ancient. Some travellers date it from the time of the prophet Elijah. It surely commands a prospect within which some of the most wonderful events of sacred history have taken place. It seems in a strange place among such a benighted people, and serves to show with what reverent care they preserve what they consider holy. If Ahab and his four hundred priests worshipped Astarte here, and Herod kept up the unholy rites, it is a holy place in the eyes of the present dwellers at Jezreel, but none the more holy because Jesus did missionary work among their predecessors. The same crescent moon that shone as the symbol of Astarte shines for Mohammed their prophet, and for this they honor and preserve Jezreel's castle.

If Mount Gilboa was sheered around a little southward, Bethshean could be seen lying close to the Jordan, about half-way to where the Little Hermon range terminates on the east, where Joseph's children dwelt, where the Philistines gained a stronghold, where they carried the body of Saul after the battle of Gilboa. Jezreel is situated on a slight rise on the northern side of Mount Gilboa, and Shunem is north of it upon the southern slope of Little Hermon. Shunem commands the whole plain as far as Carmel. It is a much livelier place than Jezreel, but the people are not nearly so hospitable. It is probably because they are much better off. Their houses are squalid enough, but they have some lovely gardens where there are lemon-trees as large as pear-trees and all manner of fruits and flowers, which send out fragrance much more grateful than the treatment you receive at the hands of the grimy populace. Little Hermon [doubtless the "Hill of Moreh" of Gideon's day] backs the town, and probably the cool air which it sends down gives the people a sort of summer-resort feeling, makes them independent, haughty, and overbearing. The valley which lies between the two mountain ridges is called the "Open Gate," and the mountains are the solid posts which support it. It leads straight to the Jordan and passes Bethshean on the way.

Not only has this region of Gilboa changed hands many times since the death of Saul, but the country itself has undergone material changes. When Saul fell, Mount Gilboa was clad with foliage. When

De La Brocquiere visited the neighborhood in A.D. 1432–33, he says "the plain was very agreeable from its gardens filled with date-palm-trees and small tufts of trees planted like vines, on which grows the cotton. At sunrise these last have a singular effect, and seeing their green leaves covered with cotton, the traveller would suppose it had snowed on them." Manderell describes it in A.D. 1697 as "very fertile but uncultivated; only serving the Arabs for pasturage." Sir John Mandeville [Kt.], the earliest traveller [A.D. 1322] who placed his notes on record, wrote in his quaint style, as follows: "And a myle fro Jezrael ben the Hilles of Gelboe, where Saul and Jonathas that weren so faire, dyeden—wherefore David cursed hem as Holy Wrytt seythe; Montes Gelboe, nec Ros nec Pluvia etc.; that is to seye, zee Hilles of Gelboe nouther Dew ne Reyn com upon zon. And a myle from zee Hilles of Gelboe toward the Est is the cytee of Crypole that was clept before Bethsayn. And upon the walles of that cytee was the hed of Saul honged." There is not a strip of land affording just such advantages for agriculture, commerce, and trade, in our whole country as the plain of Esdraelon, and yet the tillers of its soil are the nomads of the desert.

Endor lies on the other slope of the mountain, and may be reached by going around the eastern terminus of the range; or, as some prefer, by following the road which leads around the west incline, thus taking Nain in on the way. There is not much to attract one to Endor, except the number of caves and caverns which have been hewn in the cliffs overlooking the village. If bats are witches, as some maintain, and witches are bats, then Endor has lost none of its antique reputation. At least the appearance of things thereabouts is uncanny enough, and you will be glad to spur your horse back toward the fountain of Jezreel. This fountain holds the next interest for us. It is a beauty spot and a natural wonder. When on Mount Gilboa, if you have a guide who knows the country, you may ride northward until you come to the point where the mountain abruptly ends, as though a section, or at least a part of the slope, had been cut away, as is often the case in railway construction; hold your guide's hand while you look over, and you will hear the trickling of water, the splashing of cattle, and the voices of their chattering attendants. They are all a hundred feet below you, where is a wide cavern walled by conglomerate rock, from which the waters break forth with sufficient force to turn

a little mill. There is the fountain of Jezreel. The rocky sides and the top of the cavern are lined with ferns, and water-plants abound. The water flows perennially. After emerging from its source the stream widens into a small lake and feeds one of the winding tributaries which contribute to the waters of the Jordan. The husbandmen of the plain of Esdraelon bring their cattle and their flocks here to drink, but they guard them well, for the visits of the invader are still frequent. It was just so three thousand years ago or more. Many a fierce combat was given the swarthy outlaws by the owners of the soil, but still they ravaged in all quarters, wherever they could gain a foothold. Gideon took up the sword in defence of his people, and at this very fountain chose his band of three hundred by the way in which they lapped the water. The sounding trumpets, the broken pitchers, and the blazing torches caused the foe to rush pell-mell down toward the Jordan, whence they came. It is not safe for a stranger to travel in this region alone, unless the principal routes are followed, for there is a thieving set of Bedouin hereabouts. They are not so polite either as our own generous American gentlemen of the road. They do not care very much whether you "hold up your hands" or not. They surround you and "take what Allah sends." They are not always particular either to leave the pocket with you which once held your purse. They take all.



Mount Gilboa and the Fountain of Jezreel.

Our journey now leads us around the shoulder of Mount Gilboa, and then along the red-soiled roads through the fields of delicate pink and green and golden until Shunem is reached, that being the proper "station" for the noontide rest and lunch. The town is entered by a long avenue of monstrous prickly-pear plants whose horrid arms reach out on all sides like grim spectres and seem to have been marshalled there to protect the unsightly town whose ugliness they hide. It is not all ugly at Shunem, however, for some pretty gardens are there.



The Fountain of Jezreel toward the Jordan.

In one of them I saw a quantity of lemon-trees as high as apple-trees, with all stages of fruitage going on, from the fragrant blossom and tiny green fruit, to the ripe ovals of gold which hung from the sturdy branches in great abundance. Luncheon was taken beneath these trees. The spicy odor pervaded the shade and gave appetite for our *menu*. A cheery little brook coursed by, rustling palm branches fanned the air. Through the huge cacti which protruded in all directions the Arab women could be seen beating their clothing on stones at the brookside. Once in a while the bright eyes of a pretty baby

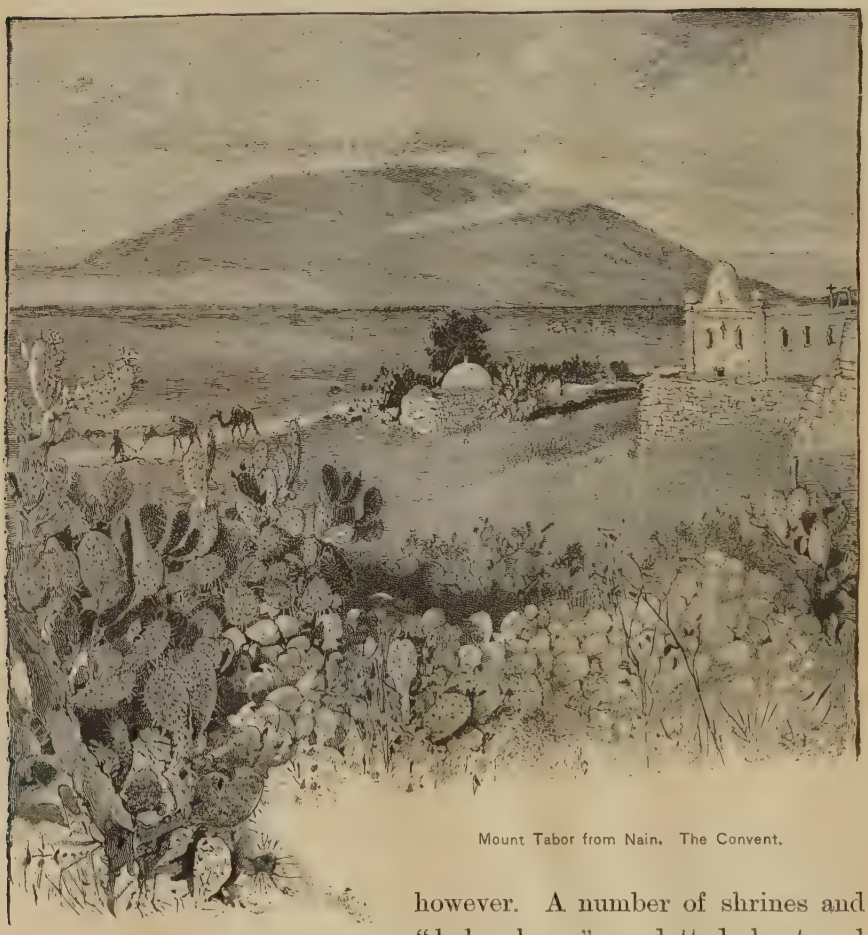
face peered through at the "white sheikh;" flowers of a hundred shapes and tints huddled beneath the shadows of the tall, abounding thistles then in the glory of their pink plumage. A veritable "garden of spices," surely. Just on the border of this lovely scene is a square structure which was erected for "hospitality." Heaven protect the traveller who accepts its lively companionship, unless he be a most enthusiastic and self-sacrificing entomologist. It served as a good place for the camera, however, while a view of the town was captured. In the view is a house with "a little chamber on the wall" such as the "great woman" of old made for Elisha. These little chambers are not infrequently found here. They are used for the same purpose as are the arbors made of canebrake which we may see at Magdala, and those made of boughs at Cæsarea Philippi. They are much more comfortable to the sojourner, especially in hot weather, than the ground floors of the dwellings in Shunem are. In some such a place the kindly prophet was made comfortable with his bed and table and stool and candlestick. A good view of the surrounding fields is had from the village "hospitality" quarters; it must embrace the spot where the poor little child was sunstruck—where he cried out "My head—my head!"—where the father said, "Carry him to his mother." A single glance to the northward reveals the gray outlines of Mount Carmel, with all the intervening plain over which that heart-broken mother hurried the saddled ass—where Gehazi ran to meet her—where she fell at the prophet's feet—where they all hastened back to the chamber of death—where the blessed mother again held the promised child to her bosom, alive and well. The best near prospect from the Shunem housetops, however, is in the opposite direction, and takes in that peculiar range known as "Little Hermon," the outlines of which are included in the view on page 280. The name "Little Hermon" was given some fifteen hundred years ago to distinguish it from "Mount Hermon," the mount of Transfiguration, whose snow-capped summit can almost always be seen from Shunem. Little Hermon is shapeless and barren, and holds no historical interest, yet it provides an attractive feature in the landscape always. It presents its best side toward Shunem. No Roman bastion or tower seems to have been placed upon its peak, nor are there traces of antique architecture or of modern village to be found there, though it presents as choice a coign of vantage as its neighbors. Perhaps the difficulty of reaching it barred the

approach of Herod's minions, just as it repels the modern traveller. It is a wonder that the genius of tradition has not clothed it with some interest. For once, there are more mountains than are needed to go around, and more history will have to be supplied before this superfluous range can be made available otherwise than as a protection to the wonderful neighborhood which it overtops so majestically.

None of the generosity which characterized the "great lady" of Shunem seems to mould the conduct of the modern Shunamite toward the stranger; for when I plucked a single lemon-blossom from a tree overhead, to send to America in a letter I had just written to a little girl, one of the nabobs of the town, who had stood watching my comrades and me while we partook of our luncheon beneath the fragrant shade of his trees, flew at me in a great rage and demanded "backsheesh." I had proven myself to be a thief as well as a trespasser, and it turned out to be one of those occasions where I found myself unable to dispense justice. I referred the case to my wise dragoman, who had quite an altercation in my defence. Evidently the modern Shunamite imbibes all the spiciness of his splendid gardens, but evinces only a rare bit of their sweetness.

From Shunem to Nain is a ride of but a short hour. The western base of Little Hermon is on one side and the broad expanse of the valley of Jezreel is on the other. Ah! what breath, what freedom there is in this fenceless country! You may never take it upon yourself to persuade your all-too-willing stallion to gallop up the mountain incline whence the rounded basaltic spurs protrude, or to carry you like Tam O'Shanter flying over the plain, but it makes you feel very free to know that you can do so if you should happen to have the desire. As soon as Little Hermon is passed, Mount Tabor is seen finely, and the prospect widens. Then, soon after, the gilt cross on the convent of Nain is observed catching the shimmering light. Few and poor enough are the houses of Nain. Heaps of rubbish and the rough quarried débris of better days surround the memorable town, and then there are the prickly pears. The nearest hillside abounds with rock tombs. Among them the tripod was planted for a view. The old walls in the foreground provided the æsthetic portion of the combination, while the convent brought up the average of the village architecture included; a neglected Mohammedan tomb (which looked sufficiently "antique" to be that of the son of the dear old widow) with its

domed roof also comes in. Mount Tabor appears in the distance—always recognized by its segment-like outline. Nain must have been quite a city in its best days, and the traces of walls roundabout show that it was walled. There is nothing cheerful-looking about it now,



Mount Tabor from Nain. The Convent.

however. A number of shrines and "holy places" are dotted about, and it is a great place for devotees. You place your "backsheesh" in the slot and then, sometimes an old Moslem dervish, at others a Latin or Greek monk, makes his appearance and delivers his little theory with a diluted fervor which makes you turn to nature for any satisfaction which may come from your visit. The landscape has not changed feature very much since Jesus "came nigh to the gate of the city." It would seem more hallowed on account of your remembrance of the sad

and sacred story for which Nain is famed, were it not for the constant repetition of it by the fanatics who make their livelihood by their efforts to keep the memories fresh.

The hired howling at a Moslem funeral does not send the reason flying more speedily than the dismal drone of the "holy" creatures who infest almost every sacred site. There is no end to the variety of such people which comes to a "holy" place like Nain, especially during the season which draws pilgrims from all parts of the world to attend the Easter services in Jerusalem or to bathe in the Jordan. Some curious pilgrims are found in such gatherings. I once met a party of Moors who had come all the way from Morocco on foot. Although Mohammed was their "prophet," they were travelling according to the divine orders given by Jesus to the "other seventy," when he "sent them two and two before his face into every city and place whither he himself would come," in so far as to "carry neither purse nor scrip, nor shoes," and the injunction to "eat such things as are set before you" went. A little experience with them convinced me that the manners of the road had not changed here very much since the "seventy" were commanded to "salute no man by the way," for a wayside salute requires considerable time—somewhat thus:

Ali: "Kaif Halak?" [How are you?]

Yusef: "Mob sooteen." [Spread out.] Then both say: "Salaam—ah—laykoom." [Peace be unto you.]

Ali: "Kaif el Mahrooseen?" [How are the preserved of God?]

Yusef: "Ye kobbiloc yeday koomar!" [They kiss your hands.]

Ali: "Mashallah!" [The will of God be done.]

Yusef: "Hamdillah!" [Praise to God.]

Ali: "Bismillah!" [In the name of God.]

Both: "Tyeeb." [Good—very good.]

Again both: "Salaam." [Farewell.]

During the process, hand-shaking is repeatedly indulged in, with as frequent a change of attitude, and all with great dignity and deliberation. Among intimate friends, kissing on each cheek is permissible and usual. Notwithstanding their ragged and intentionally dependent condition, these pilgrims all had intelligent faces, and one of them could speak French fluently. They were in real earnest, and seemed to have a high appreciation of their "divine errand." They declared that they had received "willing and abundant hospitality" ever since they

had departed from their homes, and that although they had come by the way of the Sinai peninsula and Akabah, in no one case had they been compelled to "wipe off the dust" against any place or people. Such "very religious" men are found everywhere. They do not visit a place like Nain because its memory is linked with one of the most touching miracles of Christ, but because it is inhabited by a few fanatical Moslems who are sure to make them welcome, and with whom they can rejoice over the downfall of the "Christian dog."

An Arab funeral is one of the most pathetic of sights. Although you know beforehand that the howling and mourning accompanying the services are usually hired by the hour, they are so effectively performed that your sympathies are enlisted in spite of yourself. The paid mourners come first in the funeral procession, and they are usually women. Their number is governed very much by the same circumstances which regulate the number of carriages at some of the funerals in our own land. If Achmed Bedawi hired a dozen mourners at the recent funeral of his fourth wife, when a child or a wife of Hassan Ali is to be buried there will be at least thirteen mourners; for, although Hassan is not quite as wealthy as Achmed, his family pride requires that he should have "quite as good a funeral." Clothed in white and tossing their arms frantically aloft, the hideous creatures come. They part the air with their large handkerchiefs and give forth the most dreadful howls with imposing fervor. The real mourners can only be traced by the slight response they give to the shrieks of those who are under their pay. A motley crowd of men and boys follow the women, and some of them carry the bier on their shoulders. Others chant a sort of a dirge which is led by the beating of a drum, and many carry flags. All the sadness possible is put into their voices—"No God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet" is the funeral cry, "Allah! Allah! Allah! Allah!" is the doleful response. Talking and laughing are interspersed. At the grave, all gather around and share in the bowing, swaying, and moaning, and swirling until they are tired, when the grave is filled and the howling ceremony is repeated while the procession returns. Some such scene as this must have met the eyes of Jesus, and excited his Divine pity, as he approached the city gate of Nain. He restored an only son to his mother just as Elisha had done over nine hundred years previously in the little town of Shunem, but a short distance across the plain from Nain. The difference in treatment

and regard between the boys and girls practised by the people who live in Palestine now is in striking contrast with that of Jesus who expressed the same sympathy for the distinguished Jairus when his "one only daughter lay a-dying" as he did with the "great lady of Nain," for the little girls in Syria do not receive very much consideration and love from their Mohammedan parents, as a rule. When a girl is born in to a family there is about the same amount of howling as there is at a funeral. The neighboring women come in to condole with the mother over "the dreadful misfortune which has happened to the family," and they "wonder what great sin the father has committed, to be punished by having a daughter born." The helpless little one also comes in for her full share of the fault-finding. If two women are journeying together with their children and the little girl becomes tired or sick, the mother is urged by her companion to "throw her away, because she is only a bint and not worth any trouble." A "bint" is a girl. There is a proverb among these people that "When a girl is born, the stone of the threshold of the house weeps forty days." As she grows up, the little girl is cursed, kicked, and abused. She is apt to see her own mother treated in the same way, and she learns to take it for granted that it is to be her fate. Ask her father



Syrian Girls—Nazleh and Mermon.

how many children he has, and if she is his only child, to your astonishment he will answer, "Not any." Inquire to whom the little girl belongs and he will answer, "Oh! she is nothing but a bint—we don't count her." When a boy is born there is a different state of things. All the neighbors come and compliment the father and rejoice with him, and the father immediately changes his name, for the fathers are always named after their eldest sons. Aboo means son, so if the baby boy is named Salim, then his father becomes Aboo-Salim [the father of Salim], though his name previously may have been Mohammed. But if no sons are born to him he is condemned to bear the name which was given him at his birth. Sometimes, when he is beloved by his neighbors and holds an honorable place in society, he is allowed to take the name he would have named his son if he had had a son. If a Mohammedan is away from home he will never think of writing to his wife or daughter, but always addresses his letters to his son. I often saw my dragoman do this; and although much of the letter was for his wife, it was addressed to his son who was but seven years old.

Not more than a dozen miles from Nain, there is a hopelessly desolate little town which can be seen from half a dozen places already mentioned in these journeyings. It is noted in history. It is almost north of Nain and well worth a visit. If you journey there early in the morning, your horse ought to carry you from Nain in less than three hours. It is the place where Christ met the rejoicing wedding-party and performed his first miracle—Cana of Galilee. I do not know of a ride in Palestine, of its length, which is more lovely and which presents so many points of interest as this does. There are two or even three routes. One leads across the plain, then up the hills to Nazareth, and thence northward; the second leads to the base of Mount Tabor, and then passing around its western side joins presently with the road which comes up from Nazareth. The third way is the one I shall endeavor to describe. Before you get fairly down into the plain you may see the rosy light coming over the Anti-Lebanon range, tipping the minarets of Jezreel and Shunem as you pass them in turn. Gilboa and Little Hermon will also have their feathery, pink-hued caps upon them, and before long the heavy dewdrops which your galloping horse sends flying into the air will likewise catch the infection of glory and glow before you like the rosy scintillations of the electric spark. For easier riding you may take the central lead up the valley of Jezreel,

and have the company of the little stream. Before the hour is all gone you come to the fountain of Jezreel, on your right, and begin to meet the modern young Gideons as they come back to the pastures with their flocks after watering them at the fountain. A little light goes out of the scene now, or, more properly, the full measure of light has not yet arrived for the day, for a low line of fog is seen hanging lazily ahead. It has followed the stream up from the Jordan, and having finished its night-work awaits the coming of the king of day to give it the vanishing signal. As you stop to water your horse at the fountain you cast your eyes upward to see if you can make out the outlines of the ruins on Mount Tabor. The fog is circling around the summit uneasily and purposelessly, and, yes! there, peering through it, looking five times their real height, their fine details brought out by the morning light and the blue background of the sky, are the gray towers and bastions placed there by the crusaders; the fog is also driving through the wide arch of Bab-el-Hawa, the "Gate of the Wind." It is a magnificent sight, well worth the early rising and the ride over here to see. Fording the stream you now push your horse up toward Tabor and above the fog line. A look back is well worth while. All is clear above you. The sky is as blue as the ocean, the valley is in about as great a tumult as the sea, for the sun has given marching orders and the process of evacuation is going on. No time is taken to marshal the white multitude into companies or battalions. In a way all their own, like camels in a caravan, each division bundles up its properties, swings to and fro for a little time, and then—disappears.

Nain and Shunem and Jezreel all rise up in the distance and seem to be floating amid and above the tumult. Turning your back to them you soon place Mount Tabor between you, and hurry on through its chill shadow, northward and westward, until you reach its other side. Away over, on your right, is another billowy sea. It is a contribution to the morning's pleasures from the Sea of Galilee. In half an hour now you will see, on the left, a hill topped by a little village—Seffurieh, the ancient Sepphoris, and all that remains of the old-time capital of Galilee. It was quite an important place until Herod Antipas came into power and made Tiberias the seat of government. The caravan tracks which cut across the country now bewilder you somewhat, for you may not know which one to choose. Fear not, however,



Cana in Galilee. (After a photograph by Bonfils.)



General View from the West. (Drawn from nature.)

they all lead to the Mecca of the present expedition; if the face is kept well toward the northwest and there is no inclination to follow Jordanward you will come out all right. Here and there you will meet a group of women with bundles of twigs on their heads. Already they have been up the side of Mount Tabor among the scrub oaks, where they gathered the scraggy merchandise which they are now carrying to the wood market in Nazareth. How foolishly they hide their ugly faces with their faded blue garments; for not expecting to meet the "evil eye" of the Christian so early in the morning they have risked it without their horrid face veils. And now the scene grows still more animated, for men and boys, and women too, are met driving long lines

of asses laden with newly cut grass, also toward Nazareth. In the proper season figs and olives must take the place of grass, for the trees abound. The narrow plain which opens up is inexpressibly beautiful and provides the space for a last gallop before reaching the almost deserted village of Cana of Galilee, known to the Arabs as Kefr Kenna. The chief entrance to the town resembles that of Shunem—a lane sided by thickly set prickly pear plants. The houses remind you of those at Magdala. They are of mud and stone, surrounded by the refuse of the stable, and with miserably constructed arbors of cane-brake on their unsafe roofs. They look to be in the last state of ruin, yet there are plenty of ruins of an earlier date and of a better grade lying around in every direction. An old sarcophagus serves as the public water-trough, and is kept supplied by a cheery little stream which comes from a neighboring spring. "Dutch" ovens smeared with mud are standing near some of the houses. They might be taken for tombs, only they are not whitewashed. Of course such a site would not be neglected by that useful class who keep the links of history together, the monks; so you will find a Franciscan church at Cana, humble, as usual, but far superior to any of its neighboring structures. The attendant will show you some water-jars, after the precise pattern of those used by the girls at the fountain on the way, "the ones actually used in the miracle." These same jars are shown at the church of St. Ursula in Cologne as well as at Rome, so that in some way or other the record has not been properly kept and the authorities conflict.

There is not much else to hold the interest in Cana except the views. Down toward Nazareth and over in the direction of Mount Tabor they are particularly fine. The hills are not so high, so steep, nor so bare as those in Lower Galilee. They are usually wooded to their summits, and fall gradually down to the valleys. There is not the appearance of thrift that there is about Nain and Shunem, for the reason perhaps that the neighborhood is infested more by wandering marauders who care nothing for the cultivation of crops so long as they find pasture for their flocks. Outlawry renders it impossible for the native peasantry to cajole sufficient from the soil, rich though it is, to stand up under a semi-annual raid and the taxation of the "poor man" too. It was different when Naphtali held possession here, for he was "satisfied with favor and full with the blessing of the Lord." The numerous wine-presses found on the way, cut in the rocks; the remains of ancient aqueducts

rising in the air, and sometimes pipes sunk in channels chiselled in the rocky sides of the hills, remind one of Petra and give proof that a refined civilization once held power here. "Likewise as it was also in the days of Lot; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded." What "destroyed them all?" I made such an excursion last a whole day once upon a time. When I returned, the sun was setting, gloriously, and the moon, three-quarters full, had just come up timidly over the Anti-Lebanon range. Thin clouds, gray and silverlike, gathered around the moon, their inner borders formed somewhat like a star. The planet seemed sunken, like an image in an intaglio, and the background of the sky was gloriously blue. A weakly glimmer of sunlight still hung over the trees on the long distant inclines, and a warm glow lingered upon the tops of the nearer mountains. The details of the higher peaks, however, had already disappeared in the filmy haze which was rising from the valleys between the ranges, so that they seemed like mere screens with scolloped edges pushed up toward the sky. The red and gold and green and gray were all increased in value by the shadowy blacks, which fell wherever the least depression gave them a chance. The shadowed olive-trees in the foreground strengthened the feeling that the end of the day had come and the fellahin returning from the fields, urging their flocks along, contributed unwittingly to the harmony of the delightful phantasmagoria. All overhead was blue. The clouds were thinner then, and the light, still strong above them, imparted the azure tint of the sky to them—all were delicate blue. The soft breezes which came over made a sound in the air like the swirling of the water in the Sea of Galilee. Then the sun disappeared and only the moon gave light to the picture.

During two days Mount Tabor was always in sight. If we turn from Mount Hermon for the site of the Transfiguration, we must look to Mount Tabor. After their visit to Cæsarea the Divine Traveller and his disciples returned to Capernaum and sojourned a while before visiting the cities of Decapolis. Mount Tabor could have been visited *en route* at either time. It is only two thousand feet in height, but its isolated position gives it a commanding appearance from all directions. To the very summit it is thickly wooded with walnut, oak, pistachio, and rose. Some of its inclines are so rocky and so steep that one intuitively dismounts and relieves his horse until the climb is

easier. There are ruins on the top, dating at least from the time of the crusades, and there is an old gateway remaining, which the Arabs call "Bab-el-Hâwâ" (the Gate of the Wind). A convent on the summit is inhabited by a few monks who entertain the strangers that visit there.



Mount Tabor.

Although the views are wide and fine, yet, looking off, one is impressed with the thought that it is the peculiar situation of Mount Tabor which gives it the appearance of great altitude. The outlook extends into Galilee, over the mountains of Samaria, across to Perea, and up to Mount Hermon, besides including all the glories of the land intervening—Safed, the "Horns of Hattîn," Nazareth, the deep depression of the Sea of Galilee, and the mountains of Moab, which rise beyond the Jordan like palisades. Indeed there is no grander view

than the near expanse south of this famed mountain. The vast cultivated plain of Esdraelon sweeps its base; the towns of Jezreel, Nain, Shunem, and Endor, as we have seen, are all within the compass of a near semicircle; while at the base of Mount Gilboa, one can see, glistening like silver, the waters of the fountain of Jezreel.

In the past, Mount Tabor has served as a tribal boundary line; as a strategic war-point; as a symbol of glory; as the stronghold of kings; as a witness to battles from the days of Deborah and Sisera to the struggle between Kléber and the Turks. And yet it occurs to me that the quiet and retirement of some spot on Mount Hermon would have been preferred for such an exalted scene as the Transfiguration, rather than a site whose entire surroundings only recalled scenes of sorrow and struggling.

CHAPTER XII.

NAZARETH, OLD AND NEW.

The Climb up the Nazareth Hills, from the Plain of Esdraelon.—Early Morning at Nazareth.—The Wood-market.—At the Bazaars.—Nazareth viewed from the Campanile of "the Church of the Annunciation."—The Blind.—The Latin Church.—The Houses.—Living on the Roof.—A Nazarene Carpenter's Shop.—View from the "Mount of Precipitation."—The Modern Jew.—Old-time Excitements in the Synagogues.—An Evening Prospect.—The Hill Country around Nazareth.—The People of Galilee.—Home Customs.—The Education of the Children.—A Feast Day.—Street Scenes.—When Jesus Christ lived in Nazareth.

THE Bedouins of to-day live in very much the same way as the Bible tells us that the patriarchs did. One need not travel over the whole country for proofs of this. The towns and villages are much alike in their general characteristics, and in all parts of the open country the habits of the nomadic population are the same. It is true that Tiberias boasts of having the most fleas and "the king" thereof; Jericho yields the most persistent crop of beggars; Shechem vies with Jerusalem in presenting the worst cases of leprosy; there is no end to the blind people in Hebron; Bethlehem claims to have the cleanest streets, although I confess I did not miss any of the dirt when I visited it; and the Bethany children are the loveliest of all. Yet in all or any one of these places substantial illustrations of the Bible record rise up on every side.

Nazareth is undoubtedly the most important town in the region of Galilee. It is not very far from Jezreel or Shunem or Nain; Mount Tabor can always be seen from the neighboring hills; a few hours of rough travel brings one to where the ruins of Capernaum receive the whispered messages and the hoarse warnings of the Sea of Galilee. In the general itinerary the approach to Nazareth is from the south. The last day before reaching it Mount Gilboa is passed; then villages near the Plain of Esdraelon are visited, and the effort is made to spend the last two hours in crossing over to the west in the hope of reaching

Nazareth by evening. A more enjoyable way is to halt for the night on the western border of the Plain of Esdraelon; then, next morning, long before daylight, to make the climb up to Nazareth on foot. Such a walk will ever be remembered as a delightful one. If the undertaking occurs at the proper season, the bright stars shimmering overhead will keep hope sustained, while the moon, falling lower and lower and moving backward seemingly, holds out its golden torch and indicates the way by kindling beacons upon the mountains ahead, or by



Early Morning, Nazareth.

tipping the crags with tender light and sending a tremulous glow through the ravines to cheer the traveller and to rest his heart.

The way is scarcely more than a bridle-path sometimes, and often it is so steep as to cause even the sure-footed Syrian horse to falter a moment while he chooses the way. Through miniature valleys and along narrow passes it goes, until the precipitous ridge which protects Nazareth on the east is gained. The ascent from the plain is about one thousand feet, and rough enough to test the mettle of an expert and ambitious Alpine climber. At the early morning hour the curtains of mist hang low. Sometimes these veils are so thin as to reveal

softly and clearly the modelling of the scenes beyond them. The breath of wind that comes and goes is so soft that the deep silence is not disturbed.

Now, as the morning glow comes on, the little cultivated terraces are seen hanging upon the sides of the hills, like orchids upon a wall. Some shepherd's home is sure to be near them, and occasionally the tinkling bell of a nervous sheep or goat is heard, followed by the reassuring tones of his wakeful guardian. But that is all that disturbs until Nazareth is very near. Then, crossing the ridge already referred to, there, as its last incline reaches by sharp pitches into a narrow plain, is Nazareth. Fifteen rounded peaks close it in on all sides but one, and there nature has made the approach impregnable by a series of lofty, abrupt precipices. The early morning view is made grander by the wildness of the surroundings. The soil is so rocky that the vegetation, such as it is, must have a hard time to win life. In some places the soil has been driven away by the descending torrents, and the bald spots thus exposed are as white as Alpine snow.

Groves of trees of many varieties, dotted here and there, spread out their roots and entangle the soil which is washed down from above, until a luxurious growth is presented. When first looking upon Nazareth from the south, the stranger is not impressed with its true Oriental character. It seems too new in appearance; too clean. This illusion, like that which strikes one when looking upon Milan Cathedral or the noble group of structures at Pisa, is due to the whiteness of the building-stone. When one goes down into its details, however, Nazareth, like Brussels, is found to have its old quarter as well as a modern one.

Now, as the moon sinks out of sight, and the stars are one by one silently eclipsed by the warm rosy light of the eastern sun, the day-book opens, and the grand drama of life in a Palestine town is recorded page after page. The tall minaret of the mosque and the shapely campanile of the Latin church catch the first glimmer of the coming sun. The masterless dogs see the signal, and by their tumultuous howls startle the sleepers in the town. Then the light lingers a moment upon the broad segments of the domes of mosque and church alike before creeping down and down, until each white house is in a glare and every street is illuminated and warmed into life by the flood of golden color which springs into them. Then the sounds of lan-

guages strange and loud fall upon the ear. They come from the drivers of the cattle, and from the street merchant who would draw first attention to the wares he has for sale. The Nazarene of to-day is as turbulent as he was when all Palestine hated him and declared that no



The Wood-market.

good could come out of Nazareth. Once the streets are fairly entered it will be seen that the town is as full of busy life as a hornet's nest. The dark-eyed women are among the first who appear to start the business of the day. They come from the oak-tangles of the environing hills, where they have gathered the bundles of twigs for which there is a ready sale. They squat in the market-place with their snaggy merchandise and timidly await the coming of their patrons. These women have but little sunshine in their lives. There is not much color-cheerfulness in such early morning pictures, except in the orange and crimson and blue face-veils which the women wear, and in their bright eyes, which can be seen sparkling through the veils. The scene brightens when the tall, slender fellows, girt in white "abbas" and many-colored "kefiyehs," flock along, bare-legged, and topped by turbans of white or tarbooshes of red. They are the bread-sellers, the water-carriers, and the fruit-venders. As they go they sidle their toes into the ribs of the night-watchman, who turns over on his face and begins his slumbers simultaneously with the awakening of the sun. Oh, the chattering and the jabbering of such a discordant crowd! Incipient quarrels often occur, but no bloodshed follows. The brown-calved autocrats long ago learned that the howadji regards them as sublimely pictu-

resque, and there is a tacit agreement among them to deck their stage with their most brilliant tints. Sometimes it seems like Naples here in the narrow, dark, dirty streets; and indeed year by year Nazareth grows more and more like an Italian town. Its white hills do not soar so loftily into the blueness of the air distance as do the pale volcanic piles which environ Naples; neither are they turreted here and there with ruined castles. But it is true that the parti-colored campanile and the white convent are no longer a rarity at Nazareth, and each day is opened and closed with the solemn gamut of the monastery bells, rung in strange dissonance with the muezzin call.

Each turn in the streets brings a change of scene. Everybody who can, manages to be there. The dealers in dates, figs, beans, barley, lentils, oranges, cheese, and vegetables ooze out from their bazars and spread their merchandise around them upon the muddy highway in front; the tailor, the cobbler, the coppersmith, the coffee-grinder, and the carpenter, all occupy as much of the narrow thoroughfares as the crowd will allow. The dogs scavenger along undisturbed; the lumbering camel sways from side to side with his back full of limestone blocks or cedar logs three times as long as himself, and commands sufficient respect from everyone to enable him to have the right of way; the chickens stroll everywhere freely; the children swarm around every stranger begging for backsheesh, and the cosmopolitan donkey brays assent to everything except the blows and tail-twistings he receives from his driver.

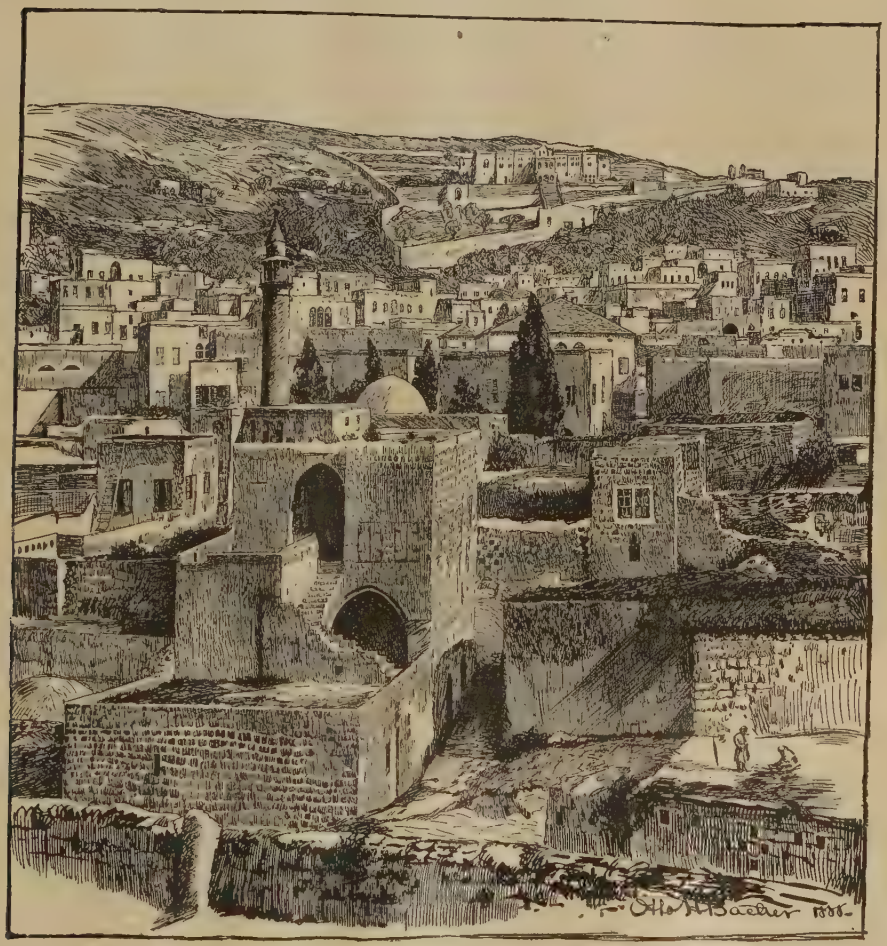
There are quieter ones than all these in Nazareth on market day. Seated by the side of the gateway flanked on each side by towers connected by a well-shaped Roman arch flung from one to the other, sits a modern Bartimeus with his companion, blind, and begging, not for the Divine touch which healed, but hopelessly blind and abandoned to that art of the modern Arab, the taking of alms. Picturesque though they are, such groups are always pathetic. They are all too plenty in Palestine. Blindness is so common there that to find a person with two perfect, healthy eyes is the exception rather than the rule. I have frequently been attracted by a pair of expressive eyes peering over a face-veil as their owner came toward me, only to learn with a pang as we met that one of them was white in the centre and the pupil of the other being encroached upon by the fatal blue of ophthalmia. The trouble begins in babyhood. The Arab mother refuses to drive away

the flies which swarm around the diseased eyes of the poor little child, seated upon her shoulder, lest "the evil eye of the stranger" fall upon her offspring. But what she imagines is protection from a fatal evil breeds a disease far more dreadful. That, with the sudden climatic changes, makes blindness a scourge in the East. In the olden time the scribes declared almsgiving to be "a grace." For one farthing given to the poor, said they, a man will receive heaven. It is good for the blind man of modern times that this ancient belief still prevails somewhat, for if it did not it would go hard with him.

But the attractions of Nazareth are not all of the market-place. The Latin Church of the Annunciation, built, it is claimed, over the spot where the interview between the angel and the Virgin occurred, is a place of much interest. It reminds one of Italy because of its architecture, because of its campanile, and because of the services held there. On one side of the aisle I saw a Franciscan monk teaching about fifty children. It was seven o'clock in the morning. I thought I never had seen sweeter child faces, and their little voices were as musical as the bird songs which come up from the meadows in the morning. On the other side of the aisle the pharmacy and the apartments of the monks are located. Descending the fifteen steps which lead underneath the altar, "The Place of the Annunciation" is reached. The apartment is about twenty feet both in length and width and ten feet high. It is lined with white marble on all sides. The altar, which is also of marble, is decorated with vases of artificial flowers. The silver lamps which hang from the roof of the cave are never allowed to go out. A fine oil-painting behind the altar, a gift of the Emperor of Austria, represents the Annunciation.

At the right of the altar is a low door which leads to a second portion of the grotto, which is left in its natural state. From this annex a stairway leads up into a low cave called "The Virgin Mary's Kitchen." The monks hold that the house of Mary stood over this grotto. There are a hundred such places underneath the hills which surround Nazareth. Coming up from the grotto into the morning services of the church, one meets a strange composition amid sense-involving accessories. The singing priests, the waving censers, the tender music of the organ, the response of the motley congregation, made up from all quarters of the globe, the glittering lights coming in from the stained windows and meeting athwart the long aisle, the kneeling women, the

impatient children, the inquisitive tourist—all contribute to the understanding of the great painting which hangs upon the wall. This work of some fervid old master represents Gabriel and Mary—the latter kneeling at the feet of the angel, while he addresses her and comforts her with his message of glad tidings.



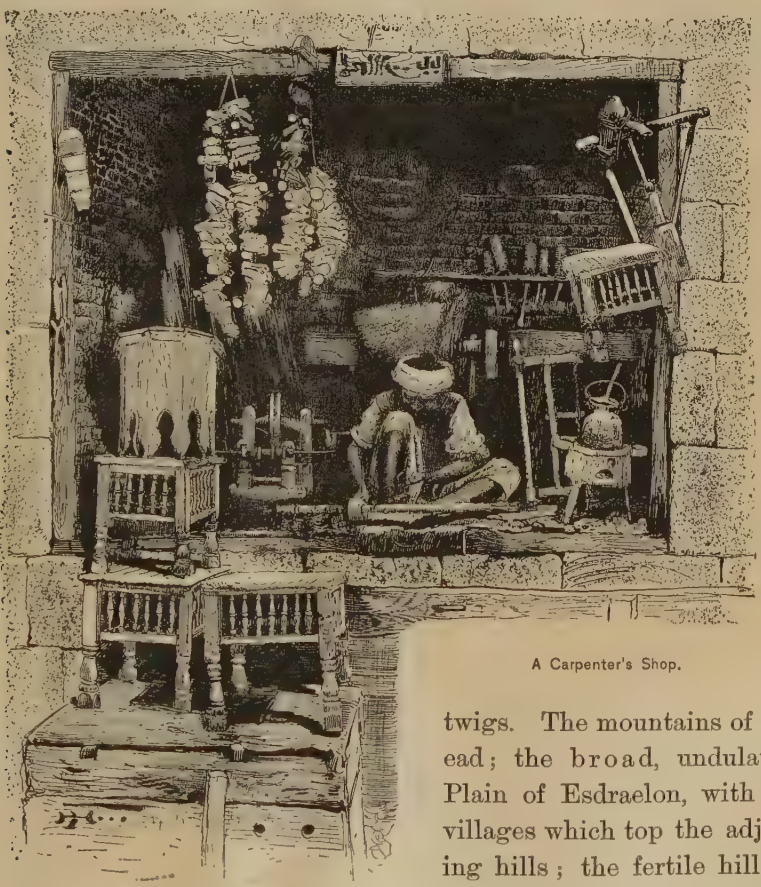
Nazareth from the Campanile of the Church of the Annunciation.

One of the best views of the city is to be had from the campanile of the Church of the Annunciation, shown above. In the distance is the brow of the hill to which Jesus was led by the enraged multitude who attempted to throw him from it. A modern house in the foreground brings to mind the time when they uncovered a roof and let down the

bed whereon the sick of the palsy lay. This must be very much the same kind of house as that historical one at Capernaum. There is the peculiar roof, and there are the outside stairs leading to the roof. The Eastern householder makes his roof serve for more than a protection from the weather. It is the piazza, the quiet place of the dweller, and sometimes it becomes his summer residence. As a rule, it is not very heavy or very strong. Rafters are thrown across from wall to wall, say a yard apart; then the whole space is covered with twigs such as we saw the women selling in the market-place. On these the slender limbs of trees are thrown and thickly coated with mortar. Lastly, a thick spread of earth is thrown on, rolled to a level, and oftentimes sown with grass-seed. Thus by care many of the roofs become as smooth and soft as a machine-mown lawn. They may be easily broken up and anything lowered inside from above. By some such process the four bearers of the poor palsied man managed to enlist the attention of the Great Physician in behalf of their friend. It is not hard to understand it all when viewing such a house as this one at Nazareth. It would not be difficult for four men to carry a lame friend in a hammock by the outer stairway up to the roof, and, breaking through, let him down into the apartment or court below. Not far from this same house, in a narrow street, is a little chapel erected upon the site of Joseph's carpenter shop. Over the altar is a picture representing Mary and Joseph instructing Jesus, and finding that he knew more than they. Another painting represents the lad Jesus assisting his father at work. It contains no accessories of the carpenter's shop, but there are enough of them in the shops close by. The web-saw, the glue-pot, the plane, and the hammer are the principal tools used in such shops, all without the modern improvements. Yet whatever the Palestine carpenter produces is from the fragrant cedars of Lebanon or from the eccentrically knotted and gnarled olive-wood. The operation of bargaining and waiting for any article of wood to come from a Palestine carpenter's shop is a lengthy one. Articles of wood are a luxury there, and when the carpenter receives an order for one he usually employs the next three days of his life in soliciting the congratulations of his friends upon his wonderful good fortune in receiving "an order for something made of wood."

Turning from the excitement of the town for a while, a visit to the hill at the west, whence the people tried to thrust Jesus after his ser-

mon in the synagogue, will be worth while. It is about five hundred feet in height, and the ascent is rather difficult. It will repay the traveller, however; for the views obtained from the summit, when the air is clear, are among the finest in all Palestine. Nearest is Mount Tabor, from whose oak-groves the women of the market-place gather their



A Carpenter's Shop.

twigs. The mountains of Gilead; the broad, undulating Plain of Esdraelon, with the villages which top the adjoining hills; the fertile hills of Samaria; the long Mount Carmel range on the west, with the blue waters of the Mediterranean beyond; the extended ridges of the Galilean hills; the rolling country intervening, and snow-capped Mount Hebron away beyond—all are discernible in one grand prospect.

Peculiar sensations play upon the mind in such a place as this. It does not seem as though the view could always be so grand. It must be that Nature has arranged to make the scene unusually beautiful,

entrancing, and overpowering for the occasion. A feeling arises that a special visual angle has been given to one's eyes to enable them to take in such a wide view. More than this, a diminishing power seems to be given to the optical sense, which reduces all things until the combination seems to present a miniature world. The rocks, the woods, the torrents, the sloping sides of the hills, the villages and towns, are distinctly visible, small but clearly defined; and the summits of the mountains, which seem so threatening from below, now appear like the furrows of a ploughed field or the terraced sides of an individual neighboring hill. Not until the bell of the old gray convent disturbs the illusion can this strange sense be shaken off.

Anyone walking from Nazareth to Capernaum will come upon two reminders of the days when Jesus "preached in their synagogues throughout all Galilee." One of these is the present Jewish population; the other, the remains of some of the very synagogues referred to. The Palestine Jew wears a long, dark coat, and a fur-lined cap of peculiar form, not unlike the modern "Tam o' Shanter" in shape. His lovelocks are long at each temple, his brows bushy, his hair and beard frequently red, his eyes as often blue, his skin pale, and his flesh looks bloodless. He appears to be almost as much a ruin as the synagogues are. How different all was when Jesus touched the leper; and how, like a torch, that touch served to set afire the inflammable hatred of the Pharisee, causing it to burst into furious flames of imprecation and accusation! Then how soon the "blasphemer" became the topic of general conversation—this man who had never attended a house of instruction, and who had not even asked for a certificate showing the right to teach! People of all classes congregated upon their roofs or in their courts then, and disputed about the Great Healer. Even in the khans travellers to and fro were involved in the popular discussion, while they sipped their Italian wine and questioned the natives as to the prospect of the grape-crop in Lebanon and east of the Jordan. Even Herod became so forgotten that he grew alarmed, more than he was when first he heard "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." Already the Pharisee had been heard to hiss when he saw the image of the Roman emperor upon the golden coin which he dropped into the synagogue treasury. When a copper coin bearing the name of the hated emperor was ostentatiously thrown at the despised leper, it was done with a gesture of contempt that made his own blood feverish, and

oftentimes puzzled him to decide whom he most hated, Jesus or Herod. More than this: men whom Jesus had won preached more zeal for a nation whose people were only the slaves and mercenaries of Herod, and advised the lifting of Israel's banners with the breaking of the



Palestine Jews.

yoke of the godless Roman. Then, when Jesus entered their synagogues they hastened, as in a race, to secure places where they could be near him, hear his addresses, and feed their curiosity or gather comfort from his revelations. Only their ruined synagogues remain to prove the turmoil.

One of the most picturesque synagogues in Galilee is found at Kef'r Bir'im. It is the larger of two, and is located among the houses of the village. Its splendid arched doorway is preserved entire. Some of its columns are also standing, and its size, sixty feet long by fifty feet broad, can be proved by the remains of the walls. The true age of the structure is also found by the "chiselled in" stones set with mortar. Here doubtless was one of their synagogues where Jesus preached. It may have been here that more than one poor sufferer



The Old Synagogue of Kef'r Bir'im; between Nazareth and Capernaum.

was cured—more than one Pharisee stricken with the disease of hate from which he never recovered.

Do not they tell of the feverish excitement inflamed by the political and religious passion of the Jews, of the chafing Roman yoke, of the racking hate of the foreigner, of the galling helplessness of the Israelites, of the "waiting for the consolation of Israel?" Revolt hung over all like a thunderbolt, ready to burst at any time and send destruction and dismay along its merciless track. Religious fanaticism turned the heads of men and made them demons. It was not the lack of desire for "Messias to come" which caused men to dwell in tombs, cut themselves with stones, and cry out, "I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not." It was the leper without the leper's faith. So

things went on balancing up and down from outbreak to riot, from deeds of violence to horrid massacre, from the blood of the sacrificed brutes to that of the ill-fated slaves of Rome, from the charge of the Sanhedrim to the Cross of Calvary. Thereafter, on and on, until Kef'r Bir'im and all "their synagogues throughout all Galilee" lay ruined and deserted.

It is worth while to climb to the highest part of these old relics and survey the country. You can always see much farther than you can walk in a day. I prefer the close of the day for such an enterprise, when the shadows of evening send forth as their heralds the cool breezes which cause the fields of grain and grass to undulate like the whispering waves of a summer sea. Then the birds chirp a welcome as they flock together overhead, while the noisy night-bird, perched upon the highest tree, signals the night to come on. It is not all loneliness hereabouts, for even a part of Kef'r Bir'im is inhabited, and the neighboring country is well cultivated. Over on the left is a well, or "fountain," where the women come every night for water, and where the flocks drink—just as it was when the miraculous healings which had taken place in the synagogue were discussed by the frequenters of the same fountain. On the other side the mountain ranges may be seen forming a great aërial circle, broken only by the deep ravines. There, too, is the vast amphitheatre which they form, filled by the mist and sunbeams which shimmer over the Sea of Galilee. The air is balmy, and there are a thousand forms of beauty revealed by the sun as it thrusts its long rays, like Arab lances, through the landscape. The shadows are driven away from the sparkling fountains, and their singing reveals the whereabouts of the rocky cascades whose monotones have excited our wonder all day; for there they are leaping from their rugged heights, now a hundred feet, now twenty, now ten, and now, widely diffused, rolling over the bare rock for a hundred yards or more until they come on to their last leap; then, plunging into the jungle, they send up the spray above the tree-tops, where it breaks into rainbow circles and, falling, disappears. Never do the olive-groves look so well as at the evening hours, when the lowering sun shines through their irregular enfilades and illumes the green-gray glossy details of their horny leaves. The gnarled and split and twisted trunks of these caverned veterans, with their long extended arms breaking into hundreds of branches, are also best seen

from above in the evening light; then every branch is discernible with its feathered lichens and its knotted stems. Thus the nearer groves appear. Those in the distance look more hoary and soft, as though a veil of light cunningly woven by the shuttling of the rays hung over them, until the herald breezes touch them and push their branches all one way. Then they ripple like a sea of silver or a field of grain with its beard just full grown.

Evening is not the time, though, to see the lovely wild flowers which seek the protecting shadows of the olive-grove; for their eyes are closed then and their little sleepy heads are bowed for the night. Neither is it worth while to climb to a height to see them. Go down in the morning, when the dew is trickling along their slender stalks and the sun is calling them to do their part toward making the world beautiful; then you will see myriads of flowers in endless variety. And how, like the persistent track of one of our own mountain railways, the pathways wind and "loop" here and there among the ravines and around the mountain shoulders, over the spurs and about the hills with ruined cities yet upon them—through the "field of the sower." When the sun has set, and the birds have hidden their heads under their wings, and the olive-groves become shadow masses, then the mist rises and everything above it seems to be hanging and hovering in the sky. The white-topped hills become snowy peaks, and the houses round about are like islands in the sea. In no part of Palestine is the vegetation more luxuriant than Nazareth. But the country is thinly populated, and the people are indifferent as to what goes on in the outer world. If the minions of Antony and Augustus could lead a host through the plain of Esdraelon now they would meet no foe; the golden eagle might be set upon the dome of the Mosque of Omar, but the modern Galilean would not resent it; the husbandman of Galilee does not own the land he tills, and cares nothing for the fanaticism of those who do; a thousand crucifixions might take place at Jerusalem, and the creaking olive-presses of Galilee would not be stopped a moment to listen to the story. You would think the brown-faced farmer here had no soul, unless you happened to offer him backsheesh to show you the way, or your dragoman pushed your horses through the grain-fields. Then he would rise to the occasion and try to take care of himself. Varied, indeed, are the sights presented as one walks along even over the land controlled by a single sheikh. There at the left you may

see a hill topped by a squalid modern village and the remnants of one more antique—composite illustrations of history. A tortuous path, with the stones thrown off at each side, leads from the summit down into the valley. At right and left are "fields of the sower," and "by the wayside" are plenty of spots where the seed has fallen; hence the marauder is more than likely to glean it for his own use ere it is barely ready for the sickle. There are other sections in the great field which look well, but the ground is stony and the waving stalks have no root. They grow and seem to show promise for both ear and corn, but when the first very hot days come they wilt and waste on the stony ground which could not sustain life in them. Such spots are quickly revealed to the traveller if he attempts to cross a wheat-field in Galilee before the grain is ripe. In the neighborhood of some of these stony places the prickly-pear bush with its millions of spikes and thorns abounds. It is often a great trouble to the husbandman. Frequently, however, he turns it to good account for fence and hedge. I have seen entire villages inclosed by this sturdy plant, and the avenues leading to the houses of the villages lined with it. Surely it chokes all the seed which falls about it, and it causes woe enough to the luckless traveller who tries to break through its dense growth. Ordinary thorns also abound and grow to great heights. A field of "good ground" is a pleasant sight. When it has been freshly ploughed and its furrows incline toward the morning sun, it looks like a carpet lately swept. Sometimes a single olive-tree breaks the monotony and serves to lead the eye forward until it meets the wall of an ancient city, or a temple, or a tower, rising up against the distant background of the prospect.

It has been said by many Oriental travellers that in the East the usages of life do not vary—that the East is stationary. It is true that many of the customs of Palestine have survived all the terrible convulsions through which the country has passed, as well as the change in population. The Arabs of to-day retain many of the practices of the Jews of old. But in one very important direction the seed sown by the Jews seems to have fallen on stony ground, for there is not much to show for its sowing now. I mean the education of the children. In Christ's day the youthful Jew was taught to read, either at home or in the schools connected with the synagogue. At twelve years of age he was expected to recite the "Shema" in the temple. Those who were precocious, and who respected their teachers, were permitted to enter

the higher schools, where the rabbis taught the Law from the books of Moses. The social position of the rabbis was the very highest, and their dignity was of the stateliest. At the age of thirteen a young Jew became "a son of the Law," and was bound to reverence and practise all its moral and ritual exactions. Josephus declared that Moses commanded that the children be taught to read and to walk in the ways of the Law. They were also required to know the deeds of their fathers, that they might imitate them, and neither transgress the Law nor have the excuse of ignorance. Boastingly he added: "We interest ourselves more about the education of our children than about anything else, and hold the observance of the laws and rules of piety they inculcate as the weightiest business of our whole lives." One of the apt family sayings of their day was: "Seeking wisdom when you are old is like writing on water; seeking it when you are young is like graving on a stone." At an early age the parents brought the children to the synagogue, that they might have the prayers and blessing of the elders. "After the father of the child," says the Talmud, "had laid his hands on his child's head, he led him to the elders, one by one, and they also blessed him and prayed that he might grow up famous in the Law, faithful in marriage, and abundant in good works." Jesus, having been accepted as a rabbi by many of the people, was frequently appealed to for the rabbi's blessing. More than this, he gave it voluntarily. He enjoined a child-like spirit. The children were also taught to honor their parents. This child-like spirit meant something more than it does now. Jesus was a Jew, and enjoined the careful consideration of the children. May he not have had in mind, too, the occasion when Herod massacred all the little ones of Bethlehem in order to make sure of the death of the Sacred Babe? At any rate he enjoined that all "become as little children." All this has changed, however. The children of Palestine are very lovely and beautiful—in character oftentimes as well as in looks. They are taught to be kindly and polite in their home duties; but, alas! the only opportunities for their education are afforded by the missions and their schools. In these Syria is particularly fortunate. Frequently a European tourist provides for the education of a tiny Arab at one of the schools of Beyrout, Joppa, Damascus, Nazareth, or Jerusalem. Such good fortune befell the tiny Nazleh and her larger companion Mermon—fair specimens of the little brown-skins who put their hands in yours and win

your hearts. Little girls are never very welcome in an Arab home. To be the father of a young Achmed, or Mohammed, or Ali, however, is to be called the honored title of "father of Achmed," or "father of Mohammed," or "father of Ali," for it is considered a great honor to have a son. When the children of a household are at play and a cry is heard, the mother runs quickly to the rescue if the sound of distress comes from her boy, but not to her girl. I am not sure, however, but that this sort of treatment causes the faces of the little girls to be all the sweeter and their great black eyes all the more melting.

Again we turn from the concerns of the rural householder and go back to the busy city—this time on a feast-day. The mountain track is crowded with donkeys and mules and camels laden with all sorts of produce, attended by their drivers and their owners. It is all picturesque, but it is not all peaceable. If a luckless donkey grazes the ribs of a camel, even at their lower extremities, the respective owners of the beasts begin a duel of words at once. Watching the opportunity, the donkey lies down for a roll in the dust, and the camel, drawing up his great joints to his body, squats down regardlessly in the way of all comers. A crowd then gathers, and soon the way is barricaded. The scene grows interesting, and some fine specimens of modern Arabic are scattered to the four winds. Yousef to El Wafi screams: "Fellow, there! We wish to reach the mosque before the evening muezzin. You will enable us to praise God the more if you will start your camels a little out of our way and allow us to pass by." El Wafi: "Hold your peace! Do not you see that the street is crowded?" Yousef: "I see a lot of dull and stupid idlers before me. Lend me your camel-goad, and I will soon give you a lift toward Nazareth." El Wafi: "Take my advice and go back to Shunem or Nain, wherever you come from; and take my curse along with you, for there is no room for such as you in the crowded city."

All such converse goes on amid much gesticulation and the fierce snapping of eyes, but it is not often that anyone is hurt. There is a sense of high relief physically when one at last gains freedom from such a crowd and reaches the street where the principal bazars are located. The crush is somewhat less—at least there is no blockade; but the bedlam seems to have increased. It is the place for bargains. Figs and dates, mixed with almonds and stuffed in skins like Bologna sausages, sliced off in quantity to suit purchasers, are offered at a booth

next to which a merchant in red pepper and spices holds forth. The merry whirl of the potter's wheel is balanced by the deafening hammer of the coppersmith next door; while the weaver and the saddle-maker occupy one bazar in peaceful concord. As strange as any of them is the grand showing of the handkerchief-seller, whose merchandise from the mills of Manchester makes a grand color display. The individual pieces are sometimes covered with playing-cards, and again bordered with Arabic passages from the Koran. You put down the backsheesh, and if satisfactory to the vender you are permitted to follow the courage of your convictions and carry away your choice. This is not always successful, however. Once upon a time it was not until the third day that I could persuade one Oriental nabob to part with a yellow handkerchief which on the first day he keenly discerned I was bound to add to my collection. But when one wanders among these people and sees the slowly creeping, cringing Jew among them, how he longs for a look at the ancient Levites who once mingled with the populace with their odd head-dresses and the broad outside pockets, barely deep enough to keep the large scroll of the Law which they contained from overbalancing into the street. Where now are the Pharisees with their arms strapped with broad phylacteries, wearing massive fringes running around each individual edge of their garments? There are now no meek Essenes here clothed in white, in contrast with the haughty Roman officials accoutred in gorgeous apparel. The pilgrims in the costumes of every land are plenty, though, and seem to be all that resemble the crowds who assembled in the days of old.

History tells us that the age in which Jesus Christ lived was a transitional one—an age of doubt and uncertainty. Jesus himself called it a "wicked and adulterous generation." The broken columns and half-buried capitals which one stumbles over when walking in Galilee tell how the Idumean tetrarch robbed the Jew of his sceptre, how the Roman procurator tampered with the priesthood, how the Sanhedrim fell into the toils of the subtle Herodian and heartless Sadducee. The shrines at Cæsarea Philippi and elsewhere prove how Jesus, as was his custom, drew upon facts for his assertions; how paganism misled the faithful by its hideous excesses. All along the line of the Jordan and of the Dead Sea are the caves where the wearied and worn Essenes hid and waited for Messias to come. Atheism wrestled with Philosophy; Crime captured Remorse and blindfolded it; hearts grew so stony that

even the heathen began to feel that the second flood was impending. Insolence, cruelty, extortion, massacre, the destruction of the synagogues and the erection of heathen temples in their places, maddened a people already wild with fanaticism. The sects were subdivided until there was no hope for any. It was a dark day for the children of Israel, and they caught at any straw which offered them the least hope of freedom. Among their subdivisions the strictest sect was the Essenes. They seemed to supply the only sound segment in the whole rotting Jewish circle. Sadducees they were not, of course. Neither were they content with the loose observance of the Law winked at by the Pharisees. To avoid the responsibilities of an active life, they fled to the caves of the oases and the desert and led a purely religious and contemplative life. For further purification they were addicted to much bathing; they let a little light into their lives by nursing the sick, but they drew down a screen over them by a mysterious silence. To them the synagogue became "the world"—of the earth earthy; to be avoided. Therefore they built convents and became monks. They abandoned sacrifices, for they detested them. They never went up to Jerusalem, but held themselves aloof from all who were not "pure" like themselves. They were the extreme religionists, the "perfectionists," of their day—"perfect Jews fulfilling the whole law." They were communists. If one fell ill, the others cared for him at the common expense. All were supported from the general purse. Sober, virtuous, and unselfish, their conduct was exemplary. They went out from each other only to heal and to help. Jesus was not an Essene, but he evidently knew of them and met them. If John was not an Essene he was moved by similar desires to be free from the world, and when the time came he spoke. Then suddenly a ray of light came to Israel—"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." The frantic people came like an avalanche to catch the warnings of this "voice." The Roman tax-gatherer trembled, the hired soldiers called upon their gods for protection, Pharisees and Sadducees listened and threatened, and thousands of the populace found rest in a new hope.

"And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan." Then began the healing of the blind, the restoration of the palsied, the cessation of the leper's cry, the blessing of the little children, the driving out of the

money-changers, the preaching in the synagogues of Galilee, and the denunciation of the "wicked and adulterous generation." The corrupt rulers and the wicked priests who perverted the Law grew afraid, the hands which became full by grinding the widow and the orphan to the dust held back, and the roaring voices of the Pharisees were lowered in the market-places. But these changes were followed by evil machinations to make the "blasphemer" unpopular and to kill him. They knew that their downfall would follow if sincerity, contentment, gentleness, chastity, and kindness ruled and Jesus reigned. They *wished* wars and contentions. The soft delights of peace and justice and mutual deeds of love, the sincere worship of God, and the fulfilment of the Mosaic Law were all contrary to their desires. And the followers of Jesus also began to waver. The seed had fallen among thorns. They had followed Jesus long enough, and they had seen miracles enough, to be assured of his goodness and of his fitness to be their king. But he was not the sort of king they wanted. The Christ of God he might be, but he was not the Jesus to out-Herod Herod. Worse than all, he did not seem to agree with the prophets. They would not receive him as a redeemer of mankind from sin. They wanted a king to reign over them on the throne of Israel. So they gave him up to his enemies and he was destroyed. It was an age of strange contrasts, and the strangeness is not all over with. For every year hundreds go to Palestine to end their days that they may be buried in the scanty soil, hundreds go down into the "wilderness" to see the place whence came the "voice," and each year thousands and tens of thousands of pilgrims come from all lands to bathe where "Jesus . . . was baptized of John in Jordan."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

The First Impressions from Safed.—Historical Notes.—The Horseback Ride from Safed.—The Warm Baths at Tiberias.—South of the Sea of Galilee.—Tiberias from the South.—Tiberias from the North.—The Jews and the Synagogue.—Magdala.—Bowers on the Housetops.—'Ain-Et-Tîn, The Fountain of the Fig.—Khan Minyeh, The Site of Capernaum.—Tell Hum.—A Synagogue in Ruins.—The Sea at Capernaum.—A Ride along the Coast.—Bethsaida.—The Plain of Genessaret.—Chorazin.—The Sea of Galilee South from Chorazin.—Wady El Hamam.—Kurun Hattin, "The Horns of Hattin," where the Crusaders were defeated.—"Peace."

THE first impressions of the Sea of Galilee should be gained from the town of Safed. The point of view there is three thousand feet high and affords a nature-drawn topographical map of the whole of the sea, from north to south, from east to west. Sunken amid the encircling hills to a depth of one thousand six hundred and fifty-nine feet, the sea is like a deep-cut intaglio—harp-shaped, smooth, and glittering. Every incision contributing to the changing outlines of the water marks the entrance of some plunging torrent or the termination of a winding wady or valley.

Every valley remaining upon the Galilean shores may be exactly located. The place where the Jordan enters the lake at the north, and where it makes its departure at the south, may also be plainly discerned. Far to the north lies the long Mount Hermon range, cloud-capped and snowy. Between Safed and the sea there is a tract of country richer in romantic scenery and holding wider interest than any other part of the region of Galilee. On the score of natural beauty the Sea of Galilee is by no means remarkable. Its mountains are high enough to be attractive, but they are even-topped and monotonous when compared with the bold outlines, the isolated domes and peaks, among which the Swiss, Scotch, and American lakes nestle. The bare rocks, meadowless inclines, and treeless shores of Galilee again place it at a disadvantage. Yet all who view it are charmed with it.

In the little life which now pervades its shores one may daily see



The Sea of Galilee, from Safed.

repeated the references made to it by the simple records of the evangelist—the casting of nets; the abundant supply of fish; the scattered flocks; the sheep which follow the good shepherd; the lilies of the field, in abundance; the sea, often tempestuous, and all the old-time natural surroundings. But the evidences that art once lent its generous and powerful aid to make the shores of Galilee one of the garden spots of the world are now but few, and hard to find. War, pestilence, earthquake, time, have all contributed to the surrounding scenes of ruin. The eastern side is now infested by Bedouins, whose homes are among the ruins of Bozrah, and who are as remorseless invaders as any who lived in the time of Gideon.

The western coast was once inhabited by a hardy race of mountaineers—an energetic, remarkable people, despised by the Jews, but preferred by Christ—industrious, skilful, and valorous, ready to muster at a time one hundred thousand men to defend Galilee against the Romans. Now there remains only a comparatively desolate waste, with but a few hamlets, in place of the once densely populated region. Since the interest held by this locality is due to the residence of Jesus in Capernaum, and since within view of the Sea of Galilee the sacred events took place which are now studied in every Christian country, a brief reference to national affairs as they then existed may perhaps be of interest.

The government was Roman. Herod Antipas was the civil ruler to whom Jesus was subject. During the years when the Great Teacher resided with his parents in Nazareth, the whole country was in a state of expectation, apprehension, and excitement. The Jews chafed under the Roman yoke, and caught at every sign which gave hope of the coming of the promised Messiah. The trumpet-like tones of the Pharisees were heard daily at every market-place appealing to Jehovah for the release of the people "left of God." The synagogues were razed to the ground, though many talents were offered to the treasury of the empire to ransom them. Scenes of tumult and confusion, involving Roman, Greek, and Jew, were of frequent occurrence.

"Sweep down the rebel! Crush him to earth!" was often the command given to the Roman horse, as amid the clang of trumpets they swept along after the terrified and retreating crowds; or, again, "Come on, men of Israel—for the Lord and Judea!" rang out with desperate bravery the Jewish cry, as the Romans and the Greeks approached,

ready to sell their lives for Cæsar. Dreadful was the slaughter, and horrible were the acts of tyranny. But they only served to strengthen the hope and renew the expectation of the early coming of the Messiah to restore abridged liberty and to bring release from wanton and unbearable cruelty, as had been spoken by the prophets.

During the waiting of this oppressed people, so ready always to receive the promised Deliverer with acclamations of welcome, false prophets appeared. They caused hearts to beat with new hope, and sword and spear to be grasped ready for combat in their cause. But such impostors arose only to be rejected and driven away or crucified. At last John came. From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, "Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Then the palatial residence and capital of Herod Antipas was at Tiberias, named thus after his friend and patron, the emperor Tiberius. Herod spared neither art nor treasure to make the place worthy of his throne and his palace. By generous grants of land and immunity from taxation, and by expending large sums of money in enhancing the attractions of Tiberias, Herod induced Gentiles of great wealth to gather around him. Amphitheatres, baths, and temples were constructed on a grand scale. Groves were cut down to make room for costly works of art, that Tiberias might gain the reputation of being "the centre of Roman civilization—the Athens of the East." It became also a noted health-resort, because the extensive hot springs close by drew many a distinguished dweller to the political and courtly centre. New towns and cities sprang up along the shores of the sea and upon the neighboring hills, until a large number, rich and populous, could be seen from the pinnacle of the temple. The rich architecture of the Jewish synagogues was eclipsed by the airy columns, vast courts, and long-reaching colonnades of the heathen temples.

As the Pharisee stood at the sixth hour upon the portico of the synagogue and prayed, he was disturbed by the sounds of the hammer and chisel of the Greek artisan, shaping the marble images of the gods for the stupendous Roman shrine opposite. Villas with tropical gardens, new streets and thoroughfares, seemed to grow up in a night. Merchants, travellers, and sojourners came from the east, the west, and the south to barter, to bathe, and to buy; and the native Galileans were put to shame before the strangers because compelled by Herod to be his builders.

"The Sea of Galilee was a focus of life and activity." Numerous ships and boats sailed upon it. Its quays were dotted here and there with the booths of the humble fishermen from whom Jesus chose his disciples. There were but few idlers there. Creeds multiplied, and disputes followed—in the houses of worship, in the market-places, and in the homes. Profligacy, splendor, conceit, arrogance, bigotry, and scepticism grew apace. The Roman ruler even conspired against his home government and aspired to be "The King of the Jews." Stores of arms were gathered, and soldiers were secretly enlisted to fight for his cause. The "Israelite indeed" was waiting and watching, and ready to welcome the true Messiah, so that Jesus was, in the main, well received by the people among whom he dwelt. About this tiny inland Sea of Galilee, seventeen miles long, and from six to nine miles broad, and environed by the retiring hills, during three years the most sacred scenes of history were enacted—scenes which still make this the most sacred of all localities.

Sir John Mandeville, one of the earliest travellers who make record (A.D. 1322), thus quaintly describes the region:

"Upon the Sea (of Galilee Tyberie or Jenazarethe) went oure Lord drye feet; and there he toke up Seynte Petir when he began to drenche within the see, and seyde to him, *Modice Fidei, quare dubitasti?* and after his Resurrexionn, oure Lord appered on that See to his Disciples, and bad hem fyssche and filled alle the nett full of gret Fisshes. In that See rowed oure Lord often tyme; and there he called to hym, Seynt Petir, Seynt Andrew, Seynt James, and Seynt John, the sons of Zebedee.

"In that city of Tyberie is the Table, upon the which oure Lord eete upon with his Disciples, after his Resurrexionn, and thei knewen him in brekynge of Bred as the Gospelle seythe: *et cognoverunt eum in fractione Panis.* And nyghe that Cytee of Tyberie is the Hille where oure Lord fed 5 thousand persons, with 5 barley Loves and 2 Fisshes. In that Cytee cast an brennynge Dart in wratthe aftir our Lord, and the Hed smot in to the Erthe, and wax grene, and it growed to a gret Tree; and zit it growethe, and the Bark thereof is alle lyke Coles. . . . Fast beside is Capharnaum; that Contree is clept the Galilee of Folke (Gentiles) that were taken to Tribute of Sabulon and Neptalym."

The horseback ride from Safed to the shore of the Sea of Galilee requires of an interested traveller five or six hours. It can be "done"

in one-half that time. As the descent over the winding, rocky road is made, the water is soon partly hidden from view, and is frequently altogether out of sight. The crater-like depression seems to deepen; the mountains round about appear to grow higher and to fall back farther from the shores. The last thousand feet are through narrow, rocky pathways of steep descent, which lead one to the shore near the hot springs below Tiberias. A large structure is located there, into which come pouring from the mountain-side four impulsive streams of



The Warm Baths of Tiberias.

hot, sulphurous water, the bulk of which is arrested by a canal and led into a huge basin. The overflow empties into the lake.

Pilgrims come from all quarters of the globe to end their days at the holy city of Tiberias, and meanwhile endeavor to prolong life by bathing in the water of these springs. The greater number are Jews, and they may be seen straggling along the beach at all hours, on the way to the baths. The afflicted either plunge or are helped into the basin, and remain there many hours. The air is suffocating; the scene is pitiful and sickening.

The only point of interest south of the baths, on the western shore, is where the Jordan, having passed through the sea, makes its depart-

ure, and follows on southward, now through fertile meadows, now between the hills which border it. A ford is there. Formerly there was a bridge, with a long, extended causeway. A great sea-wall kept the turbulent waters under control. Even now the Jordan often plunges and swirls as though maddened by the interruption of the lake, and drives hastily onward, only to be intercepted again, and forever brought to a stand-still by the bitter waters of the Dead Sea. Mounds of rubbish abound at this southern extremity of the lake, telling where a Phenician fortress and the Roman city of Tarichea, numbering about forty thousand inhabitants, stood. Here, too, was the great fishing-port where the navy was organized. One crossing the river at this point would find an interesting excursion up the valley of the Yarmuk as far as where it breaks forth from the bosom of the mountains of Gilead and Jaulân. But our interest at present lies northward, and we turn back.

A small, rude stone pier reaches a few feet out into the sea, near the hot springs. There the masters of the one or two boats which comprise the present navy of Galilee land their freight of fish and arrange for excursions. A boat-ride affords ocular demonstration of the sudden and remarkable meteorological changes which take place. The water may be calm and placid when the departure is made, but before the boat is half a mile off shore the wind may rise, and the water become so perturbed that there is no safety except in turning back. Fortunate is the navigator who is not defeated, in the effort to land again, by the mountains of spray and foam that sport with the rude boat as if it were but a palm-branch.

Again, an excursion may be easily made early in the morning, when the water is as still as death, and all on the western shore is reflected—doubled, and inverted in the calm surface of the sea. During the night of such a day the wind may tear the tent-pins from the sand and throw the tents down upon the head of the trustful traveller with a crash. Frequently a cold hail-storm accompanies the wind, sending home the lesson of man's weakness at such times of turbulence and terror.

The towns on the Sea of Galilee that are inhabited are still farther north. The first one reached is Tiberias, discovered by the tall minaret of its mosque and the round towers of its southern wall. The first Christian church is said to have been built on this spot by Constantine, in the fourth century, and was called St. Peter's. Justinian rebuilt the

walls of the city. It was sacked in the seventh century by Caliph Omar; in the twelfth, by Saladin. Then the real ruin began. The



Tiberias, from the South.



Tiberias, from the North.

splendid palaces, churches, and synagogues began to crumble, and finally an earthquake completed the devastation. An atmosphere of desolation hangs about the place like a chilly fog.

Hebron, Jerusalem, Safed, and Tiberias became the "holy cities" of the Jews after the Roman persecution had ceased somewhat. The Sanhedrim was at Tiberias for a number of years. Thirteen synagogues were here at one time, each one having a school connected with it as certainly as the present churches have their Sunday-schools. A Jewish school of languages became the centre of the Jewish faith. To learn Hebrew from a rabbi of Tiberias is even yet considered a great privilege.



Reading-place in the Synagogue at Tiberias.

The old synagogue carries one back a thousand years. Its roof is supported by stone arches and columns. In the centre is a great cage-like inclosure, constructed of wood which is dried and twisted by centuries of exposure, but yet as sound as when hewed from the log. This is the reading-place. Ascending the steps which lead to the in-

terior, the rabbi opens the scroll and begins to teach and intone. The assembled congregation walk around the cage, muttering and gesticulating, some chiming in in a high key, or imitating the blasts of a trombone through the hands. Some weep as they frantically throw up their arms; others kiss their phylacteries as they fold and unfold



Magdala.

them about the left arm and the head; others march around and beat time with their hands and feet. Any reference to the coming of the Messiah excites them to frenzy.



Bowers on the House-tops, Magdala.

Little else remains in Tiberias to interest the student. Relics of the past are found intermingled with the necessities of the present. Disks cut from the syenite columns of the old temple serve as millstones to grind barley for the sons of Mohammed; fine old porphyry columns are thrown upon the ground and hollowed out for public horse-troughs; threshing-floors are paved with bits of frieze chiselled after Grecian designs paid for by Herod Antipas.

The cattle are slaughtered in the public thoroughfares, the streets are hopelessly filthy, the bazars are unattractive, the people are depressed; and, as the dragoman tells us, "the king of the fleas" resides here. Yet here come the pilgrim Jews to die, in order that their bones may rest close to the tombs of their wise men who have gone before; some declare that here the Messiah will appear.

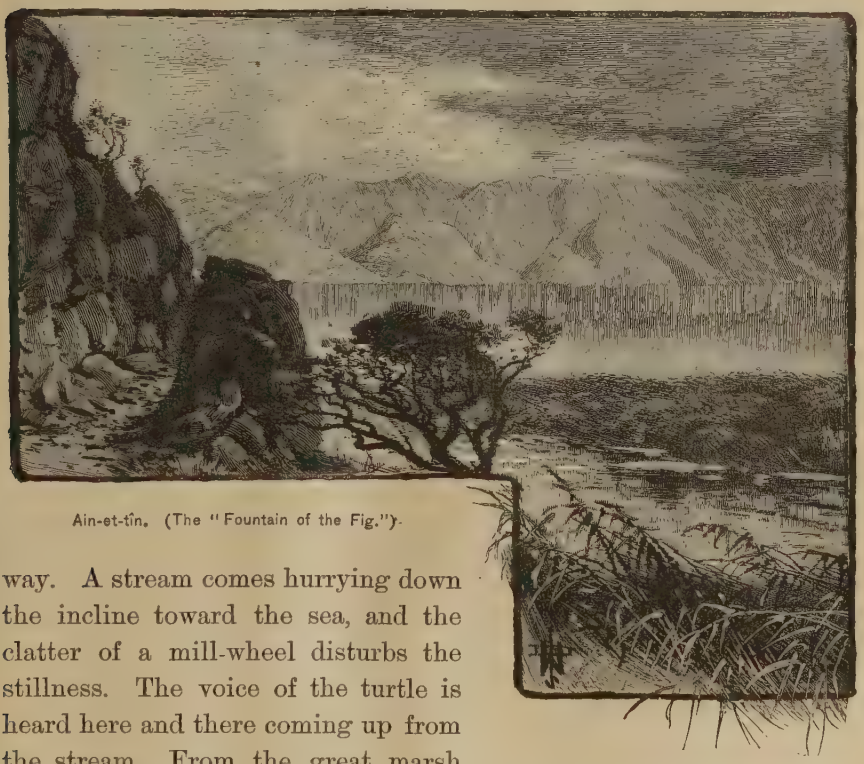
From Tiberias the ride along the lake shore to Magdala is a lovely one. The face of the lake may be viewed its whole length. Now, instead of being covered with sand and gravel or tiny shells, the beach is more rocky, and here and there a cliff reaches out to the shore—sometimes so tumbling its black, basaltic débris into the water that the horses must step into the lake to pass by the obstructions. Now the path again ascends. The shores are either marshy or so overgrown with thistles and reeds as to make travel impossible. On each side, the soft colors of the cliff—yellow and white and red—remind the traveller that he is in the Orient.

Again the path changes toward the lake and descends to El-Mejdel, or Magdala, the "Watch-tower." The poor, squalid little town, hugged in behind its low wall, seems to have crept down to the shore in self-defence to escape the suffocating heat of the cliff reflected upon it as from a fiery furnace. Magdala has but a single palm, but its view of the sea is sublime. From its old-time "Watch-tower" nearly the whole expanse of the plain of Gennesaret may be viewed. The inhabitants are wont to erect bowers—or arbors of palm-leaves and oleander bushes upon their house-tops. In these they dwell during the hot season to escape the heat and to catch the breeze; in the wet season also they resort to them to get away from the scorpion and the centipede. The men and women of Magdala are the farmers of the plain of Gennesaret, and there enact over and over again "the parable of the sower." They look as though they never saw a whole happy day.

Magdala is at the southern border of the plain. It must have been an important place in its best days. It was and is one of the halting-places on the caravan road leading from Jerusalem to Damascus, Bagdad, and Nineveh. The walk from Magdala to Khan Minyeh is one of the most interesting and enjoyable in all Palestine. On the left is the wide plain of Gennesaret, dotted here and there with the picturesque people ploughing and pushing their phlegmatic teams. Beyond is the deep wady El-Hamam, which leads toward the "Horns of Hattin," the

"Mount of Beatitudes." On the right is the sea, with all its attendant charms. Turn as you will, the view is sublime.

Soon, now, an entirely new feature breaks the landscape. The plain comes to a sudden termination, and a great black cliff rises in the



Ain-et-tîn. (The "Fountain of the Fig.").

way. A stream comes hurrying down the incline toward the sea, and the clatter of a mill-wheel disturbs the stillness. The voice of the turtle is heard here and there coming up from the stream. From the great marsh which spreads out toward the lake the wild fowl rise in flocks, and fly frightened back far into the El-Hamam Valley.

At the foot of the cliff is Ain-Et-Tîn, the "Fountain of the Fig." This spot is also called Khan Minyeh, and has been thought by some geographers to be the site of ancient Capernaum. Plenty of evidences of the civilization and artistic tastes of the past are here—ruins scattered about in profusion. A section of a deep aqueduct cuts through the cliff, and serves as part of the roadway. When Josephus came hither in pursuit of the Romans, his horse fell in the bog and threw him. "But for this unforeseen accident I should have been victorious," said the great general and historian.

Tell Hûm, an hour's journey north of Khan Minyeh, is, however,



Synagogue Ruins at Tell Hûm, a Supposed Site of Capernaum.

deemed by many modern scholars the site of Capernaum. Devout pilgrims believe that the ruins of a synagogue lying here are those of the one erected by the Roman centurion mentioned in Luke vii. 5. If so, then Christ's discourse on "that bread of life" was delivered there; there the demoniac was healed, and the stony columns still standing echoed the divine words as he taught "the multitude," for "they went into Capernaum; and straightway on the Sabbath-day he entered into the synagogue, and taught" (Mark i. 21).

Riding along the shore, one would hardly look for such a picturesque pile among the tall reeds and grasses as this is, and yet the synagogue stood near the shore. No doubt it was the pride of the once wealthy city, and drew its congregations from all over the surrounding country. Doubtless, the sea presented a picturesque and lively scene, with sailing vessels and boats, on the days when it was thought that "the Nazarene" would make his appearance at the synagogue. The people then were quite as excitable as they are to-day, and no doubt, when the crowd separated and opened a line for Jesus to pass through, he was witness to many strange sights. He was the observed of all observers too, and the object of hatred from many a fanatical Jew who would not, and did not wish to, "understand Him." The excited rabbi, the beggar in rags, the devout watcher "for Messias to come," the little children, the mocker, the halt and the lame and the blind, all swarmed there to hear the voice of Jesus. Doubtless, the proud Centurion came also, little thinking, and perhaps caring less, that the splendid structure which had been erected at his expense, after the strictest style of the architects of his master, Herod, would some day lie a mass of broken columns and rough marble blocks, the only remaining witnesses to the splendor of the rich city over which he ruled. But the synagogue was not the preferred place where Jesus taught and performed his acts of mercy.

Seated in a boat at Capernaum, "a little way from the shore," Christ also taught; at Capernaum Zebedee lived and trained James and John to follow his vocation; there Andrew and Peter dwelt—mended their nets and landed their fish; there four of the disciples were summoned to become "fishers of men." And yet, withal, Capernaum was a very wicked place and received the special upbraiding of Jesus. Tyre and Sidon were cities known for their wickedness, and the story of Sodom was always told with awe. Yet Jesus announced that

Capernaum was even worse. The marvellous miracles, the healing of the afflicted, the plain and pointed parables illustrated from the glorious surroundings of nature, the remonstrances and the threats, were all



The Sea of Galilee at Capernaum.

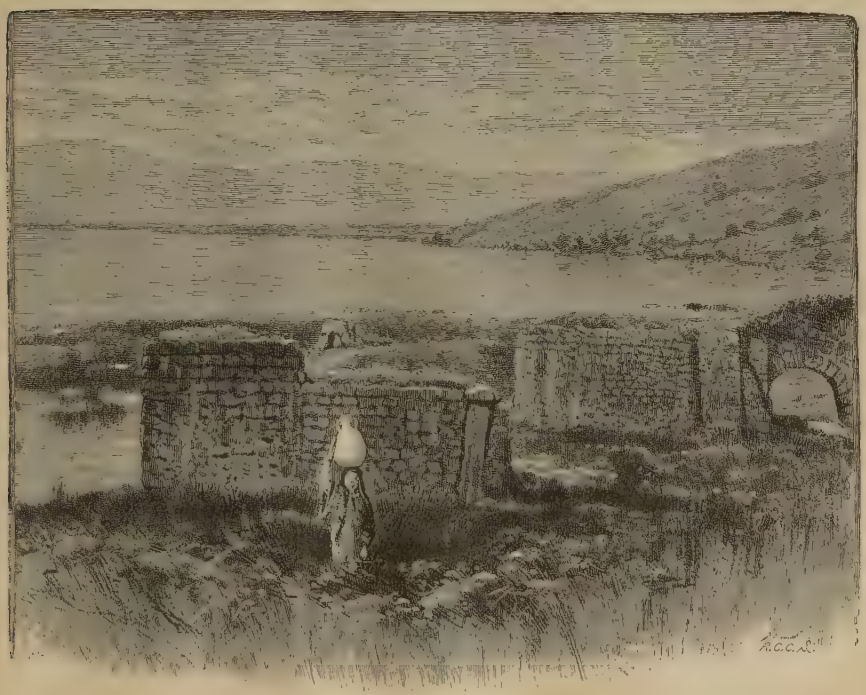
of little avail in saving Capernaum from its doom, even though it proclaimed to the nations "I will exalt my throne above the stars of God."

From Khan Minyeh to "Bethsaida of the West" the ride is less than two hours, and rather a rough one. There was also, some think, a Bethsaida east of the Jordan. Neither site holds much of interest today. Only the saddest of feelings are awakened when one sees how the "tooth of time" has left little but "dry bones." At Bethsaida West the houses are built of mud, on a framework of reeds. They are more squalid than any along the coast. The fishermen use the quay for drying and mending their nets.

Upon the house-tops are sections of polished antique columns, used as rollers to flatten the grassy sod of which the roofs are made. With a cheerful croon, an old mill greets the little stream which creeps into it, and seems to be about the only disturber of the prevailing quiet. It is a picturesque scene, with all its dreariness. On right and left are the mountains; in full view beyond is the whole expanse of the lake. Surely, nature has made up for the interest which the unambitious inhabitants fail to inspire in the expectant traveller.

Less life and a worse "woe" are found at Kerâzeh, supposed to be

Chorazin. The ruins are about two miles north of Khan Minyeh. There is said to be "a path" up the hillside which leads to them, but "woe" be to the man who tries to follow that path with his horse. He will be glad enough to dismount, and would be still more delighted if he could carry his poor animal and prevent it from straining and spraining its limbs in the effort to clamber over the rocky ruins hidden among the wheat and tares and thistles. Chorazin must have been



Bethsaida West.

built partly on a hill and partly in a valley, for the heaps of quarried stone abound both on a long ridge and at the bottom of the hollow. Here and there they look as if they had been methodically piled in the effort to clear some of the land for agricultural purposes. Near by is a wild gorge called "Wady Kerâzeh." From the higher elevation a lovely view of the Sea of Galilee is obtained, reaching to the extreme southern limit, though it is not nearly so impressive as the view from Safed.

The ruins of a synagogue may be plainly made out, and some of the

abiding-places—the houses of the fated city—may be traced by their strong walls and still unbroken doorways. The roofs were apparently supported by columns in the centre. Sometimes one, sometimes two columns were so used. Some of the houses had small windows, and as many as four apartments. A rank growth of thorns and thistles covers a large portion of the ruins of Chorazin. The industrious explorer, by beating such intruders aside, is almost sure to reveal the hiding-place of some quarried capital or column. A Bedouin farmer has piled some of the stones of Chorazin against a hillside so as to form a home. There is a fragment of frieze at his door which would be prized in any museum; and he has placed an ancient wooden arch over his doorway.

Thus much for the towns situated on the Sea of Galilee. The natural points of interest connected with the sea are the plain of Gennesaret, the "Horns of Hattin" (the supposed "Mountain of the Beatitudes"), and the historical valley of El-Hamam, which connects them.

The beautiful plain of Gennesaret reaches from Magdala to Khan Minyeh, and is bounded on the east by the sea. On the west it is partly bordered by the hills which start at Safed and continue southward as far as we can see. The afternoon view of the plain is the most brilliant, for then the sunshine is full upon it and the elevations beyond. That brings out all the glorious coloring to its full value—the hundred varieties of wild flowers; the "lilies of the field;" the fields green and golden and tare-tangled; the squares of yellow mustard; the pink tracts of newly ploughed soil; the rank growth of blossomed thistles; the shining streams and the glistening fountains, and the cliffs beyond, catching the glare and giving us the details of their dark shadows. One is reminded by the shape of things of a valley scene in Northern New Hampshire, only New Hampshire shows no such luxuriant coloring. It seems impossible to push through the thickets; but there are pathways, and the horse finds them. Here and there groups of sycamores hide placid fountains, which bubble up at their feet, reflect their images upon the shining surface, and then overflow among tall grasses and proceed upon their benign errand of giving life to the lovely plain.

Josephus, in speaking generally of the region of Galilee, praises the soil and the temper of the air, which in his day fostered the growth and fruitfulness of many varieties of trees—the palm and the walnut,

the fig and the olive, all growing well together. In his day the inhabitants were industrious and prosperous. To-day Moslem rule blasts all growth. One bit of history seems to be repeated on and on. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." There are



The Sea of Galilee, South of Chorazin. An Arab Home.

more idlers hereabouts, who live on the charity of their creedsmen in Europe, than there are industrious husbandmen. They still "pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets;" but they will not aid in making this "ambition of nature" productive.

We now leave the plain and enter Wady El-Hamam, an hour's journey southward from Medjel. The visitor familiar with the Franconia Notch in New Hampshire would again see a resemblance here. On the left of the gorge is a cliff not unlike "Eagle Cliff." It is over one thousand feet high and almost perpendicular; on the right is a bluff, much higher, more terrific, and requiring but little imagination to trace outlines similar to those of the "Old Man of the Mountain." A backward look presents a stretch of the Sea of Galilee which brings "Echo Lake" to mind. Then the similarity ends; for instead of magnificent shrubbery such as clothes much of the rugged inclines of Fran-

conia Notch, here but little foliage grows. But there have been growth and life enough here, of a far different nature, if we may trust the accounts of Josephus and his fellow-historians for our data. In the face of the cliffs on each side, reached by lofty stone stairways, tier above tier, are vast caverns cut from the rock, with their open doorways toward the valley, and protected by walls. They were the homes of robbers in the time of Herod Antipas; the refuge of the persecuted Jew and the brave Crusader in more modern days. Now they harbor the "wild birds of the air," which fly out and then back again to "their nest" as we approach, and here too "the foxes have holes."

Caves, graves, and other signs of former habitation abound in this historical valley. Ruins of towns, often surrounded by fortresses, are here, all constructed by the Saracens or by those who came long before their time. The district is full of places which have long been held sacred by the Jews.

We now approach the spot which is looked upon by many as the place where Jesus sat when "teaching the multitudes" who followed him. "Kurûn Hattîn"—the "Horns of Hattîn"—are upon the mountain-ridge followed in journeying from Safed to the Sea of Galilee. Below them is a wide plateau where the assembled multitude could have been seated while listening to the Sermon on the Mount, when the sweetness of the Beatitudes was revealed to them by the lips of Jesus. The cool stillness of the morning should be chosen for the visit to this spot. A few clouds may lie sleeping in the valley of El-Hamam then, and the thickets by the pathway may scatter their store of dew upon you if you touch them. As the breeze increases and the light penetrates, the dew-drops creep down the stalks to the ground; like the summer waves of the sea, rising and receding, always gently, the grain bends beneath the winds. As soothing as balm is the soft, warm breath of the pure air, laden with the perfume of blossoms and falling upon the brow like a benediction. Yet, upon this very plain, more than once, the roar of battle has been heard. In July, 1187, the plain of Hattîn was the gathering place of the Crusaders—the spot where they were hemmed in by the hosts that Saladin led against them. At early dawn the clash of sword and the storm of arrow and javelin began. Brave was the charge of the Saracens, and braver still the defence of the retreating Christians. Driven to and from their stronghold on Hattîn, they were vanquished, and the fate of their cause was sealed.

From the historical mountain-top is seen Safed, the city which some scholars believe to be the place alluded to by Jesus when he said "a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

The two "Horns" of Hattîn seem to have been protected by massive structures. The approach to the higher one is easy from one side,



The Horns of Hattîn. (The Mount of Beatitudes.)

while to the northeast there is a sheer ascent of over seven hundred feet. The white limestone hills, the basaltic cliffs, the modern village of Hattîn in the plain below, the orange-groves and the fruit-gardens, the waving grain, the varied families of flowers, and the groups of Druse farmers, present pictures at every glance.

In many spots upon the plain the traveller will be impressed by the re-enactment of the "parable of the sower." Within a small space he

may see where "a sower went forth to sow . . . and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside. . . . Some fell upon stony places . . . some fell among thorns . . . but other fell into good ground."

Once more the eye is turned for a farewell glance at the distant views. Far down through the rocky vista of El-Hamam Valley, to the



A Fishing-boat on the Sea of Galilee.

northeast, one sees the caravans moving north and south across the Gennesaret plain. Two thousand feet below, glistening like a mirror in the sun, is the sacred sea. Yet only the northeast corner of the water is discerned, for the mountains of Bashan and Gilead hide the view with their sun-scorched inclines and long shadows.

The mountains of the Hauran on the east and the Jaulân on the south are visible. When the air is clear, the silver serpentine line of the Jordan may be made out, gleaming through the foliage—creeping through the jungle down to the Dead Sea.

If there be one word which fell from the Divine Teacher that impresses the mind more than any other at this place, it is "Peace," for there is so much here to suggest it. Nature moves on in her luxuriant course, peacefully, calmly, with no discord. The freshness of the morning, the repose of noonday, the golden tints and purple shadows of evening, the reflections of the stars on the bright surface of the sea,

all bring in continued succession the messages of peace. Much more is this so now than when Jesus dwelt at Capernaum. The city of his adoption is in ruins. On the sea to-day sails no boat with a deck upon which he could sit and teach the multitudes on the shore. The multitudes are gone to rest. The synagogues are in ruins, and "the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done" are no more. The jealous Herod and his host of flatterers are gone. But there are the same mountains that echoed the voice of Jesus Christ. Here, like a floor of adamant, still is spread the blue sea on whose troubled waters he walked in the "fourth watch of the night"—where twice he rose and "rebuked the winds," and said, "Peace, be still;" and it is here that he came to meet the disciples after his resurrection.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM THE COAST, ACROSS LEBANON TO DAMASCUS.

Tyre and Sidon.—In the "Borders."—Crossing Mount Lebanon.—Cœle Syria.—The Orontes and the Leontes.—The Natural Bridge.—The Anti-Lebanon Range.—The Hasbany.—The Bridge.—The Fountain of Dan.—Cæsarea Philippi of Old.—Banias, the Modern.—The Headwaters of the Jordan.—The Cave and Shrine of Pan.—Mount Hermon.—The Castle of Banias.—Departure for Damascus.—Through the Country of the Druses.—Damascus in Sight.—In "Paradise."—The Scene of Paul's Conversion.—The Escape of Paul.—The House of Naaman.—Damascus Old and New.—The Streets and the People.—The Rivers of Damascus.—"The Street which is Called Straight."—The House of Ananias.—The Grand Mosque and "the Minaret of Jesus."—The Houses and Homes.—The Gates of Damascus.

THE humble fishermen of Tyre and Sidon, the capitals of Phœnicia, had become rich and influential merchants long before the Christian era. By their enterprise they had made their cities the ports of the East, and had gained commercial intercourse with other countries bordering on the Mediterranean and with those beyond. Instead of being a barbarous people, with unattractive surroundings, they possessed many of the signs of elegance and taste which marked the cities of the West. Theatres were numerous; baths abounded; and the shows, the games, and the combats of wild beasts caused the people from all parts to pour into the Phœnician cities.

But little remains at Tyre or Sidon now to give evidence of their past. Seldom does a modern vessel touch at either port. The rapid traveller of to-day is content with a passing glimpse of them through a marine glass. When the weather is fair, the Mediterranean steamers pass near the shore and make such an opportunity possible, though that "soft artistic haze," so fascinating to the painter, is apt to obscure the distance, and shut from view the inclines bare, yet lovely, which stretch inland. But when Tyre and Sidon were in their glory, how beautiful the scene must have been! Then the richly cultivated farms reached down to the very borders of the sea, and each cape, promontory, and hill-top exposed to the glittering rays of the sun the white

walls of some prosperous town or the sumptuous dwelling of a landed proprietor.

A small but magnificent port was then part of the glory of each city. When Herod ruled in Phœnicia, these harbors were continually crowded with the vessels of all nations. The noise and confusion were scarcely less than at Antioch or Rome. The cities and the ports, though not extensive, always teemed with life, and were vivid with a wealth of color. The moving vessels, the rude encounters of the sailors, the roarings of the wild beasts which were brought from the far East and South for the public games, the songs of the fishermen, the busy movements of the merchants—all together made up picturesque scenes in endless variety.

How changed it all is now!

Eastward are the undulating, fruitful plains, gay and bright with flowers and verdure, backed by the southern ridges of Lebanon. These plains, extending from one city to the other, twenty-five miles, constituted "the coasts of Tyre and Sidon," or, as the New Revision calls them, "the borders."

One may start from Sidon on the old road and then go through the wooded pathways and the romantic ravines of the spurs of Lebanon, until a height of six thousand feet or more is reached. Soon after the descent on the eastern side, the natural bridge which spans the Leontes is crossed, and then the road is good until the valley of the upper Jordan comes into view, and a turn to the south is made. If the start is made early in the day, the air will be fresh. The first rays of the sun, coming up over the mountains, set aglow one line of hills after another as the light descends and diffuses itself in the valley, at the same time awakening the laggard clouds and sending them up whence they came. Peasants are met, now singly, now in twos, now in groups, with loaded mule or camel, on their way to the markets of the Phœnician capital: others are seen coming out from their humble dwellings, or humbler tents, it may be, to begin the labor of the day. It is a region full of beauty. Now the sun is well up, and the most striking features of Northern Syria begin to be revealed. Hills of considerable height abound, and remind one of the lower ridges of the Apennines, or of the New England Appalachians. Some are bare and rocky, but the majority are clothed with verdure. Far above the narrow road are the terraced vineyards, with the dwellings of the inhabitants scattered among



The Coasts of Tyre and Sidon.

them, the dwelling and the watch-tower all in one. Wherever the prospect opens and the hills draw back, groups of homes are seen set closely together.

As in Southern Italy, so here the vines are often trailed from tree to tree, and from shrub to shrub, and so rich and red is their fruitage that they seem to be dripping with blood. If the vintage is in progress, the wild and merry songs of the laborers will be heard right and left, only silenced for a moment as you are greeted with their hearty "Salaam ahlaykoom!" ("Peace go with you!") and a free and abundant gift of the fruit is pressed upon you.

Now the second climb begins. The outlooks from the narrow way are wonderfully impressive. One seems to be travelling in the centre of the world. For there, far below, and each hour growing farther, lies spread all the world the eye can see, while upward the stupendous masses of what seem to be parts of another world pierce the clouds and invite the pilgrim on. As the higher points are gained, the expanses below widen and the glory of the scene increases. On the west is the

sea, whose breakers carry the warm breath of the Orient to the shores of Europe; on the east is the wonderful desert, whose golden carpet stretches to the Persian Gulf.

The land westward, over which we have travelled, looks like a miniature landscape. The squatty woods, the glistening streams, the steep inclines, the dots of villages, the feeble shouts of the fellahin, even the thunder as it rumbles among the clouds far below—all strike one as insignificant in comparison with the noble surrounding peaks.



Lebanon to Anti-Lebanon.

Now we turn to the east. Away across a deep valley is another range of mountains, snow covered, stream scarred, broken by chasms and ravines through its great length. This is the Anti-Lebanon—Hermon its crown—and runs almost parallel with the range of Lebanon itself. These two stupendous ranges have been pushed up from the earth-crust to an altitude, in some places, of thirteen thousand feet. The great depression between them is Cœle Syria, or "Hollow Syria." Through it run the two great rivers of Syria: the Orontes, flowing

north and entering the Mediterranean at Antioch; and the Leontes, crossed on our way, and ending near Tyre.

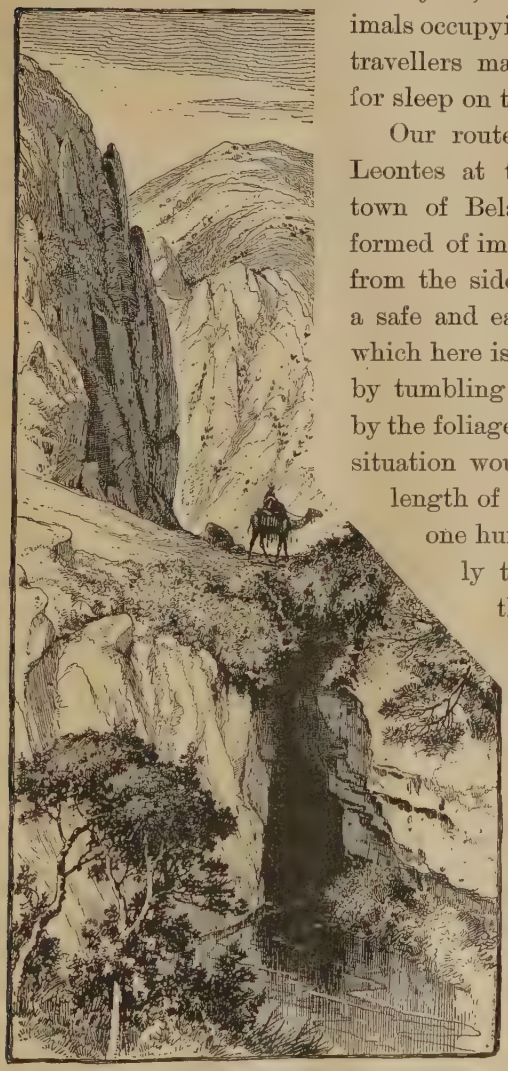
The plain is nine miles wide, and for centuries has been the track of invading armies. Nearly every foot has been fought over by Assyrians, Egyptians, Persians, Romans, Greeks, Moslems, and Crusaders.

When the atmosphere is free from haze, one can see an incredible distance north and south—almost from "Dan to Beersheba." Northward, the Leontes may be traced almost to Baalbec. Southeastward, the country of Bashan lies outspread with a surface undulating as gently as the waves of the summer sea—Gilead, dotted with its dark-green groves of oaks, rounded and inclined to suit the humor of its rising and falling expanses; the first swell of the Jordan at Lake Hûleh, the "waters of Merom;" the second widening of the sacred river—the Sea of Galilee—and the twisting of the connecting torrent-broken stream, with miles of country beyond, are in full view. If your geography serves you, there is no trouble in locating Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim, in Samaria; Mount Tabor at the head of the plain of Esdraelon; Mount Gilboa, farther to the south; and Mount Carmel, by the Mediterranean.

The eastern incline of the Lebanon range is not so attractive as the side toward the sea, and travelling there is fatiguing. In some places the path is so narrow and runs so near the verge of frightful precipices, that one shudders every time his carefully-stepping animal grazes its side against the walls of rock. The views are magnificent. Here and there, on the left, bright golden lines are seen, strangely smooth in contrast with the rugged scenery. They are parts of the diligence road running from Baalbec to Beyrout. When the plain is reached, the scenes of the western slope are repeated. The journey across is a delightful one. The whole way seems to be cultivated, and at places thick groves of poplar and walnut are seen. Villages are conspicuous on all sides; the husbandmen are busy, and flocks of sheep and cattle are plenty.

There are khans, or inns, by the wayside. These the caravan merchant considers very desirable, but they have only an æsthetic attraction to the European or the American, and are without any comforts. When the shades of evening come on, crowds of travellers, with their camels, asses, and other beasts of burden, throng the gateways of the khan. There is always a storm of bickering going on between the

keeper of the khan and his patrons, or among the attachés of the caravan—merchants and servants. The khan is usually built around a court-yard, with sheds or booths for the animals occupying the ground floor, while the travellers may take what chance there is for sleep on the more elevated platforms.



Natural Bridge over the Leontes.

Our route brings our crossing of the Leontes at the natural bridge, near the town of Belat. The bridge seems to be formed of immense rocks which have fallen from the sides of the chasm. It supplies a safe and easy passage across the stream, which here is very narrow and is broken up by tumbling cascades, but it is so hidden by the foliage that one uninformed as to its situation would scarcely discover it. The length of the bridge is perhaps less than one hundred feet. The width is barely ten feet, but its height above the stream is fully one hundred feet. One's admiration for it increases when, after a difficult and dangerous descent, it is viewed from the level of the stream. The walls of the chasm are four hundred to five hundred feet high. In season, the oleanders reach out from their rocky hold and offer their pink flowers to anyone who will be tempted to risk his life to obtain them. The view up the gorge toward Baalbec is grand and impressive. When standing upon any spur of Lebanon, one would hardly believe that what there appeared to be only a green, velvety line, like a length of soft chenille on edge, could in reality be such a deep-cut scar in the lovely valley, with a tumult-

uous, deafening warfare of waters going on between its walls. A return to the caravan route brings the Anti-Lebanon range into full view. A few miles directly eastward is the Hasbany, the northernmost tributary of the Jordan, and Mount Hermon is in full view, its snowy range half hidden by the clouds. The river is but a passive stream in comparison with the uneasy Leontes, and there is but little



Bridge over the Hasbany.

of interest attending it until, as we journey southward, the bridge over which we cross on the way to Cæsarea Philippi is reached. There quite a deep gorge has been cut by the Hasbany, for the descent is considerable and the water is turbulent. The bridge is one of the largest and strongest in the land, and yet it shows plainly that it has had some fierce struggles with the torrents which come down from Mount Hermon in the spring of the year; for its walls are broken, and many a stone has

been carried away from the strong masonry of the parapet. The sides of the river are lined with oleanders, reeds, rushes, and wild flowers of infinite variety. The scenery hereabouts is as lovely as that of the St. Gothard Pass; but all thoughts of Switzerland are dissipated when one sees an Arab caravan, with its fifty awkward camels laden with merchandise and as many dark-skinned attendants with their noisy bluster and pompous demeanor, crossing the bridge, on its way to Cæsarea Philippi. The music of the stream sounds all the sweeter when the caravan is lost in silence.



The Fountain of Dan.

After crossing the bridge, we change our course to the right for a mile, and come upon the Fountain of Dan, which is the largest spring in Syria, if not in the world, and one of the loveliest spots in Palestine. Here is another source of the Jordan nestled among the wild flowers. Its waters once supplied the ancient city after which it is named. It also marks the northern border of Palestine. To possess its cool waters, more than one fierce combat has taken place. Here Lot was brought a prisoner from Sodom by the five kings of Mesopotamia, and hither came Abram to rescue him. The growth of flowers is charming. It includes our own red poppy, the daisy, white and yellow roses, the thistle, the blue flag, and the "lily of the field." A few rods down the stream is a grove of oak trees of immense girth. These shade the grave of an Arab sheikh, and are hung with rags—the offerings of pilgrims. Upon a portion of the hill once stood the city of Dan. A search amid the neighboring jungle of grasses, shrubs, and scrubs will reward the explorer with a sight of the broken-down walls of the old-time town and disclose some of the débris of its once splendid structures. Mount Hermon's snowy range is in full view, in strange contrast with the surrounding loveliness of the well-cultivated farms of Bashan which

form the plain. From this plain rises the hill of Dan. Bursting forth from the rocks, the water tumbles down the hill and then forms the "fountain," or lake. From this it hurries on southward, and is known as the Leddân until, four miles below, it joins a stream coming from



Cæsarea Philippi.

Banias, which we are yet to visit. A mile farther on these two are joined by the Hasbany, the largest of the three Jordan tributaries; then, together, they plunge through the marshes and "waters of Merom" to Lake Hûleh. Thus the upper Jordan is created.

Four miles from Dan is Cæsarea Philippi. After the oaks of Ba-

shan are left, the path winds toward the northeast. As we approach the city, the varying landscape presents some lovely views. A broad terrace is now seen, cut in the side of the mountain by some strange forces of Nature. Upon its rocky floor is located Banias—the Paneas of old—the Cæsarea Philippi of our Saviour's day, and the northernmost limit of his wanderings. The terrace is bounded by two deep, uninviting ravines, one on the north and the other on the south. Between these, and beyond the city, rises an isolated peak a thousand feet high, crowned by the magnificent ruins of the castle of Subeibeh, or Banias, as the modern dwellers call it. We shall visit it. From the yawning, fractured mouth of a cave which covers a fathomless pit, the waters gush with tremendous power and roar down the ravine through a portion of the city, supplying a magnificent, but almost unused, mill power.

Cæsarea Philippi does not profit, however, by its superb site. Like nearly all the towns of Palestine, its houses are rude and out of repair; its people are shiftless and idle; and its bazars are scarcely worth a visit. Nature supplies the bric-à-brac; she also supplies the centipedes and scorpions which infest the houses in the wet season and cause the poor, suffering inhabitants to exercise sufficient industry to erect booths of tree branches upon their flat roofs, in which they may sleep until the plague ceases.

The past holds the principal points of interest concerning Cæsarea Philippi. When the Phœnicians were there, they established the idolatrous worship of Baal, and enjoyed their splendid possessions until Joshua drove them out. Then it was Baal-gad. When the Greeks came, the shrine of Pan, the god of the shepherd and of the huntsman, was situated here. This gave it the name of Paneas. It is now called Banias by the Arab inhabitants. In the course of time this region became part of the possessions of "Philip, tetrarch of Iturea and Trachonitis," son of Herod the Great, who rebuilt the city, enlarged it, and named it Cæsarea, in order to gain the favor of his emperor, Tiberius Cæsar. That it might not thus become confused with Cæsarea on the Mediterranean, he added his own name and called it Cæsarea Philippi.

All that now remains of the past are the ruins of the old citadel, and the shrines which, similar to those at Petra, are cut in the face of the rock. At the base of a cliff, over one hundred feet high, is a cave as dark as the worship to which it was devoted. Near its mouth are many fragments of the splendid edifices which must have been erected near

by, and doubtless some of the broken columns which adorned the cave itself, for it was the temple of Pan—so a Greek inscription on the face of the cliff informs us. No wilder place could have been chosen for the worship of a pagan god. A pretty fluted roof with an arched canopy adds to the interest of one of the shrines, while several tablets with defaced inscriptions are found in another. The whole neighborhood has

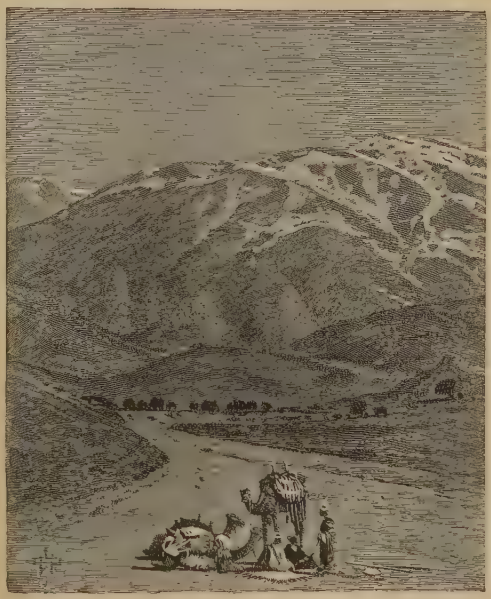


The Cave and Shrines of Pan at Cæsarea Philippi.

a wild, uncanny appearance. To the left is the tomb of the Moslem Saint George. The little white structure covers also a fragment of the white marble temple which, Josephus tells us, Herod the Great erected to the memory of Augustus.

Last of all is the momentous incident of the visit of our Lord to Cæsarea Philippi. "And after six days Jesus . . . bringeth them up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them."

Authorities disagree as to the locality of this "high mountain apart." No record is given of the employment of the "six days." If they were filled with acts of mercy at Cæsarea Philippi, then undoubtedly the Transfiguration took place on one of the peaks of Mount Hermon. If the six days were occupied in crossing over to Galilee, a journey which really was taken between the visit to Cæsarea Philippi and the journey from Capernaum to Perea, then Mount Tabor has some claims to the honor of being the site of that transcendent occurrence. Mount Hermon again, is entitled to the most favor, if being the loftiest of all the Holy Land mountains gives it any claim. It is not a single peak, indeed, but a long ridge running northward from Banias, and eastward for many miles, supplying the highest points of the Anti-Lebanon range. It is now called by the Arabs "Jebel-esh-Sheikh" (the Mountain of the Old Chief), and it still serves as the guiding-point of the nomads who wander over the desert. The Palestine sojourner sees it oftener than any other spot in the land. From the Mediterranean above Joppa, almost to Tyre, its long snowy inclines are visible. It may be seen from the Dead Sea shores, and it is constantly making its appearance to the tourist as he climbs up toward it from Jerusalem to Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee, and thence to the Fountain of Dan.



Mount Hermon from the Damascus Road.

The ascent of Mount Hermon may be made by several routes. Each one of these will reward the traveller for the labor involved by a disclosure of relics of the genius, intrepidity, and faith of the people who chose to dwell there in the ages long past. From almost every peak a fine view is gained. Running northward, from wherever one stands, is the Anti-Lebanon range, near the terminus of which is the magnificent

cluster of ruins at Baalbec. The valley of Buka'a resembles the hold of a gigantic ship, smooth and gray, with the line of the Leontes coursing through its centre like a limitless keelson. On the other side the Lebanon range rises, and we know that the great sea is still beyond. Turning east, we may discern the serpentine caravan-route reaching far out toward the Arabian desert and again toward Damascus, with the great country of the Druses intervening. Damascus, with its olive orchards, its gardens, and its plantations, seems so near that one is almost tempted to try to startle the field laborers with a shout. Gaulanitis and Galilee lie outstretched on either side of the Jordan; Lake Huleh and the Sea of Galilee are plainly in view; the whole depressed line of the Jordan may be traced until it is lost amidst the bitter waters of the Dead Sea. Bashan, Gilead, and the entire route from Dan to Decapolis come within view on the east; while Samaria, Galilee, "the coasts of Tyre and Sidon," and even Mount Carmel jutting out into the "sea between lands," are all as plain as day. From whatever point Mount Hermon is viewed, it always inspires one with awe and veneration. Upon its summit and about its base the fragments of history abound. Nothing except the limits of the perennial snow has been changed for generations.

Damascus may be reached by any of the routes over, or rather along, Mount Hermon; but more incident is afforded by the lower route, because it follows through the interesting country of the Druses. The start should be made from Cæsarea Philippi long before sunrise. Then the horses will encourage you by their quick and willing step as you urge them up to the castle of Banias, which crowns an isolated spur of the Mount Hermon range about a mile to the northeast. It is not an easy climb for either man or horse, but the glorious views afforded compensate one for all the difficulties. Look back a moment after you have climbed half a thousand feet and think!

There is Cæsarea Philippi at your feet, and snowy Mount Hermon at your right side. A most picturesque site for a city is this surely. In all Palestine there is none more so. The character of the surrounding country is Alpine. A stream equal in power to Fall River in Massachusetts rushes and tears through the town, turning many a mill in its mad haste to the Jordan. Other snow-clad peaks bound the valley on one side, and others less pretentious are seen in every direction. Here was the northern limit of the travels of Christ. Here Titus came after

the conquest of Jerusalem, and compelled his Jewish captives to fight wild beasts in the arena. And away above us is the most splendid group of ruins in Palestine—the citadel of Banias. It was first built by the Romans, and rebuilt in turn by the Crusaders, the Saracens, and the Turks. That Saracen and Templar clashed steel together here, history tells us, but not much is certainly known of what happened



Druse Ploughman and Team.

previously. The descent from the castled mountain brings us to the highway to Damascus. The road from Cæsarea Philippi to Damascus is one of the roughest in Syria. The roadways are covered with the outcome of volcanic eruption and flint, and are very hard for the horses' feet. Mount Hermon is seen during nearly the whole of a day's travel. It is not a peak from this direction, but an extended ridge. A strange country is soon reached. And a new and different people are now met—the savage Druses. Here, working in the stony fields, I found a Druse ploughman, with his comical but picturesque mule and buffalo

team. Odd-looking enough though it be, this is all the style along the valleys of Mount Hermon. Two animals more unlike in nature and gesture could hardly be found than these. When the mule would kick, the sinister buffalo remains firm, and when his yoke-fellow grows festive, as he sometimes does, the mule holds a controlling influence, and thus the volcanic sod is turned over without much of an eruption. The driver and plough are always passive, and do the least of the work. As we moved along among the farmers we noticed many living illustrations of scripture—just the same as those found in the plain of Esdraelon and elsewhere. For example, one often sees a Druse shepherd with a lamb in his arms—a type of "the good shepherd," surely.

Although the road to Damascus from Cæsarea Philippi is very rough, there are many bits of land cultivated, and many flocks are to be seen grazing on the hills, watched by their attendant shepherds. The most of these shepherds, being Druses, believe part of the Mohammedan and part of the Christian faith. They inhabit these mountain ranges. They are very faithful to their flocks, attending them night and day, through storm and sunshine, never forsaking them in the hour of danger. They remind us of Psalms xxx. 1; John x.; Heb. xiii. 20. A strange people are they. Brave, heroic, manly; as polite as the French; as politic as a Congressman. If you are English, they will say "God save Victoria." Should you be French, with uplifted eyes they will call upon Allah to bless the model republic, and curse the beard of the grandfather of Kaiser Wilhelm. Should you "Deutsch sprechen," what a downfall is predicted for the city of triumphal arches and the Commune! And how their bright eyes snap, and their fine white teeth glisten, as they exclaim "tyeeb"—good—if you declare your American citizenship, and your interest in the pile of trade dollars at Washington. "Everything to everybody" is the Druse, but a sublime mystery is he to both politician and priest. The Druses are an honest people, although they have a cranky habit of appropriating property not their own. They are good husbandmen, and yet their methods and implements, as we have just seen, are most primitive.

As we near Damascus, for a few miles, we come upon a good roadway—a very rare thing in this country. Just before reaching Damascus the highway enters a splendid olive orchard. In no part of the world are there such magnificent olive orchards as are here, upon the borders of the "Paradise" which surrounds Damascus. Famous fields

of grain, too, abound, and on all sides of the old city the soil is productive, making it none too proud a boast of the young Damascene to say, "I live in the midst of Eden." After passing through some narrow, dusty streets, lined with walls of adobe, and enclosing splendid gardens, the places of interest begin to come into view. The first of these is the reputed site of Paul's conversion. It is now occupied by the Protestant cemetery. The victims of the terrible massacre of 1860 are mostly buried in this place, and their remains lie between two large enclosures. Here Paul was stricken with blindness, and cried, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" But a little further on, forming a portion of the city wall, is the place visited by the pilgrims as the scene of Paul's escape. Here it is said Paul was let down by his friends in a basket to escape the Jews, who were watching all the gates of the city to capture him. An arch is supposed to mark the place. The building is near the "Gate of Peace," and not far from the house of Naaman, the leper. The lepers' hospital is now located here. Beyond, among the tall walnut and poplar trees, courses the glorious river of Damascus, the Barada [or the Abana of the Bible], one of the rivers which Naaman preferred for bathing purposes to the turbid and muddy Jordan. And for this purpose no cleanly person of the present dispensation, who has seen both rivers, would censure the troubled leper for a single moment, except for his disobedience (2 Kings v.). From a hill back of the house of Naaman one may obtain a splendid view of Damascus old and new. What a sight it is! In the far distance, towering skyward, we may see the mountains of Lebanon, whose cedars are so famous. A dark line about a mile away marks orchards of olive-trees, broken here and there by glistening poplars, purple walnuts, and stately cypresses. A long bright line, still nearer, is the city outside the walls, separated from us by the ancient wall itself. A dark clump of trees on the right marks the course of the river Abana, which enters the city on this side. And now comes the town itself, with its gray walls, flat



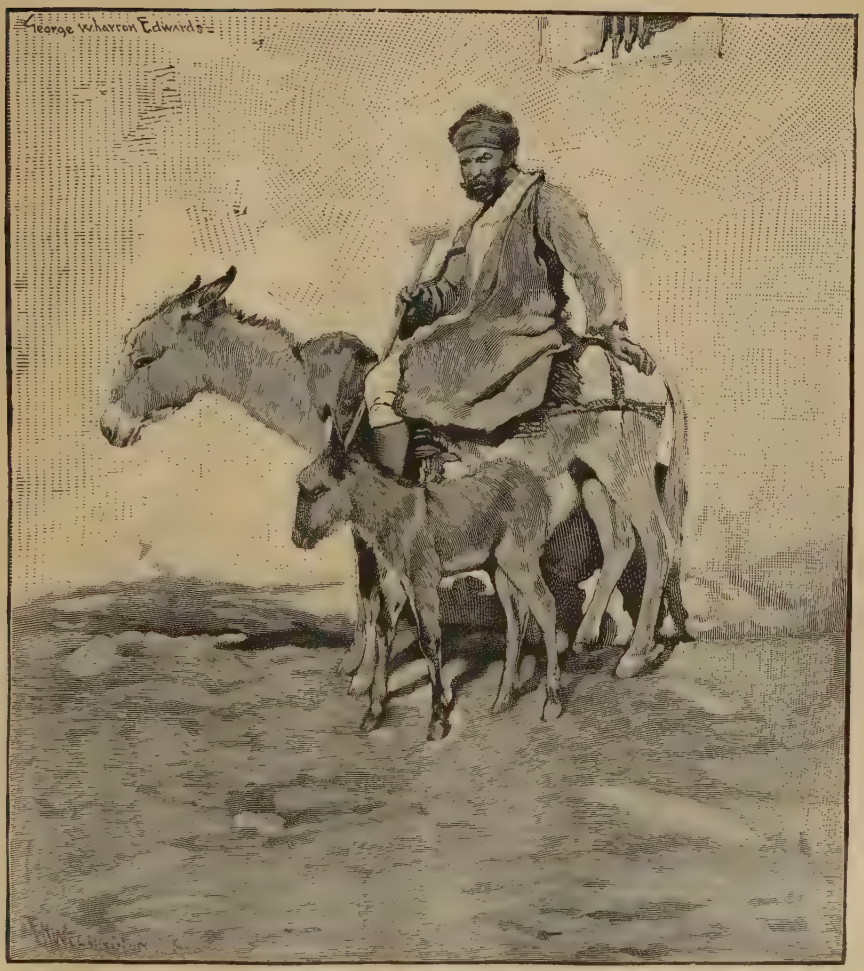
Druse Shepherd.

roofs, covered streets, and open courts. How curious it is! On the left is a long arched roof, which covers a part of the "street called straight."

Close by, built in by the surrounding houses, but plainly seen, is a relic of old-time Damascus. It is a ruined triumphal arch, with four of its columns and a semi-column still standing. Thus strangely intermixed with the new, instead of standing out alone, as in Rome and Athens, is the old Damascus.

It is true that the streets of Damascus are crowded from morning to night, like a town on circus day, and are a scene of hubbub and bewildering confusion; men, dogs, horses, camels, and donkeys jolt against each other in careless commotion. Here you see the white Bagdad donkeys, which are a famous breed, and distinguished by the unusual length of their ears. Their turbaned and bearded riders have the bearing of kings whether they are in fact merchants or mendicants. Among the other groups are Bedouins of the desert, who come to the city to make purchases. The men are all tall, straight; they are usually thin, have dark complexions and eyes, wear beards, and wrap gay handkerchiefs about their heads. Their eyes have a fierce expression, but they carry themselves like lords.

Entrance to the old city is made by one of its several gates. The glory of Damascus is its splendid river. The Abana River courses its way through it in various directions, being divided into several branches just outside. It supplies the population with water. Many quaint little bridges cross it. The houses built upon the wall of the old city sometimes overreach it somewhat. They are supposed to be such as Paul might have been let down from in a basket, or such as Rahab lived in when she assisted the spies in escaping from their pursuers. A beautiful garden lies at the foot of the wall, and close to its right the Abana River rushes along hurriedly to the sea (Isaiah vii. 8; viii. 4; 2 Kings v. 12; Acts ix. 25; Joshua ii.). Without this river Damascus could not live. It is not only the crowning glory of the town, but Damascus would be a parched plain without it. Leaping down from Lebanon, it enters a wild ravine, and by means of three lakes which receive it, it is diffused over the plain. Canals, lined with verdure and beauty, carry on the work, and lead it into the city at various elevations. Aqueducts, pipes, fountains, and minor canals now carry it into almost every dwelling and into every street, so that the noise of the living



A Syrian Ass and the Foal of an Ass.

water is heard in all directions. At the street crossings, on the river, here and there, are bazars for the hungry, where bread, oranges, eggs, milk, pickled turnips, and "kerbob," the standard dish of grease and dirt so dear to the Damascene, are sold by the sleepy dealers, while gaudy awnings overhead protect them from the sun and snow. Of all the streets in Damascus, "the street called straight" holds the most interest for the traveller. No one but a person "able to see crooked" would consider this street as at all "straight," but by contraries it might seem so. It is entered by a quaint old gate which is built in the city wall.

The traveller is bewildered by the cries of the people at the bazars, as he traverses this street, and meets with all sorts of things which are brought here for sale. One can scarcely keep the mind "straight," to say nothing of keeping the run of things. This street was originally much wider than now, though some parts of it are quite wide now, and covered



The Street Called Straight.

to keep the sun and snow off. It is mentioned in the Bible as the place where Paul sojourned (Acts ix. 11). The greater part of it is very narrow, and crooked enough to satisfy the most exacting Bostonian. The portion seen here leads to the "Broadway" of Damascus, which is dark, damp, and dismal. On each side is a long row of open stalls, only a few feet deep. Therein, stored on rude shelves, is the gay merchandise—the product of Eastern art and skill. Squatted in the midst of

their stores, at an elevation of some three feet from the street, are the haughty merchants. They never rise to their patrons. What they cannot reach by oscillating from side to side, they bring down with a hooked stick. If they allow you to purchase anything you are a favored mortal, and should at once repair to the mosque and give alms and thanks. Woven fabrics make up much of the merchandise of Damascus. A little peep into one of the quaint old weavers' shops would reveal men and women twisting and twirling, winding, reeling, and spinning the silk, the worsted, and the golden braid into most gay and gaudy fabrics. In other bazars we may find most curious vessels, candelabra, plaques, platters, and what not, made of mysteriously wrought and inlaid metal; weapons of every form and character; silks, embroideries, carpets, rugs, scarfs, and laces from Persia, Cashmere, and India—all old and rare, and perhaps once the treasures of some rich kalif or ameer, whose children are too dissolute to retain them as heirlooms. And shrewd you must be if you gain possession of any of these at a fair price. There is one of the merchantmen of Damascus, however, by whom one is always civilly treated. He is the lemonade merchant. He goes about from street to street with a great glass vessel swung at an angle from his shoulders, in which he carries iced lemonade. As he wanders along he clicks together in one hand a pair of china or metal cups—for the same purpose that the scissors-grinder rings his bell—to attract patronage. He is always amiable. Should you make a purchase of his enticing beverage, he will pray to Allah to bless you while you drink and to give you a long hereafter.

The house of Ananias, where Paul lodged while living in Damascus, is not far away from the bazars on the "street called straight." It is respected by the Moslems also. It is a very clean-looking house for Damascus. A few steps from the street lead to a well-kept chamber, and the spot is shown where, it is maintained, Paul really lived while he sojourned in Damascus. The Grand Mosque of Damascus is the most interesting relic of antiquity there, and has been in turn a heathen temple, a Christian church, and is now a Mohammedan mosque. It covers an area of 500 feet long by 325 feet wide. It is surrounded by a lofty arched wall of masonry, part of which we see in our engraving, and is surmounted by a dome 50 feet in diameter and 120 feet high. It has three lofty minarets. The one we see is the minaret of Jesus, who, it is said, will descend upon this minaret, and, with Mohammed and

St. John, judge the world at the last day. This old mosque has witnessed many a struggle among the people of the old world. Its gorgeous interior is very impressive. Its tessellated pavement is almost covered with rich carpets and rugs, and it has thousands of wax candles hanging from the ceiling. The profusion of lights is almost equal to the electric lights of our own streets. On the left is a domed kiosk of great beauty, topped by a cupola of exquisite symmetry. The structure is carved and inlaid, and is lighted with immense wax candles gaudily painted. Underneath is a cave containing a jewelled casket, in which, it is held, is placed the head of John the Baptist. This, the Mohammedans believe, will be joined to his body at the last day, when Mohammed with Jesus Christ comes to judge the quick and the dead. From the minaret of the mosque we see the old silversmith's bazar, and beyond that, imbedded in a wall, is another "stone" relic of the past. It is a portion of an old gateway. It is a beautiful bit of antiquity, and of noble architecture. It is in strange contrast with its surroundings. The strangest thing about it is that, while it serves to form a portion of a Mohammedan place of worship, still on each side we may see inscribed in Greek, "Thy kingdom, O, Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." Strange inscription, indeed,

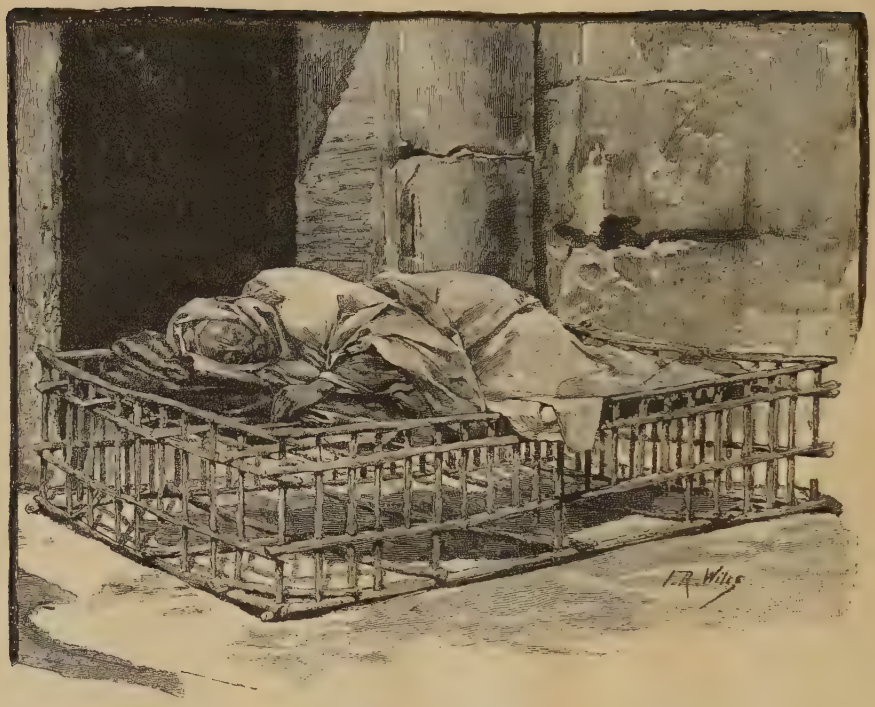


The Grand Mosque and Minaret of Jesus.

to have remained for nearly thirteen hundred years in one of the holiest shrines of Islamism.

Grand panoramic views of Damascus are to be had from the minarets of the mosque. The roofs are as a rule flat, and are usually walled, the reason being that during the heated season at night they are used for resting-places. Even the most humble Damascene would deem it a hardship if the housetop was not so constructed as to enable him to lie upon it. There seems to be a fascination about the dome also to the Damascene, for we see the roofs are supplied with this construction in great quantity. Long lines of pointed roofs mark the places where run some of the principal streets, which are always covered to protect the merchants of the bazars from the hot weather in the summer and from the snows of the winter. For, it must be known, Mt. Lebanon frequently sends down cold winds charged with snow.

The Damascene home is often squalid enough, but some of the older residences are palatial. The exterior is never attractive, but the interior is usually divided into two apartments by a beautiful arch richly gilded. The floor of the first apartment is of marble of variegated colors; in the centre is the fountain, inlaid with mother-o'-pearl. The walls are lined with veined marble, and are relieved by rich Saracenic arches and columns. The ceilings are frescoed in true Italian style. The grand saloon is elevated about two feet above the other apartments and is finished in much the same way. Rich divans covered with purple, are on three sides; the workmanship is mostly rude, and the decorations tawdry, yet the whole seems like a scene in fairyland. Especially is this so when at night the lamps are lighted. Then we comprehend why these people dress in such gorgeous colors: it is to harmonize with the colors of home. The rocking-chair is here; the hum of the sewing-machine is also heard in these homes, and they are lighted now by American kerosene instead of by the antique wax candle. Doubtless the potato-masher and rolling-pin will soon obtain a place in the Damascene household. There are many lovely gardens here, usually with the river coursing through them. And then there are the old-time gates, so quaint and picturesque always. One of the most used is called "The Gate of Peace." It was probably in its day the most beautiful of all the gates of Damascus. Now it is broken and ruined. History tells us that its name has been given it from the fact that, during the investment of the city by the Moslems, no attack was



The Watchman at the Gate.

ever made upon it, nor did any sortie ever issue from it. Here in the night time, by aid of the weird light which is employed in the streets, one may well imagine the scene as one told of in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

Always at the city gates, and often at the entrances to the residences and the better bazars, one will see a wicker frame standing. These are for the use of the watchmen at night. During the day-time they stand on end in some secluded place, if possible, or upon the edge of the pavement, but at night they are thrown down either across the doorway, or by the gate, and thereon the watchman sleeps. When he enters upon an engagement he brings his wicker bed with him, and his suit of clothes and his abbah, or overcoat. He never returns to his home as long as good behavior continues. His meals are brought to him; he sleeps at his post and there remains constantly on duty. When he retires, head, feet, and all are covered over by his coarse brown mantle, and he curls himself up in a tiny bunch underneath, looking more like a sack of coffee than a human being.

Finally we come to the "East gate." For eight hundred years this gate has been walled up. It was built by the Romans; but since their domain the Saracens built upon it its rough battlements and a square tower. A rickety old minaret stands here alone and unused, except when some venturesome tourist mounts it to obtain one of the grandest views of the old-time city. Then will he understand the perennial nature of Damascus, and wonder if it is to remain a city as long as the snow-capped ranges of Lebanon, seen in the distance, will last. For thousands of years it has stood up sturdily against the various nations who coveted its mastery, holding together the links of history from the time of Abraham to the present.

And now farewell to the scripture lands. We have travelled their most picturesque and interesting parts. We have also moved among their best people, and obtained the truest studies of them all, from the quaint old Samaritan to the modern Bedouin, who has not improved any since the time of his forefathers. His doctrine still is, "If you see anything, and you want it, it is yours—take it, and praise God for it." It was a continual temptation to yield to this doctrine when the camera was pointed at the marvellous wealth presented to its wide-reaching eye.



[By comparison of this with the regular map, and reference to the descriptions, the student may locate the lakes, rivers, and mountains of Palestine more satisfactorily.]

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SCRIPTURE LANDS
AND
SACRED PLACES
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
PHOENICIA
SYRIA
Sidon
Damascus
Tyre
Dan
Waters of Merom
Cæsarea-Philippi
HORNS OF HATTIN
Safed
MT. CARMEL
Sea of Galilee
MT. TABOR
Gerasa
Philadelphia
MT. NEBO
Dead Sea
JUDEA
PEREA
MT. HOR
EDOM
Ain el Wieheh
Ain Qadees
PETRA
GOSHEN
CAIRO
Suez
W. el Arish
Wilderness of Paran
Ezion-geber
Elath
Akabah
WADY ARABAH
MOUNT SEIR
ARABIA
Marah
Elim
Gulf of Suez
Wady Feiran
MT. SERBAL
MT. SINAI
Convent
Hazeroth
Gulf of Akabah
The Nile
EGYPT
RED SEA
STRUTHERS & CO. N.Y.
Longitude East from Greenwich
31
32
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34
35
36
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29
30
31
32
33
34

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS,

WITH SCRIPTURE REFERENCES.

Although prepared with care, there is no intention to argue for the authenticity of the sites named in this list. Many interesting places considered sacred, must be omitted because the explorer has not yet been able to locate their sites. As to the occurrences, only the chief ones are named. There is left for the interested reader much searching as well as for the explorer.

ILLUSTRATION.	PAGE.	OCCURRENCE.	DATE.	REFERENCE.
ADULLAM, THE CAVE OF.	149.	*The resort of David.*	1062.	David therefore departed thence, and escaped to the cave Adullam: and when his brethren and all his father's house heard *it*, they went down thither to him.—1 Samuel xxii. 1.
			1018.	And three of the thirty chief went down, and came to David in the harvest time unto the cave of Adullam: and the troop of the Philistines pitched in the valley of Rephaim.—2 Samuel xxiii. 13.
AIN-ET-TIN. THE FOUNTAIN OF THE FIG, A SUPPOSED SITE OF CAPERNAUM.....	333.	*Money found in the mouth of the fish.*	32.	Notwithstanding, lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea, and cast a hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money: that take, and give unto them for me and thee.—Matthew xvii. 27.
AKABAH-ELATH.....	65	*In the land of Edom, where the Israelites were turned back.*	1451.	And when we passed by from our brethren the children of Esau, which dwelt in Seir, through the way of the plain from Elath, and from Ezion-gaber, we turned and passed by the way of the wilderness of Moab.—Deuteronomy ii. 8.
AKABAH, THE GULF OF..	62.	*Where Solomon made a navy of ships.*	992.	And king Solomon made a navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which *is* beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red sea, in the land of Edom. And they came to Ophir, and fetched from thence gold, four hundred and twenty talents, and brought *it* to king Solomon.—1 Kings ix. 26–28.
ASSEMBLAGE, PLAIN OF THE, FROM THE ROCK OF MOSES.....	50.	*Where Israel assembled at the base of Mount Sinai.*	1491.	And all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking: and when the people saw *it*, they removed, and stood afar off.—Exodus xx. 18.
BAAL, AN ALTAR OF.....	105.	*And there they burnt incense in all the high places.*	1491.	And if thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone: for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it.—Exodus xx. 25.
BETHANY.....	170.	*The town of Martha and Mary and Lazarus.*	33.	Now a certain *man* was sick, *named* Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha.—John xi. 1.
BETHANY.....	170.	*Where Jesus lodged.*	33.	And he left them, and went out of the city into Bethany; and he lodged there.—Matthew xxi. 17.

ILLUSTRATION.	PAGE.	OCCURRENCE.	DATE.	REFERENCE.
BETHANY, THE WOMEN OF	172.	*Like Martha and Mary.*	32.	But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me.—Luke x. 40.
BETHEL, FROM THE TOWER	249.	*Taken by the house of Joseph.*	1425.	And the house of Joseph, they also went up against Beth-el: and the Lord *was* with them.—Judges i. 22.
BETHEL, THE TOWER	248.	*Where Jacob dreamed.*	1760.	And Jacob went out from Beer-sheba, and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put *them for* his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.—Genesis xxviii. 10–11.
BETHEL, TOWARD JERUSALEM	248.	*Jacob dwelt and built an altar.*	1732.	And God said unto Jacob, Arise, go up to Beth-el, and dwell there: and make there an altar unto God, that appeared unto thee when thou fleddest from the face of Esau thy brother.—Genesis xxxv. 1.
		Where little children were destroyed by bears for mocking Elisha.	896.	And he went up from thence unto Beth-el: and as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said unto him, Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head. And he turned back, and looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them.—2 Kings ii. 23–24.
BETHLEHEM	169.	*The birth-place of Jesus.*	4.	Jesus was born in Bethlehem.—Matthew ii. 1.
BETHLEHEM—THE FIELD OF THE SHEPHERDS	141.	*Where David fed his father's flocks.*	1063.	But David went and returned from Saul to feed his father's sheep at Beth-lehem.—1 Samuel xvii. 15.
		The shepherds met the angels.	5.	And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.—Luke ii. 8–15.
BETHSAIDA	337.	*The blind man cured.*	32.	And he cometh to Bethsaida; and they bring a blind man unto him, and besought him to touch him.—Mark viii. 22.
		Christ fed the five thousand.	32.	And he took them, and went aside privately into a desert place belonging to the city called Bethsaida.—Luke ix. 10.
BETHSAIDA, WEST	337.	*The miraculous taking of fish.*	31.	Now when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught.—Luke v. 4.
CÆSAREA PHILIPPI	352.	*Visited by Christ.*	32.	When Jesus came into the coasts of Cesarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?—Matthew xvi. 13.
CANA	298.	*The wedding feast.*	30.	And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there.—John ii. 1.
CANA, FROM THE WEST	298.	*The first miracle of Christ.*	30.	This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him.—John ii. 11.
CANAAN, THE BORDERS OF	122.	*Crossed by Caleb and his fellow spies.*	1490.	And Moses sent them to spy out the land of Canaan, and said unto them, Get you up this *way* southward, and go up into the mountain.—Numbers xiii. 17.
CAPERNAUM	336.	*The dwelling place of Christ.*	31.	And leaving Nazareth, he came and dwelt in Capernaum, which is upon the sea coast, in the borders of Zabulon and Nephthalim.—Matthew iv. 13.
		The servant of the centurion healed.	31.	And Jesus said unto the centurion, Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, *so* be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the selfsame hour.—Matthew viii. 13.
		Christ healed the ruler's sick son.	30.	Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way; thy son liveth. And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way.—John iv. 50.

ILLUSTRATION.	PAGE.	OCCURRENCE.	DATE.	REFERENCE.
CAPERNAUM	336.	*Jesus walked on the sea and calmed the storm.*	32.	So when they had rowed about five and twenty or thirty furlongs, they see Jesus walking on the sea, and drawing nigh unto the ship: and they were afraid.—John vi. 19.
CAPERNAUM, THE RUINED SYNAGOGUE AT	334.	*Jesus preached on the sabbath.*	30.	And they went into Capernaum; and straightway on the sabbath day he entered into the synagogue, and taught.—Mark i. 21.
CARPENTER'S SHOP, A NAZARENE	311.	*A memory of the past.*	31.	Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joses, and of Juda, and Simon? and are not his sisters here with us? And they were offended at him. —Mark vi. 3.
CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE	205.	*Reputed burial-place of Christ.*	33.	So they went, and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch.—Matthew xxvii. 66.
DAMASCUS, THE MOSQUE	364.	*In the oldest city.* [*Damascus mentioned by Abram.*]	1913.	And Abram said, Lord God, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless, and the steward of my house *is* this Eliezer of Damascus? —Genesis xv. 2.
DAMASCUS, THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT	362.	*Paul's residence.*	35.	And the Lord *said* unto him, Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for *one* called Saul, of Tarsus: for, behold, he prayeth.—Acts ix. 11.
DAN, THE FOUNTAIN OF	351.	*Abraham recovered Lot.*	1913.	And when Abram heard that his brother was taken captive, he armed his trained *servants*, born in his own house, three hundred and eighteen, and pursued *them* unto Dan.—Genesis xiv. 14.
EBAL, MOUNT	258.	*The place of cursing.*	1451.	Half of them over against mount Gerizim, and half of them over against mount Ebal; as Moses the servant of the Lord had commanded before, that they should bless the people of Israel. And afterward he read all the words of the law, the blessings and cursings, according to all that is written in the book of the law. —Joshua viii. 33–34.
ELIM, THE WELLS OF	28.	*Where Israel encamped.*	1491.	And they came to Elim, where *were* twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm trees: and they encamped there by the waters.—Exodus xv. 27.
ELISHA, THE FOUNTAIN OF	178.	*The waters healed with salt.*	896.	And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren *land*.—2 Kings ii. 21.
EN-GEDI, THE WILDERNESS OF	151.	*The hiding-place of David.*	1061.	And it came to pass, when Saul was returned from following the Philistines, that it was told him, saying, Behold David *is* in the wilderness of En-gedi.—1 Samuel xxiv. 1.
ESDRAELON, THE PLAIN OF	280.	*Barak defeated Sisera.*	1296.	Judges iv. & v.
		Gideon's triumph.	1249.	Judges vii.
		Saul met the Philistines.	1056.	1 Samuel xxxi.
		Israel battled with the Syrians.	895.	2 Kings.
		Jehu pursued Ahaziah.	884.	2 Kings ix.
		Pharaoh-nechoh defeated Josiah.	610.	2 Kings xxiii.
FEIRAN, WADY	32.	*Where Joshua fought Amalek.*	1491.	And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed. But Moses' hands *were* heavy; and they took a stone, and put *it* under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun. And Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword.—Exodus xvii. 11–13.

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GALILEE, THE SEA OF	324.	*Christ walked thereon.*	32.	And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea.—Matthew xiv. 25.
GALILEE, THE SEA OF, NEAR CHORAZIN	339.	*Woe unto thee, Chorazin.*	32.	Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works had been done in Tyre and Sidon, which have been done in you, they had a great while ago repented, sitting in sackcloth and ashes.—Luke x. 13.
GERIZIM, MOUNT	257.	*The place of blessing.*	1451.	And it shall come to pass, when the Lord thy God hath brought thee in unto the land whither thou goest to possess it, that thou shalt put the blessing upon mount Gerizim, and the curse upon mount Ebal.—Deuteronomy xi. 29.
GETHSEMANE, THE GARDEN OF	208.	*The agony of Jesus.*	33.	Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.—Matthew xxvi. 36.
GIHON, THE POOL OF	161.	*Solomon anointed king.*	1015.	The king also said unto them, Take with you the servants of your lord, and cause Solomon my son to ride upon mine own mule, and bring him down to Gihon: And let Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anoint him there king over Israel: and blow ye with the trumpet, and say, God save king Solomon.—1 Kings i. 33–34.
GILBOA, MOUNT	288.	*Where the Philistines battled with Israel.*	1056.	Now the Philistines fought against Israel: and the men of Israel fled from before the Philistines, and fell down slain in mount Gilboa.—1 Samuel xxxi. 1.
GOLDEN CALF, THE HILL OF THE	55.	*The golden calf erected.*	1491.	And he took the calf which they had made, and burnt *it* in the fire, and ground *it* to powder, and strewed *it* upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink *of it*.—Exodus xxxii. 20.
GOLGOTHA, THE PLACE OF THE SKULL	236.	*The crucifixion.*	33.	And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left.—Luke xxiii. 33.
GOSHEN, THE LAND OF	2.	*The place of the bondage.*	1706.	Then Joseph came and told Pharaoh, and said, My father and my brethren, and their flocks, and their herds, and all that they have, are come out of the land of Canaan; and, behold, they *are* in the land of Goshen.—Genesis xlvii. 1.
GROTTO OF JEREMIAH, THE	232.	*The lamentations of Jeremiah.*	588.	*Is it* nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted *me* in the day of his fierce anger.—Lamentations i. 12.
HATTÎN, THE HORNS OF	341.	*The mount of beatitudes.*	31.	And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him.—Matthew v. 1.
HAZEROTH	56.	*Where Israel abode.*	1490.	*And* the people journeyed from Kibroth-hattaavah unto Hazeroth; and abode at Hazeroth.—Numbers xi. 35.
HEBRON	166.	*Abraham dwelt there.*	1917.	Genesis xiii.
		Sarah died, and was buried there.	1860.	Genesis xxiii.
		Visited by the spies.	1490.	Numbers xiii.
		Taken by Joshua.	1451.	Joshua x.
		Given to Caleb.	1444.	Joshua xiv.
		David the king dwelt there.	1056.	2 Samuel ii.
HERMON, MOUNT	355.	*The site of the transfiguration.*	32.	And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them.—Matthew xvii. 1–2.
HEZEKIAH, THE POOL OF	215.	*Built by Hezekiah.*	713.	This same Hezekiah also stopped the upper watercourse of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David. And Hezekiah prospered in all his works.—2 Chronicles xxxii. 30.

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HOR, MOUNT	72.	*Where Aaron died.*	1453.	And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar his son; and Aaron died there in the top of the mount: and Moses and Eleazar came down from the mount.—Numbers xx. 28.
HOR, MOUNT, AND WADY ARABAH	72.	*Across from the land of Esau.*	1451.	Then we turned, and took our journey into the wilderness by the way of the Red sea, as the Lord spake unto me: and we compassed mount Seir many days. And the Lord spake unto me, saying, Ye have compassed this mountain long enough: turn you northward.—Deuteronomy ii. 1, 2, 3.
HUDHERAH, WADY EL	57.	*Where Miriam taunted Moses.*	1490.	And Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses because of the Ethiopian woman whom he had married: for he had married an Ethiopian woman.—Numbers xii. 1.
JACOB'S WELL	254.	*On ground purchased by Jacob at Shechem.*	1739.	Genesis xxxiii. 19.
		Scene of Christ's interview with the Samaritan woman.	30.	Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with *his* journey, sat thus on the well: *and* it was about the sixth hour. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink.—John iv. 5–7.
JERICHO	180.	*Visited by the spies.*	1451.	Joshua ii.
		Taken and destroyed.	1451.	Joshua vi.
		The blind man healed.	33.	Luke xviii.
		Jesus visited Zaccheus.	33.	Luke xix.
JERUSALEM, FROM MOUNT CALVARY	239.	*Prophecy verified.*	588.	The Lord hath accomplished his fury; he hath poured out his fierce anger, and hath kindled a fire in Zion, and it hath devoured the foundations thereof.—Lamentations iv. 11.
JERUSALEM, FROM THE CITY WALL TO GETHSEMANE	199.	*The walk after the last supper.*	33.	And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives.—Matthew xxvi. 30.
JERUSALEM, FROM THE SOUTHEAST	189.	*Jesus lamented over the city.*	33.	O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, *thou* that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under *her* wings, and ye would not!—Matthew xxiii. 37.
JERUSALEM, MOUNT MORIAH	197.	*Site of Solomon's Temple.*	1015.	Then Solomon began to build the house of the Lord at Jerusalem in mount Moriah, where *the Lord* appeared unto David his father, in the place that David had prepared in the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite.—2 Chronicles iii. 1.
JERUSALEM, THE DAMASCUS GATE	240.	*Near the place called Calvary.*	33.	Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.—Psalms xxiv. 7.
JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN GATE	194.	*The lame man healed by Peter.*	33.	And a certain man lame from his mother's womb was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple.—Acts iii. 2.
JERUSALEM, THE JEWS' QUARTER	213.	*Jesus wept over the city.*	33.	And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it.—Luke xix. 41.
JERUSALEM, THE KING'S DALE	191.	*Battle of the four kings against five.*	1913.	And the king of Sodom went out to meet him, after his return from the slaughter of Chedorlaomer and of the kings that *were* with him, at the valley of Shaveh, which *is* the king's dale.—Genesis xiv. 17.
JERUSALEM, THE LEPERS' QUARTER AND HOSPITAL	212.	*Outside the city walls.*	894.	Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honourable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria: he was also a mighty man in valour, *but he was* a leper.—2 Kings v. 1.

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JERUSALEM, THE MOUNT OF OLIVES	210.	*The abode of Jesus.*	33.	And in the daytime he was teaching in the temple; and at night he went out, and abode in the mount that is called *the mount* of Olives.—Luke xxi. 37.
JERUSALEM, THE NORTH END OF THE TEMPLE AREA—THE FORTRESS.	201.	*Jesus was bound.*	33.	And when they had bound him, they led *him* away, and delivered him to Pontius Pilate the governor.—Matthew xxvii. 2.
JERUSALEM, THE TOWER OF DAVID AND OF JESUS.	219.	*David dwelt there.* *The English church tower.*	1048.	So David dwelt in the fort, and called it the city of David. And David built round about from Millo and inward.—2 Samuel v. 9.
JERUSALEM THE WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS.	217.	*Part of the temple wall.*	1014.	Behold, your house is left unto you desolate: and verily I say unto you, Ye shall not see me, until *the time* come when ye shall say, Blessed *is* he that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Luke xiii. 35.
JERUSALEM, TOMBS OF THE KINGS	220.	*Prophecy verified,*	534.	And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame *and* everlasting contempt.—Daniel xii. 2.
JERUSALEM, ZION'S GATE.	198.	*Taken by David.*	1048.	Nevertheless David took the stronghold of Zion.—2 Samuel v. 7.
JEZREEL, THE CASTLE IN.	285.	*Where Joram's watchman stood and spied Jehu.*	884.	And there stood a watchman on the tower in Jezreel, and he spied the company of Jehu as he came, and said, I see a company. And Joram said, Take an horseman, and send to meet them, and let him say, *Is it* peace?—2 Kings ix. 17.
JEZREEL, THE FOUNTAIN OF	288.	*Gideon's band lapped the water.*	1249.	So he brought down the people unto the water: and the Lord said unto Gideon, Every one that lappeth of the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself; likewise every one that boweth down upon his knees to drink.—Judges vii. 5.
JEZREEL, THE FOUNTAIN TOWARD THE JORDAN	289.	*Whither the Midianites fled.*	1249.	Judges vii. 22.
JORDAN, THE RIVER	177.	*Jesus baptized by John.*	27.	Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John to be baptized of him.—Matthew iii. 13.
JORDAN, THE RIVER, TOWARD MOAB	174.	*The priests and people passed over.*	1451.	And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground.—Joshua iii. 17.
		Elijah divided the waters.	896.	And fifty men of the sons of the prophets went, and stood to view afar off: and they two stood by Jordan. And Elijah took his mantle, and wrapped *it* together, and smote the waters, and they were divided hither and thither, so that they two went over on dry ground.—2 Kings ii. 7, 8.
JOSEPH'S SEPULCHRE	256.	*Where Joseph was buried.*	1426.	And the bones of Joseph which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor the father of Shechem for a hundred pieces of silver. And it became the inheritance of the children of Joseph.—Joshua xxiv. 32.
KADESH-BARNEA, AN OASIS IN	123.	*Where Israel wandered in the land of Zin.*	1471.	Then came the children of Israel, *even* the whole congregation, into the desert of Zin in the first month: and the people abode in Kadesh; and Miriam died there, and was buried there.—Numbers xx. 1.
LEBANON TO ANTI-LEBANON	347.	*"That goodly mountain" which Moses prayed to see.*	1451.	I pray thee, let me go over, and see the good land that *is* beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon.—Deuteronomy iii. 25.
LEONTES, THE NATURAL BRIDGE OVER THE	349.	*The river Jesus crossed on the way from Tyre and Sidon to Decapolis.*	32.	And again, departing from the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, he came unto the sea of Galilee, through the midst of the coasts of Decapolis.—Mark vii. 31.
MACHPELAH, THE CAVE OF	167.	*"Made sure unto Abraham."*	1860.	And after this, Abraham buried Sarah his wife in the cave of the field of Machpelah before Mamre: the same *is* Hebron in the land of Canaan. And the field, and the cave that *is* therein, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession of a burying-place by the sons of Heth.—Genesis xxiii. 19–20.

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MAGDALA	331.	*The home of Mary Magdalene.*	32.	And he sent away the multitude, and took ship, and came into the coasts of Magdala. —Matthew xv. 39.
MIRIAM'S WELL AT HAZEROTH	57.	*Where Miriam and Aaron spoke against Moses.*	1490.	And the cloud departed from off the tabernacle; and, behold, Miriam *became* leprous, *white* as snow: and Aaron looked upon Miriam, and, behold, *she was* leprous.—Numbers xii. 10.
MIZPEH (SCOPUS)	247.	*Israel gathered there.*	1120.	And Samuel said, Gather all Israel to Mizpeh, and I will pray for you unto the Lord.—1 Samuel vii. 5.
MOSES, THE WELLS OF	25.	*Moses sang the song of deliverance.*	1491.	Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.—Exodus xv. 1.
MUMMY HEAD OF RAMESES II	21.	*This is Pharaoh "the oppressor."*	1635.	Exodus i.
NAIN	292.	*Jesus raised from death the widow's son.*	31.	And it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called Nain; and many of his disciples went with him, and much people. —Luke vii. 11.
NAWAMI, OR ROCK-HOUSE, A	70.	*As of old—The Kenites dwelt in rock-houses (Num. xxiv. 21).*	1452.	They are wet with the showers of the mountains, and embrace the rock for want of a shelter.—Job xxiv. 8.
NAZARETH	304.	*Where Jesus dwelt.*	3.	And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene.—Matthew ii. 23.
NAZARETH FROM THE CAMPANILE	309.	*Where Christ lived and preached, and where his assassination was attempted.*	31.	And rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong.—Luke iv. 29.
PETRA	86.	*The strong city of Edom.*	1739.	And I gave unto Isaac Jacob and Esau: and I gave unto Esau mount Seir, to possess it; but Jacob and his children went down into Egypt.—Joshua xxiv. 4. Also Edom shall be a desolation: every one that goeth by it shall be astonished, and shall hiss at all the plagues thereof.—Jeremiah xlix. 17.
PETRA, A STREET VIEW IN	109.	*Made "desolate" by David.*	1040.	And he put garrisons in Edom; throughout all Edom put he garrisons, and all they of Edom became David's servants. And the Lord preserved David whithersoever he went. —2 Samuel viii. 14.
PLAIN OF THE ASSEMBLAGE FROM MOUNT SINAI	41.	*There Israel encamped before the mount.*	1491.	And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God; and they stood at the nether part of the mount.—Exodus xix. 17.
RACHEL'S SEPULCHRE	136.	*Where Rachel died and was buried.*	1729.	And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which *is* Beth-lehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that *is* the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day. —Genesis xxxv. 19-20.
		Where the prophet saluted Saul.	1095.	Then Samuel took a vial of oil, and poured *it* upon his head, and kissed him, and said, *Is it* not because the Lord hath anointed thee *to be* captain over his inheritance?—1 Samuel x. 1.
RAS-SUFSAFEH FROM AARON'S HILL	51.	*The tables of the law broken.*	1491.	And when Joshua heard the noise of the people as they shouted, he said unto Moses, *There is* a noise of war in the camp.—Exodus xxxii. 17.
RAS-SUFSAFEH FROM THE PLAIN OF ASSEMBLAGE	38.	*The traditional Mount Sinai.*	1491.	And the Lord said to Aaron, Go into the wilderness to meet Moses. And he went, and met him in the mount of God, and kissed him.—Exodus iv. 27. And he said, My presence shall go *with thee*, and I will give thee rest.—Exodus xxxiii. 14.
SEIR, IN THE MOUNTAINS OF	72.	*The land forbidden to Moses.*	1451.	Meddle not with them; for I will not give you of their land, no, not so much as a foot-breadth; because I have given mount Seir unto Esau *for* a possession.—Deuteronomy ii. 5.
SEIR, THE MOUNTAINS OF	76.	*The land given to Esau.*	1729.	Thus dwelt Esau in mount Seir. Esau is Edom.—Genesis xxxvi. 8.

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SERBAL, MOUNT	35.	*In Rephidim.*	1491.	And all the congregation of the children of Israel journeyed from the wilderness of Sin, after their journeys, according to the commandment of the Lord, and pitched in Rephidim.—Exodus xvii. 1.
SHECHEM	261.	*The home of Jacob.*	1739.	And Jacob came to Shalem, a city of Shechem, which *is* in the land of Canaan, when he came from Padan-aram; and pitched his tent before the city. And he bought a parcel of a field, where he had spread his tent, at the hand of the children of Hamor, Shechem's father, for a hundred pieces of money.—Genesis xxxiii. 18–19.
		Israel assembled there under Joshua.	1451.	Joshua viii.
SHILOH	251.	*The tabernacle set up. The land divided.*	1444.	And the whole congregation of the children of Israel assembled together at Shiloh, and set up the tabernacle of the congregation there: and the land was subdued before them. —Joshua xviii. 1.
		The annual feast.	1406.	Judges xxi.
		Hannah before Eli.	1171.	1 Samuel i.
		The sin of Eli's sons.	1165.	1 Samuel ii.
		Samuel in Eli's house.	1165.	1 Samuel iii.
		The ark forsaken.	1141.	1 Samuel iv.
SINAI, MOUNT	38.	*Jehovah met Moses.*	1491.	And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God; and they stood at the nether part of the mount. And mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice. —Exodus xix. 17–19.
SOWER, PARABLE OF THE	272.	*The four kinds of "ground" illustrated.*	31.	And he spake many things unto them in parables, saying, Behold, a sower went forth to sow.—Matthew xiii. 3.
TABOR, MOUNT	301.	*The encampment of Deborah.*	1296.	Sent and called Barak the son of Abinoam out of Kedesh-naphtali, and said unto him, Hath not the Lord God of Israel commanded, *saying*, Go and draw toward mount Tabor, and take with thee ten thousand men of the children of Naphtali and of the children of Zebulun? And I will draw unto thee, to the river Kishon, Sisera, the captain of Jabin's army, with his chariots and his multitude; and I will deliver him into thine hand. And Barak said unto her, If thou wilt go with me, then I will go: but if thou wilt not go with me, *then* I will not go.—Judges iv. 4–8.
		Near where Saul met the three men.	1095.	1 Samuel x. 3.
TELL HÛM, THE SYNAGOGUE	334.	*Supposed site of Capernaum.*	31.	And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people.—Matthew ix. 35.
TIBERIAS, NORTH AND SOUTH	330.	*Jesus there.*	31.	Howbeit there came other boats from Tiberias nigh unto the place where they did eat bread, after that the Lord had given thanks.—John vi. 23.
TYRE AND SIDON, THE COASTS OF	346.	*Visited by Jesus.*	32.	Then Jesus went thence, and departed into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon.—Matthew xv. 21.
WADY EL 'AIN	59.	*The people removed from Hazeroth, and pitched in the wilderness of Paran.*	1490.	Numbers xii. 16.
WEIBEH, 'AIN EL	121.	*Reputed site of Kadesh-Barnea.*	1453.	And Moses and Aaron gathered the congregation together before the rock, and he said unto them, Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock?—Numbers xx. 10.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF IMPORTANT EVENTS

AND THE

ILLUSTRATIONS REFERRING TO THEM.

FROM ABRAM'S ENTRY INTO CANAAN TO THE CRUCIFIXION.

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1490.	Miriam and Aaron speak against Moses	Numbers xii. 1	Wady 'El Hudherah	57
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